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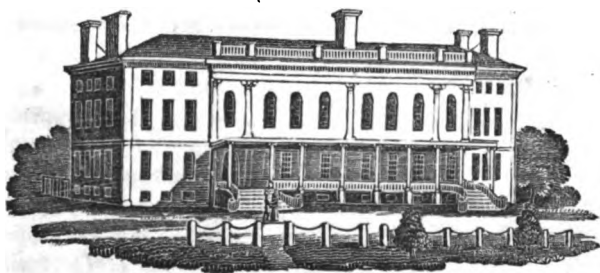
**SPECIAL COLLECTION
RELATING TO
HARVARD UNIVERSITY**

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H A R V A R D I A N A .

HLK
446
1834
1835

VOL. I.



"Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipse secandi."
Hon.

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1835

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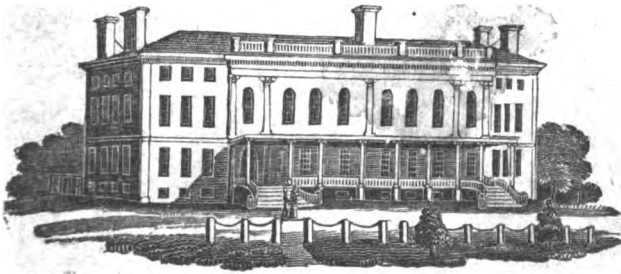
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HARVARDIANA.

No. I.



"Juvenis tentat Achillei sectare arcum."

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HARVARDIANA.

No. I.

"NOTHING SO DIFFICULT AS THE BEGINNING."

Don Juan.

NEVER was the truth of the above maxim so forcibly realized as now, that we take up the pen to sketch something in the shape of an address to our readers. To promise too much would justly incur the censure of arrogance; to promise nothing would expose us to the charge of affected humility; we will therefore endeavour to give some idea of our intentions as to the future character of our work, assuring those who have lent us their countenance, that if we fail of their approbation it shall not be through negligence, but inability.

Alike uninfluenced by party feeling, sectarian zeal, or desire of gain, we hope to produce a periodical differing in three important respects from most others before the public; and thus free from all trammels, shall endeavour to speak with honest openness and freedom. With no other aim than our own improvement, it cannot be expected, that our work will present any thing like an appearance of uniformity or consistency. An university is a perfect medley. Here exists every variety of char-

acter, taste, and ability ; and here science, philosophy, history, poetry, and religion have each their respective votaries. Such being the motley and composite character of the institution, it is to be presumed that whatever emanates from it will bear the mark of its origin ;—and, in brief, that our Journal will be, so to speak, *an epitome of multifariousness*, — a literary kaleidoscope.

The reader of history, will here find a receptacle for whatever *sage* conclusions he may have drawn from the treasures of the past ; the metaphysician, for whatever *deep* lucubrations and misty theories he may have framed ; the romancer, for the brilliant creations of his fancy ; and the poet, for the flowers he may have culled in his strolls upon the heights of Parnassus. To every one, who in his converse with external nature or with mankind discovers aught of beauty or of wonder to employ his thoughts and pen, our pages will be open ; as well as to him, who careless of things without, and secluded from society, busies himself with darker subjects and more abstruse speculations. In the vast range of subjects, from the sombre to the ludicrous, from the sublime to the ridiculous, there is perhaps none, which, if fitly treated and bearing the impress of mind, will not find in our Journal its appropriate place.

It will be seen that we have provided for ourselves an unlimited field ; but as our work must look for support to so many and so different minds, it is necessary that each should have full scope for independent, unincumbered exercise. Any restrictions, therefore, would be clearly impolitic, since they would furnish a convenient excuse for those, who, averse from mental labor, would be ashamed to be negligent without some shadow of an apology.

In conclusion, we would proffer our acknowledgments to those who have aided us in our undertaking, determined that though we cannot ensure commendation, we

will at least do our utmost to merit it. If we be doomed
in spite of all our efforts to fail of success, it will be but
an added evidence that

“The best laid schemes o’ mice and men
Gang aft a gley.”

From the Greek.

ANACREON, the Teian Bard,
In dreams before me passed;
And hasting to salute him,
At his feet myself I cast.

He was old, but comely still,
And he loved his couch full well,
While his breath as forth it flowed
Of rosy wine did smell.

He tottered ’neath his age,
And scarcely could he stand;
But tender Love stood by,
And held him by the hand.

The wreath of flowers he gave me
That on his brow he wore;
And I bound them round my own,
For he wanted them no more.

And from that fatal day,
E’en to the present hour,
O’er my heart the God of Love
Has held unbounded power.

MANUAL LABOR SYSTEM.

"Hic labor, hoc opus est."

Among all the improvements, inventions, and innovations of the present day, there is a project of no little plausibility before the public, proposing to introduce manual labor into our seminaries of learning. And coming as it does with the standard recommendation of a cheaper and better method for acquiring a liberal education, no wonder that it has gained very general popularity. The notion seems to be, that if we can but provide the pecuniary means, we open the exhaustless stores of science and literature to every mind. And thus manual labor schools in the intellectual, like the steam-engine in the physical world, containing the motive-power within themselves, will be capable, without any external assistance, of propelling us along the path of wisdom to an indefinite extent. Here the comparison fails; for so far from being a piece of labor-saving machinery, every advancement in knowledge is to be earned by the sweat of the brow.

But to examine the subject seriously. Do institutions of this kind afford advantages for intellectual attainments superior to any other? Or rather, does the daily exercise of any manual employment conduce to greater mental and bodily vigor, and thereby enable the student to pursue his studies with increased facility? We have among us already a sufficient number of half-fledged philosophers, and of mimic poets, aping the manners and sentiments of those whom they regard as their prototypes, and we wish for no change in the plan of education which shall tend to increase this calamity. After the splendid attainments which have already been made in science and philosophy, no one can expect intellectual eminence except by exclusive devotion to the

cultivation of the mind. We do not believe, then, in the advantage of what may be called intermittent study. Where the mind has before it two distinct and disconnected objects of pursuit, it will make but a half-way progress towards either. But it is urged that the mind is incapable of unremitting application to any subject of study; that after being employed for a certain time, it becomes wearied, and incapacitated for active thought, and requires rest; and that this season of rest may best be employed in an exercise which will strengthen the bodily frame, and thereby invigorate the mind. In the first place, does the mind require, or is it capable of absolute repose? Can we banish thought, and thus suspend its action? The only relief which the exhausted faculties are capable of receiving, is merely a change of employment. It is our only concern then so to direct them, that they shall not be employed upon any subject, which will not aid, or will be injurious to, their developement and perfection. A variety of pursuits is necessary, but this variety may be so selected, that the very difference in the nature of the study shall advance, rather than retard, the great business of education. But certainly, if one kind of thought is less profitable than another, speaking in reference to the above mentioned object, it is that which is acquired in the exercise of a mechanical trade; which the student is supposed to carry on in connexion with his literary pursuits. He may return to these pursuits with a mind refreshed by the change, but without having derived any benefit from the subject itself upon which it has been employed.

In the next place, does this manual exercise by conducing to the health of the body, conduce also to that of the mind? There can be no doubt that it strengthens the corporal powers and contributes to the developement of all the physical faculties. But does experience or observation teach us that the mind and body

are so directly connected, that the strength or weakness of the latter, must necessarily involve that of the former? So far from it, that we very rarely see great mental and physical perfection united in the same person. It is not too much to assert, that among the weakly and deformed of our race are to be found the greatest number of minds distinguished for the strength and brilliancy of their powers. We would by no means say that a great mind is incompatible with a goodly body; but certainly there is something in the latter which makes us regard it, and generally speaking very justly, as the predominance of the animal over the intellectual. Nor will this appear either a strange or fanciful view of the subject, if we consider that in proportion as the body is strong and vigorous, there exist animal passions, desires, and ideas, which occupy the mind to the exclusion of intellectual and nobler thoughts. In such a body, man's higher nature is apt to be cramped and stifled by the too powerful influence of the baser. We take it for granted, that the body is made for the use of the mind. And with that portion of the community at least, whose whole business is the advancement of learning and science, bodily strength must and should be sacrificed, when the great object of their lives require it. It is but an inconsiderable offering, if thereby one jot may be added to the sum of human wisdom. But above all, let us not introduce into the highest pursuit of which man is capable, any thing that will weaken his ability to attain the object of it, or which will divide or distract his attention from what alone should engage it,—any thing which will add to the difficulties which must always be met with in securing the subjection of the sensual part of our nature. It is true talent may at times, in spite of situation, profession, or habits, burst forth from the clods which would bury it, and in its high aspirings leave far behind a host of more cultivated, but less pow-

erful minds. We would be the first to do homage to those rare instances of genius rising from stations whence least they might be expected, and only hope that men will not take from their honors, by attributing a kind of magic influence to the circumstances themselves. That they will consider these circumstances rather as difficulties with which they were forced to struggle, than as being the cause in any way of their distinction.

That this error is exceedingly popular cannot be doubted. It is shown by the frequency with which we are pointed to these incalculable phenomena, as triumphant arguments, in proof of the superiority of manual labor schools.

We maintain in these remarks, that physical strength and robustness of constitution, so far from being essential, are generally speaking detrimental to intellectual power. But we say farther, that the exercise required by what is called manual labor, is incapable of producing the beneficial bodily effects, which are contended for, with the true lover of science. With what feelings but those of disgust could he daily resort to the bench of the carpenter, leaving the proper subjects of his study to be conversant for a time with planes and chisels, and to acquire the art of wielding the saw? He could consider it as no other than a task, an evil which must be endured in order to escape a greater evil, the loss of health. No one can doubt that any exercise thus reluctantly engaged in, thus grudged and measured as a task, fatigues and debilitates the body, instead of strengthening and invigorating it. The physicians tell us that exercise in order to be beneficial must be practised with a hearty good will, and must interest the feelings; and thus consist in the mere efforts required of the body to carry into execution the wishes of the mind. Exercise of this kind is conducive in every way both to the health of body and mind; and is succeeded by none of that languor and listlessness

which is the consequence of involuntary exertion. But is there no such employment which falls within the true province of the student? Is wisdom to be gathered from books alone? Or is the retirement of a study the only place for profitable thought? Fortunately for the devotee to learning, he has resources to avoid a state of physical inertia, without leaving his high vocation. The pages of nature are ample enough, and the lessons to be drawn from thence instructive enough to employ his highest thoughts, and to afford him endless subjects for study and reflection. The study of Natural History in its various departments, if considered merely as a relaxation and an amusement, could not fail to be pursued with avidity by every curious mind. As a science it is full of attractions, as introducing us into the whole economy of nature, as making us acquainted with the habits and uses of every thing which lives upon the earth, and enabling us to read by indications, which would escape the notice of a common observer, the whole history of the globe itself. This subject, while it is worthy of the attention of the maturest mind, may also be pursued with interest by the most inexperienced. The knowledge to be gathered from it is inexhaustible, and the pleasure to be derived from it ever increasing. When the attention of the student is wearied with long application to the pages of classic literature, or when it is no longer capable of grasping the reasonings of philosophy, let him search through the fields, and on the hills, for whatever is worthy of his observation. No matter whether the object of his search be a plant, an insect, or a mineral, he pursues it with equal zeal. As his knowledge increases, he necessarily takes a wider range for objects new and curious, until whole hours are spent in healthful exercise, and that without any consciousness of fatigue.

We instance this merely to show that there is no dearth of active employments among the legitimate occupations

of the student; and that he is under no necessity of becoming either a carpenter, a mason, or a husbandman, through fear of rusting in a state of inaction. The combination of professions, thus dissimilar in their character, is nothing better than a retrograde step in the progress of civilization. It looks back to that state of society where men had not learned to divide their labors according to its various character. It infringes upon the boundary lines which should keep every trade and profession distinct from all others; upon the preservation of which distinction, depends the interest of all engaged in them, and the perfection of the arts themselves. We cannot regard the unnatural amalgamation, which has already been begun by these reformers in education, except as the offspring of that spirit of radicalism, which, because it cannot elevate every art to an equality with the highest, would fain reduce every profession to a level with the lowest. It is a project, originated among those, with whom established usage is a sufficient reason for change, and with whom the magic word, *reform*, is a talisman whose virtue can never be impaired.

X.

One cannot be aware too soon, how insignificant he is in the world, and how easily he may be dispensed with. What important personages we are apt to consider ourselves! We think we are the life and soul of the circle in which we move. Imagination paints to us that, at our removal hence, the life, sustenance and breath of all will cease. But the gap is scarcely noticed, so suddenly is it filled up. Indeed, it is often the place, if not for some one better, at least, for one more welcome.

GOETHE.

JOHN ANGE.

"THE fire-place, as usual, was wide and deep enough to admit a gossip's knot within its jambs. In one corner sat the sexton's grand-daughter, and in the opposite was a superannuated crony, whom he addressed by the name of John Ange, and who, I found, had been his companion from childhood. They had played together in infancy; they had worked together in manhood; they were now tottering about, and gossiping away the evening of life; and in a short time they will probably be buried together in the neighbouring churchyard. It is not often that we see two streams of existence running thus evenly and tranquilly side by side; it is only in such quiet 'bosom-scenes' of life that they are to be met with."

Washington Irving's Visit to the Grave of Shakspeare.

Thou 'rt growing old and weak, John,
 Thy hair has turned to white,
 And tottering is thy step, John,
 And faint and dim thy sight;
 Thy voice which once flowed smoothly, John,
 As deep and placid stream,
 Has now become as hoarse, John,
 As ocean's roar, I ween.

Dost thou remember, still, John,
 The hubbub that I made,
 When raised upon my shoulders, John,
 For roguish tricks you paid,
 In anxious expectation you
 The rod's downfall awaited;
 But ah! the purblind pedagogue
 My body too berated.

And wilt thou e'er forget, John,
 How fiercely he did rave,
 Expressive that he felt, John,
 The pain too oft he gave;
 Thy hand was placed in his, John,
 In each eye stood a tear,
 Thou slipp'dst away *thy* hand, John,
His tingled for a year.

The only one that e'er, John,
 Of our love tried the truth,
 Was Jane, the village belle, John,
 The pole-star of our youth.
 Her bright, blue eye and silken hair,
 Her fragrant lip and breast,
 These oft disturbed our harmony,
 These often marred our rest.

But soon that danger passed, John,
 That storm soon disappeared,
 When Jane, that charming rose John,
 In life's first bloom was seared.
 Our hearts which beat response, John,
 To her sweet, melting strain,
 Now it was still, for e'er, John,
 With friendship glowed again.

In infancy we've played, John,
 Upon the self-same knee ;
 And when our tongues were mute, John,
 Our eyes spoke love and glee ;
 In boyhood we have danced, John,
 Upon the same green sward,
 Together still, we toil, John,
 In Avon's old kirk-yard.

The grass that oft we've turned, John,
 For friends to make a grave,
 Above our aged bones, John,
 Will shortly bloom and wave :
 But none of all the hearts, John,
 That 'neath the sod now lie,
 With ours will e'er be matched, John,
 In truth and constancy.

Ah! wipe away that tear, John,
 And place your hand in mine,
 And cheer your leal, leal heart, John,
 With thoughts of auld lang syne.
 That God who has united us
 Since first we drew our breath,
 Now we are near our journey's end
 Will part us not in death.

J.

THE GRAVE-ROBBER.

"I am afraid, almost, to stand alone
 Here in the churchyard. — Yet I will adventure."

Rom. and Jul. Act V.

"Get you to my lady, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this
 favour she must come."

Hamlet, Act II.

I stood meditating among the graves in the churchyard of F when I observed two men occupied in preparing a grave. Is it for one, thought I, who after the toils and conflicts of life are ended, comes, full of age, to rest among the ashes of his fathers? or is it for one, who, struck down in the midst of his course, still straining forward for the goal of riches or honor, is compelled to leave all that engaged and allured him, and take up his abode in the narrow mansion of the grave? or is it for one, like myself, who in the full flush of youthful hope, high purpose, and noble emulation, is cut down like the flower in blooming, here to wither and decay? While these thoughts passed through my mind and called forth a transient sigh, I had insensibly advanced toward the grave; and willing to set my doubts at rest, I determined to enquire, when I perceived the corpse

approaching, borne by four men. Not a mourner followed to cast a last look upon the cold clay of one they had cherished, not a friend to pay the last vain but feeling honors to the corpse of him they had valued, not even a schoolboy, to gratify an idle curiosity by gazing thoughtlessly upon the pale visage of him upon whom death had set his seal.

He must have been a stranger, then, said I, doomed to draw his last breath and feel his last pang, with none but strangers to minister to his wants, support his fainting head, and wipe the death damps from his anguished brow. Often, perhaps, has he breathed the prayer, "may I die among my kindred"—but alas! even this poor boon was denied him, and now he is borne by strangers, to sleep his last sleep far from all who would deem it a privilege to weep over his ashes, and strow flowers upon his grave.

I had retired a few steps, they who bore the corpse deposited it by the side of the grave; but when without a word they silently descended the hill and disappeared, I again approached and enquired concerning the corpse. All I could learn was, that he was a stranger, that he had arrived at F in the last stages of a consumption, and breathed his last at the inn where he had halted, with the hope of regaining strength sufficient to enable him to reach once more his home and his kindred. "You can see him if you wish," said the grave-digger. Giving him to understand that I should esteem it a privilege, he lifted the lid, and revealed to me a countenance, which, lifeless though it was, wore an expression so full of calm quietness, that I could hardly persuade myself that it was not sleep. He was young, not apparently above twenty, and bore even in death the stamp of a noble intellect. I regreted that I could not have known of his illness, aided in alleviating his dying pangs, and received from his lips some message of consolation to his

distant relatives. But regret was vain, he was gone beyond the reach of pain, beyond the need of aid. I stood motionless, while they lowered him into his final resting place, and turning abruptly away, hurried out of the grave yard, sad and thoughtful.

There were at that time in F several medical students with whom I was familiar. They were older than myself, but still young, and though brought into daily contact with pain and sorrow and death in all their forms, were as thoughtless, reckless beings as could well be imagined. It would seem natural, that those who are most familiar with the dark side of human life should take the cast of the scenes they witness, and wear a countenance grave at least, if not gloomy ; but the contrary is the fact. Every new instance of suffering and death seems to harden the heart and wear away the edge of feeling, so that there is not, perhaps, a more cold-blooded and barbarous class of men than young medical students. I say *young* students, for I doubt not that years destroy that heartless levity of which I speak, and that they learn in time to feel without betraying sympathy with the distressed, and to repress their own emotions while they do their utmost to lessen the sorrows of their fellow men.

Feeling somewhat disconsolate, and knowing that they were never out of humor, I hurried to the office where they studied, and heard their peals of laughter long before I reached the door. "How are you George," cried both, as I entered. "Sick, doubtless," said Stimson, "let me feel your pulse." "Grave as a tombstone," said Leavitt. "No wonder," I answered, "I am just from the *grave* yard." "Ah!" rejoined Leavitt, "romancing I suppose, come now, give us a few verses on mortality, — I'll furnish you with materials, — take equal quantities of death, dust, coffins, sighs, tears, pains, flowers, mourners, and shake them in a bag together, and you'll turn

out a very neat affair." "He must be ill," said Stimson, "I insist on giving him a prescription. — Come, George, what say you to a dose of hellebore?" "I've *bores* enough now, without hellebore," answered I, "but I'll draw a cork with you." "Agreed! agreed!" cried both, and we forthwith proceeded to business.

We had drunk round two or three times, when Stimson began. "Well, George, I suppose you saw the young stranger buried, ha! — a fine subject that, — I'd give a beaver hat to have him — but say nothing, we must be dark." "Stimson," said Leavitt, "George would be just the boy for it, he knows all the localities — what say, George?" I was struck with horror at the sang-froid with which the proposal was uttered, when Leavitt proceeded — "'T would be just romantic enough for you, — only think, — midnight! moonlight! silence! an open grave! a corpse!" and clapping his hands in a sort of wild extacy, continued, "I know you'll like it, George, if you can but muster the nerve!" — "How does it strike you?" said Stimson. — "A good project, indeed," said I, and my heart reproached me as I said it, but I went on, — "I'll do it, fellows, but alone, I want all the glory." — "Will you? will you? — when?" cried Leavitt. "To night," said I, "and here's my hand to the performance of it, — it shall be done if I die for it," said I with energy. "Well, George," said Stimson, "we'll stand by the wall and keep guard, you shall have all the glory, but we'll have the *body*!" "Agreed," said I, and left them to make the requisite preparations.

I hurried home, rushed into my chamber, secured the door, and threw myself on the bed. Eight or ten hours must pass yet before midnight, but vainly did I try to lose a portion of them in sleep. My mind was too busy to admit of repose, and I tossed to and fro, in a state of feverish anxiety ten times worse than real disease. Now my pulse would beat, my temples throb, and

my whole frame burn with a fiery heat, and now a cold shiver would steal over me, till every bone shook as if it would start from its socket. Those hours seemed like ages, so many thoughts were crowded together in their brief space. I wished the time might be annihilated, until, so tardily did it drag away, that I half persuaded myself I was dreaming. The hour came at length, I rose with a trembling step, crept noiselessly down the stairs, withdrew the bolts, and found myself in the open air. The implements which I had prepared were a pickaxe, a shovel, a rope, and a bag. These I seized, and with a sort of half walking, half running pace, proceeded toward the grave-yard. It was a hill quite steep of ascent, in the very heart of the town, and by consequence extremely exposed to observation. But the probability and consequences of detection did not so much as occur to me, so entirely was my whole mind absorbed with the project in prospect. I quickly reached the hill, ascended it, and stood by the stranger's grave. A sort of sickening feeling came over me at the thought of what I was about to do,—my knees smote together, and I half uttered a wish that I were rather the quiet sleeper, than the wretch resolved to disturb that sleep. I would have retreated and abandoned the task I had undertaken, but the demon pride whispered to me that if I wavered I must bear the taunts and scoffs of my companions; these I could not brook; I checked the better feelings of my nature which rose up within me, and determined to proceed, come what would. It was now past midnight, frequent and ragged clouds floated in the chill November sky, occasionally hiding the moon, and then passing from before her, while the night wind groaned among the dark branches of the willows and elms, which stood here and there like giant guardians of the sleeping dead.

The ground was slightly crusted with frost, which made the use of the pickaxe necessary. I seized it and

commenced operations with such alacrity, that in a few moments my sensations of cold were gone, and a genial warmth pervaded my frame and seemed to give energy and determination to my purposes. The ground was now sufficiently loosened to permit the use of the shovel, which I accordingly took, and soon hollowed out a place sufficiently deep to stand in and throw out the sand which covered the coffin. I was in a stooping posture, very intent upon my labor, when I saw, as it appeared, the shadow of a person projected across the grave in which I was, as though he had been standing at its brink. I felt as if I should sink into the earth, but quickly regaining my self-possession determined to confront the object at any hazard. I raised myself slowly and exclaimed, "Who are you?" but no form appeared; the sound of my voice was echoed by the neighbouring church, and died away in low murmurs among the shadowy stones. I had been deceived by my own heated imagination; all was yet safe. I renewed my labor with avidity, and my shovel in a few moments struck upon the coffin, producing a rustling, hollow sound, as if the dead man had groaned within his narrow cell. The top of the coffin was quickly cleared, the lid unfastened and lifted, and I stood at the foot of the grave, my eyes riveted upon the undefined profile of the sleeping clay before me. Was it fancy, or did his eye kindle and his lips move, as if to reproach me for my heartlessness? It was indeed fancy: that eye was spiritless, those lips were set in death; but the eye that never sleeps was fixed upon me, the voice of conscience spoke in terms of keenest reprobation. But there was no time to lose—the clock had struck one, and the hardest part of my task was yet to be performed. With the rope in my hand I stepped into the grave, and proceeded to adjust it preparatory to drawing the body out upon the ground. As I passed it around the dead man's neck, the cold clammy

dampness of the grave darted a pang through my arm, like an electric shock. I drew back as if I had touched a viper, shivering like one in convulsions. I paused a moment to recover myself, then secured the rope, leaped out and commenced pulling, with the expectation, that as the body was very spare and the coffin quite wide, I should be able to draw it out through the lid. The shoulders came through with ease: the corpse had assumed nearly a sitting posture, but with my utmost strength I could get it no further.

Unwilling to abandon the work so nearly accomplished, I strained every nerve, till drawing with all my power, I dislocated the neck, and the head fell back into a position almost horizontal. The moon now came forth from behind a cloud, through which for an hour she had been laboring, and pouring a full flood of light upon the face of the corpse exhibited a scene never to be forgotten. The eyelids were parted, and the dark eyes of the dead man seemed to fasten on me wherever I turned. — I could not shun them, — they seemed endued with motion and followed mine. I could get the corpse no further. — What was to be done? — I dared not make use of the pickaxe to break open the coffin, for I feared it would rouse some person, and result in my detection. I endeavoured to replace it in its original position, but this I found impossible. — “It must remain as it is,” said I, and with great haste proceeded to fill up the grave with sand, every shovel-full of which sounded to my terrified ears like a discharge of artillery. But the work was soon done. — I collected my instruments and hastened from the hill. As I passed out, however, I met Stimson and Leavitt, who had been watching my motions without daring to come to my assistance, and received from them the pitiful praise, “well done.”

I reached my home in a state of nervous agitation, torturing beyond expression. A brain fever was the con-

sequence; during which, that dead man's face was ever present before me, and that eye still gazed on mine, nor could I shun its glance. I recovered, but still it haunted me. When I reposed my head upon my pillow, it appeared to me, nor would closing my eyes shut it out. It was present still. Years have passed since, and they have brought the seriousness of manhood to Stimson and Leavitt, but they have not, and they cannot efface from my recollection the adventures of that night. Still, in my slumbers, that face intrudes itself upon me; still, does it haunt me in my lonely walks and silent musings.

To me, the grave has been robbed of its sanctity: it calls up no holy, no chastening emotions; but is inseparably allied in my imagination with youthful levity and folly. I have profaned the sacred silence of the tomb. I have desecrated that only resting place of the weary and oppressed. God forgive me.

THE DEATH AT SEA.

"At length a delirium came on, in which the moving shadows cast by the hanging lamp, as it swung with the heaving of the sea, were taken and greeted for his distant friends."

Prof. Palfrey's Sermon on the death of W. Chapman.

Upon his sea-tost couch the sleeper lay,
From home and friends and all so dear away;
No mother hovered o'er that dying bed
To cheer his heart, or soothe his aching head;
No kindred there, no fondly loved ones nigh,
To catch the parting breath, or close the eye.

No kindly accents words of comfort tell,
 Or murmur out that bitter word — farewell ;
 Save where around his couch the seamen stood,
 Their furrowed cheeks with manly tears bedewed,
 And marked with quivering lip and streaming eye,
 That fair young flower fade away and die.

Not his, as once so fondly he had hoped,
 When first life's prospects to his vision oped ;
 Not his to leave the cherished household hearth
 To wander on in learning's verdant path ;
 Not his, with bounding spirits, hand in hand,
 To mingle gaily with that favored band,
 Who love the Muse's temples to explore,
 And tread the varied haunts of classic lore.
 Another pathway for his steps was given,
 A sterner destiny marked out by Heaven.
 'T was his to learn the blight of slow decay,
 To mark the sands ebb silently away ;
 To see life's loveliest flowers sweetly bloom
 Only to wither in an early tomb.
 'T was his to view his prospects all displayed
 In cloudless beauty — then to mark them fade ;
 'T was his to taste of pleasures unalloyed,
 And as he tasted, see them all destroyed ;
 'T was his, in foreign scenes and climes to roam,
 To meet that dreaded fate — to die from home ;
 'T was his to seek the far off ocean wave
 In search of health — and there to find a grave.

And there he lay, from all so dear apart,
 While the life current rallied to the heart ;
 The pulse grew fainter and the eye more dim,
 As the death hour stole slowly over him.
 From the low cabin wall a lantern hung,
 Which to and fro with ceaseless motion swung,
 As ever rolled the ocean's weary swell,
 And its dark shadows o'er the dying fell.

Anon he started from his troubled rest,
 And woke to think that he was truly blest.
 He dreamed himself (oh happy dream) once more
 In his loved home, upon his native shore :
 He dreamed his distant friends assembled near,
 His parting words and fond adieus to hear ;
 And that his own dear pastor, then away
 Far o'er the sea, knelt at his side to pray.
 For those dark shades his dying sight deceived,
 And his pale lips these heartfelt accents breathed —

“ Oh ! mother, dearest mother, is it thou
 Who watchest anxiously about my bed,
 Whose gentle hand so soothes my burning brow,
 Whose tender arm supports this throbbing head ?
 Oh ! it is sweet in this dark hour of fear,
 Those thrilling tones to hear.

“ And ye are there, brothers and sisters loved,
 Gathered in sorrow at this scene of woe ;
 Thus far through earth together we have roved,
 But lo the hour has come that I must go ;
 Yet e'en in death, 't is bliss to hear ye tell
 That last, short, fond farewell.

“ And thou dear pastor of my childhood's day,
 Thou, who since first life's wilderness I trod,
 Hast led me on through wisdom's pleasant way,
 To seek the path that leadeth home to God.
 Thou with thy words of blessedness art by,
 To teach me how to die.

“ Cold grows this heart, my mother, and life's tide
 From its blue veins and channels ebbeth fast ;
 But thou art keeping vigil at my side ;
 And all the bitterness of death is past.
 It robs his sting of half its agony
 To fall asleep by thee.

"I deemed myself upon the ocean wave,
 Thank God! 't was *but* a dream; and I am blest
 In my own native land to find a grave,
 And 'mid my kindred thus to sink to rest.
 I thank Thee, Father, since this hour must come
 That I may die at home."

So passed his pure and gentle soul away,
 To leave that pallid form a heap of clay;
 So the young dreamer slept his last long sleep,
 While at his accents wild the seamen weep.
 Oh, if in dim futurity a fate
 As sad as his my wayworn feet await;
 If strangers stand about my bed of death
 To close my eyes and catch my parting breath;
 If loved ones may not hear my dying call,
 And strangers' hands must smooth my sable pall;
 And if by heaven decreed, it cannot be
 That I may know the sweet reality;
 Still may such visions cheer that parting hour,
 Like angel visitors from starry bower;
 Still may I fancy friendly tones I hear,
 And friendly faces at my side appear;
 Still may the fond delusion o'er me come,
 Like him, at least *to dream* I die at home.

W.

Remarks on the Classical Education of Boys. By a
TEACHER. 12mo. pp. 119. Boston. Hilliard, Gray,
& Co. 1834.

WE need no apology for noticing this work. Classical education is a subject in which we are all so interested, that, however hackneyed may be the theme, any book is deserving of perusal which professes to expose errors in the common system of instruction, and withal attempts to remedy them. The author has not, like many of the *wise* projectors of the present day, endeavoured merely to overthrow the ancient structure without building a new one; but he has raised another, in place of the old, of greater utility and fairer proportions. He has brought to the work a mind cultivated by foreign travel, a taste purified by the study of the Classics, and more than all these, experience in instruction. And we fear that the great difficulty will be, to find teachers, who, like him, will carry his system into execution. When this is done, the Classics will be duly appreciated, and will be no longer the object of the youngster's hatred, and the curse of the more advanced student. We deem it no presumption in us to express our opinions on this subject. We have experienced in their fullest extent the evils of the prevalent mode of education. We have fingered over for hours, on the *backless* bench, the leaves of a grammar, the contents of which were as unintelligible to us as the Egyptian Hieroglyphics. We have turned over in quick succession the pages of the dictionary, which we had almost literally to commit to memory, until the rustling of each leaf was but the accompaniment of a groan. We have looked upon the dignified instructors with fear, trembling, and amazement; in fine, toiled all our youth and caught nothing, when, we might, had some one but taught us to cast the

same net on the other side, have taken in an abundant supply. Some of us have now been through the regular course of the Classics, taught in schools and our college, and seeing how little knowledge has been gained of the languages, how little we have entered into the spirit of those masters of oratory and of song, how little acquaintance has been made with the History, Geography, and Antiquities of the most enlightened nations of olden time, we cannot but rejoice at any symptoms of improvement in the Classical education of boys. We have called the system before us a new one. It is indeed new to this age of grammars, dictionaries, and arithmetical tables, but the author only professes to "revive old methods, such as were employed and vindicated by Ascham, Bacon, Locke, Erasmus, and other worthies of the same stamp." And he has indeed thought truly, when he writes that, "it might render a service to our community, were I to present, in a condensed form, a system, founded upon that of these great men, which I have found to work very well with my pupils." It is almost a vain attempt to sketch, in the space allowed, even a rude outline of this work, since every page contains some new direction, for rendering the hitherto "dry" study of Latin and Greek, both interesting and instructive. We must, however, proceed to the unfolding of the author's plan. The first principle laid down is, that the dead languages be learned as *spoken* tongues. In this way, the learner is enabled not only to read, but also to write and speak them, which last he can never do with readiness and facility, if he studies them merely as written languages. Supposing, then, that a child begins at an early age to study Latin, no grammars or lexicons should be used, but he is to be made familiar, by frequent repetition, with a few simple words and their inflections, without attempting to fill his head with the philosophy of language; a study adapted

only to those who have their reason so matured as to comprehend it. He should learn by heart short and familiar phrases, so that he can turn them readily from Latin into English, and from English into Latin. Each sentence is to be carefully analyzed, each phrase clearly explained, and the meaning of each word, together with its inflections, to be accurately committed. Frequent exercises in the writing of Latin and English words and sentences from dictation are to be made, which serve to fix more strongly in the memory what has already been learned, and give a readiness, a habit of systematic analyzation, and an accurate acquaintance with the arrangement of the language. After this course has been adopted for two years, some easy author is to be selected for translation, which is to be written in a book, committed to memory, and frequently reviewed. In another book, also, the learner should write down all remarkable idioms and phrases to which he must frequently refer. The agreement and government of words are to be explained by the teacher as clearly and simply as possible, and the "Syntax should be learned, as containing certain rules for the construction of new sentences." If the pupil now reads some easy Latin author, learning it by heart, applying the rules of Syntax, and carefully studying each word, its meaning, derivation, government, and agreement, he will have laid a solid foundation, he will have acquired a greater knowledge of the Latin language, and strengthened the powers of mind more, than if he had merely translated once all the works in the language. The same course is to be adopted in learning the Greek, except only, that this study should be commenced three or four years later. And now the student, having advanced thus far, can fully understand the grammars of both languages, which he must study thoroughly in all their parts. This he will be able to accomplish the more easily, since he will have acquired, by

the course here recommended, a general knowledge of the principles of the language, and his powers of memory will have attained an almost inconceivable degree of strength. The student can now enter with delight upon the verdant field of Classical literature. There are no more difficulties to be overcome, no more tasks to be learned, no more trials to be borne, and no more dull, tedious hours to be passed. He may now enter the groves of Elysium, and converse with the heroes and patriots renowned in ancient song ; he may descend with the charmed bards into the realms of Hades, and there mingle with the "grove of shadowy spirits." His onward course will be no longer stopped by an intricate phrase, an unusual word, or a neglected idiom ; but he can walk whither he will, gathering here a flower and there a pearl, here a light thought clothed in all the beauty of expression, there a solid idea sparkling with the glow of genius.

The scholar can now understand the works which he reads, and enter fully into their spirit, especially if the plan recommended by Mr. Cleveland is followed in the study of Mythology, History, Antiquities, and Geography. The attention paid to these branches has hitherto been very slight. A Classical dictionary for reference, in Mythology and History, a "dry collection of dates and facts," for a text-book in Antiquities, and about a hundred pages of names in the Geography, have hitherto been considered all that was required. How different from this is the plan before us. Familiar lectures are given on these subjects by the instructor, as soon as the child is able to write with sufficient rapidity to take down notes, which must be frequently looked over by the teacher, and strict examinations of the scholar made upon them. The branch to be first taken up is History ; after this come Mythology, Antiquities, and Geography, which are to be lectured upon in a similar way,

the instructor making use of all the aids, which the Classic Authors and the arts can furnish him. The remainder of the Work contains directions for instructing in English studies and elegant accomplishments. It cannot, indeed, be denied that these branches are sorely neglected by all who are professedly *fitting* for college; yet we shall say nothing on these subjects, as it is our object to direct the attention particularly to the mode of instruction in the ancient languages, which is entirely different from any now pursued. Its distinguishing features are thoroughness and gradual progression. At present, boys spend a few weeks in *swallowing* the grammar, a few weeks more in reading some easy work, and then they proceed despondingly in the almost useless attempt to master the most difficult authors. True it is, indeed, that the study of Latin and Greek is commenced at a very early age in the City, and great attention is paid to thoroughness and accuracy, and we see the beneficial influence of this, in the students of our University, who have enjoyed the advantages of such a preparatory education. For it is a well known fact, that these have been distinguished for their great acquirements and superior advancement. But it is no less true, that elsewhere Latin and Greek are attended to during the space of only two or three years, and that too, in connexion with foreign studies. What other result then can be expected, than the general distaste and dislike to the Classics, which we see manifested among us? How can we hope that what is so hastily acquired will be prized and remembered? What wonder is it, that those who have received a *liberal* education, know nothing in a few years of those books and those languages, which should be the instruction of their youth, the ornament of their manhood, and the amusement of their old age? By the method now proposed, there is a gradual climbing, till at last the summit is attained; by the methods practised

at present, an attempt is made to reach the summit at once, and it is no wonder that many falling short of it, should make no farther effort. Another characteristic of this system, is the amount of labor required from the learner. The great object in most of the plans of Education, at the present day, seems to be the diminishing of personal exertion and mental effort. It appears to be the general idea, that the nearer we can approximate to the *great* end of making scholars without any labor of their own, and, as it were, without themselves being conscious of it, the nearer we approach to perfection. This work, however, professes to disclose no short by-path to learning, no very quick method of transportation. There is much labor required, but it is labor which strengthens the mind, and is attended with no injurious effect. In the present system of Education the beginner is required to study and understand books, which excel all others in the beauty of the language, purity of style, delicacy of taste, and nobleness of thought. And as he considers that as a task, which should be his greatest delight, he for ever after associates the Classics with the days of toil and nights of fatigue, which he spent in studying "the drill'd dull lesson." So that it is almost impossible that he should receive any benefit, or derive any enjoyment from a book, when he is haunted by such associations.

But, if this system is pursued, no such consequences will result. For the scholar will have gone through all the drudgery of idioms, phrases, conjugations and rules, before he enters upon the charming field of Classic literature. We trust, then, that many will be found, who will cultivate this field in the manner which this book points out. We trust that the prejudice which has long prevailed against the thorough study of the Latin and Greek will soon die away; that the Classics, even in this republican country, will be reinstated on the thrones from

which they have been cast down, and that narrow spirit be enlarged, which looks more to the acquisition of wealth, than the acquisition of knowledge and refinement. If these languages are the foundation of most of the modern, if they contain those works from which the greatest Poets, Orators, and Philosophers have drawn their inspiration, if they are in general use among the most learned and scientific, if they tend to improve the taste, and liberalize the mind, then let them be studied with eagerness; yes, even enthusiasm. And let instructors always remember, when they are engaged in the important duty of the education of youth, that it is indeed a curse, to make them merely "understand, not feel the lyric flow."

VACATION.

It was the first day of vacation. — I had finished a most tremendous dinner, and while I reposed myself in my arm-chair and puffed a most divine Spanish segar, I began to debate in my mind by what means I should wear away the tediousness of vacation. Six weeks, thought I, there is time enough to visit Paris or Rome or Saratoga, — time enough to write a novel or build a meeting-house, — time enough to commit flirtation with half the girls in town, — time enough to fall in love, settle preliminaries, contract a matrimonial alliance and enter upon the duties thereof. But which of all these shall I go about? shall I travel? not till the deposits are restored; shall I write a novel or build a church? neither — there are too many of both already. Shall I

commit the deadly sin of flirtation? no — that would be pursuing small game indeed, besides that it would be in vastly bad taste. Shall I fall in love? alas!

————— “*facilis descensus Avernus*;

Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,

Hic labor, hoc opus est.”

But might I not read? “O glorious thought!” let me proceed to fulfil it immediately — I’ll devour books like wildfire — a novel shall fall before the voraciousness of my morning appetite — a volume of history shall form my forenoon repast — poetry shall delight me while I smoke my afternoon dozen, and my evenings shall be given to newspapers, reviews, miscellanies, and other “small fry.” I’ll be a literary gourmand, unsatisfied and insatiate.

No sooner thought than done. I took up a book at random which chanced to be *The Spy*. I had read three or four chapters till I came to the 6th, the motto of which is,

“In peace there’s nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility” —

when in came my brother Sam, with a haste and racket the very reverse of “modest stillness and humility.” Sam, much to my regret, had become a musical amateur: by consequence, a most outrageous bore. The first sound he uttered upon his entrance was, “The mellow horn, the mellow horn,” in a style of vociferation as little musical as the growl of a whipped bear. However, I took no notice of it all, trying as it was, but suffered him to yell his chorus till he got out of breath, and then I hoped he would be quiet. But no! a musical amateur is not so easily discomfited, and I was horror-struck to see him snatch up with eagerness a flute which lay upon the table, and which I hoped might escape his notice.

Could he have played any thing approaching to a tune, it would have been bearable, but he was just learning the art, and, with a perseverance common to young musical practitioners, rarely played less than an hour at a time. And such music! no dulcet fish horn, inflated by the mighty lungs of some hardy son of Neptune, could equal the sounds, which, blowing with all his might, and pausing between each puff, my *harmonious* brother contrived to extort from the innocent instrument he had pressed into the service of discord. Can it be believed that I endured the tremendous infliction for an hour and a half by the watch? I did bear it, and that without a sigh or a tear, though I was inwardly convulsed with "groanings which could not be uttered." However,

"The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

After he had fairly exhausted his breath and my patience, that virtue, so apt to be fatigued by exercise, as Fielding says, he ingloriously retired, and left me in a state of feeling bordering on frenzy. How joyfully did I hear his steps die away, as he proceeded down stairs, along the passage way, and out into the street! I thanked my stars for the interruption, so "*happifying*" was the state which followed it.

I thought I might now read on in peace for a time at least, since I was certain that nothing short of a respite of an hour or two and a good supper could sufficiently recruit the forces of my tormentor, to allow him to proceed in his work of vexation. But the fates were against me. I had not read above half a page, when a shriek burst upon my ears more terrific than the death-cry of an expiring grunter. I threw down my book in despair, and moving my chair toward the window, sought to ascertain the author of those sounds which thus "made

day hideous." It was from the opposite window. There she sat, in all the bloom and beauty of forty, her sorrel locks flaunting like rags from a beggar's window, her eye sparkling with a sort of witch-like madness, and her mouth stretched from ear to ear, while she chanted in her loftiest key the almost forgotten air, which in the old books of psalmody, goes by the name of "Invitation," but which sounded more like an incantation. I looked upon her with a face so rueful, that, could she have seen it, would have excited even in her leathern breast some emotions of pity. But she saw me not, nor did she cease her strain till the increasing darkness of nightfall obscured from my view the glories of her countenance, and the supper bell called me to duty.

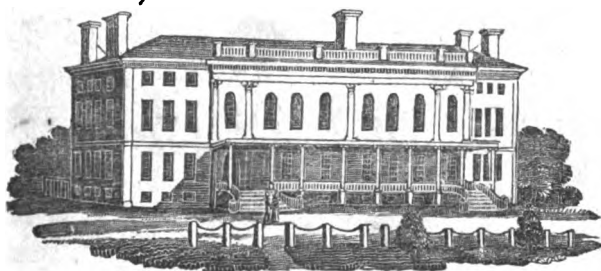
Thus ended the first day of vacation, and with it, all the noble resolutions to which it had given birth. For the remaining weeks, not a book did I take up that I did not hear, at least in fancy, the hoarse croaking of Sam's flute, or the shrill chorus of my opposite maiden neighbour. Alas! how little does the fulfilment of our best purposes depend upon ourselves! how often does the veriest trifle mar the most perfect and elaborate scheme! how frequently are our deepest and best established plans utterly baffled by events beyond our foresight and control! No one can tell the volumes I should have read, or the knowledge I should have gained, but for the occurrence of accidents so untoward. No one can presume to say how high a stretch of thought, how vast an extent of information I have been prevented for ever from obtaining, by those confounded nuisances, musical amateurs.

"Perdition catch my soul, but I do *hate* them."

OCTOBER.

HARVARDIANA.

No. II.



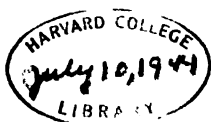
"Juvenis tentat Ulyssæi flectere arcum."

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New York City

HARVARDIANA.

No. II.

RETIRED LIFE.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

As You Like It.

INORDINATE love of retirement is certainly not a characteristic of our own times. Ours is a busy age; and it is not to be expected, that the mild and unobtrusive views of retired life will meet with much favor among those who are deeply engrossed in the tumultuous affairs of the world, and who are led both by their education and condition to esteem every thing of little value, which is not of immediate and practical utility.

But it does by no means follow, because these sentiments meet with no sympathy, and because they are ridiculed and contemned by the frivolous and worldly, that they are not of the greatest importance to the true happiness and real improvement of every individual of the human family.

There are, doubtless, some faculties of the mind which are best cultivated and promoted by the exciting inter-

course of the crowd ; but how few and unimportant do these appear, when compared with others, — the noblest endowments of Heaven, — which can only be truly and fully developed under the soft influences of retirement and meditation. These better principles of the soul recoil at the rude touch of the common herd, — shrink back from the insolence and vulgarity of the multitude, — wither away within the polluted atmosphere of cities. But fostered apart from the feverish interest and urgent solitudes of the mass of mankind, they manifest all their native energy, and evince a strength and vigor, of which the mind, in the ordinary course of public life, is wholly unconscious.

How often, accordingly, do we find, amid the intoxications of pleasure and the contentions of worldly ambition, the dominion of reason, the sensibility of conscience, and the love of truth enfeebled and lost, — “the brightest beams of intellect dimmed and obscured.” How often, too, are we called to mourn over the lost virtue and integrity of some most powerful minds, which have become absorbed in the delusive bustle of a public career.

But in retirement, the mind, unenthralled by the evil propensities implanted by the corruption of society, becomes clearer, more keen in its vision, and better able to form a true and just estimate of men and things. Disturbed by no discordant uproar of the passions, it constantly teems with the loftiest conceptions, and enjoys the purest and most sublime elevation of thought. In the delicious walks of retired life, the mind escapes, in a great degree, the annoying humiliations of the flesh, and seems to partake of the happy purity and innocence of outward nature. It is then, in calm and holy contemplation, that there are awakened within new and hidden emotions, which excite a depth, fervor, and solemnity of feeling never to be experienced amid the busy haunts of men. It is then

only, that the soul seems to reach forward and mingle in the joys of a higher existence, and in secret to hold a true and spiritual communion with the Deity. It is then only, too, that we are sensibly alive, at all times and in all places, to the numerous indications in the natural world of the power and wisdom of the Creator, which by men in common life are either vaguely discerned or entirely unheeded.

The noisy throng of mankind "see not God in the stars," and recognise no object of adoration in the sweet melody and unceasing harmony of the material universe. Their minds are narrowed down and devoted to affairs of temporal interest, and are as dead to noble and elevated ideas, as if the beauty, splendor, and magnificence of nature were entirely shut out from their view. Nor does this appear strange, when we consider that ardor, zeal, nay, *enthusiastic devotion* to the most petty occupation in life, is looked upon by the world, as worthy of the highest praise and commendation, because, it is said, by this means the interests of society are advanced; — as if the supposed interests of society were of more importance, than the virtue and improvement of the immortal mind.

If indeed the discipline of life were designed merely to make the mind stronger and more vigorous, perhaps the fierce collision of the crowd would avail most in effecting this purpose. But the *true* object of life is not only to make the mind more enlarged and comprehensive, but also to render it greater and better; to invest it, not with those qualities alone which men may hold in common with demons, but above all, with the virtue and purity of angels.

Such are the considerations which dispose us to believe, that it is in vain for those, who seek for the greatest progress in excellence and for the fullest developement of

their minds, to expect to accomplish their purpose in the busy multitude ; but even as they are constrained by the coldness and inclemency of winter to retire within their dwellings for the safety of their lives, so must they, much more, for their *mental* security, separate themselves from the boisterous turmoils of public life, and yield themselves up to the sweet and quiet delights of RETIREMENT. Like the Jews of old, they must set themselves apart, as a "chosen people."

" It is not easy, with a mind like ours,
 Conscious of weakness in its noblest powers,
 And in a world, where, other ills apart,
 The roving eye misleads the careless heart,
 To limit thought, by nature prone to stray
 Wherever freakish fancy points the way ;
 To bid the pleadings of self-love be still,
 Resign our own, and seek our Maker's will ;
 To spread the page of Scripture, and compare
 Our conduct with the laws engraven there ;
 To measure all that passes in the breast,
 Faithfully, fairly, by that sacred test ;
 To dive into the secret deeps within,
 To spare no passion and no favorite sin,
 And search the themes, important above all,
 Ourselves, and our recovery from our fall.
 But leisure, silence, and a mind released
 From anxious thoughts, how wealth may be increased,
 How to secure, in some propitious hour,
 The point of interest, or the post of power,
 A soul serene, and equally retired
 From objects too much dreaded or desired,
 Safe from the clamors of perverse dispute,
 At least are friendly to the great pursuit."

BOOKS.

THERE was a day when the majority of the reading community read, "not to find fault with and dispute, nor to receive and take for granted, but to weigh and consider." Whether it was that in old times none wrote who did not think, and therefore nothing was written which did not merit such weighing and consideration, or whether none read but those who were desirous of improvement, I do not now care to determine, though in all probability there is some ground for both suppositions. It is enough that that day is long past, and that we have fallen upon an era when books are not *read* only but even *written*, without thought, design, or advantage.

This is questionless a prodigiously refined age, and it would be as preposterous to recommend a return to the writings of the fathers of the English language, harsh and crabbed as they are, as it would to render again fashionable the fare of our acorn-fed progenitors. We can no more satisfy our literary taste with plain sense and homely phrase, than we can our palate with the simple productions of nature ;—our bodies and minds have become equally fastidious, and demand alike the highest seasoned aliment. But I drop this stale comparison, since it is by no means the *inside* of books upon which I propose to remark. I shall speak of them, not as addressed to the mind but to the senses, not of their intellectual but physical character.

And first, I have not observed without *deep delight* the prevalent taste of the times for *ponderous* books. Scarcely a week passes that the press does not send forth in one mighty volume of not less than a dozen pounds weight, the complete works of some very voluminous writer. We have the various writings of Shakspeare,

Locke, Bacon, Addison, Johnson, Milton, Byron, and countless others, each "complete in one volume," big enough for a door-stone. This is vastly convenient, since it combines most happily the several advantages of manual and intellectual education ; for by reading a play of Shakspeare, or a canto of Byron, we may exercise our arms and chest, as much as by playing half a day with dumb-bells or walking half a dozen miles. But averse as most students are from manual labor, it can hardly be expected that they will make very great proficiency in the English Classics, so long as the present plan continues in operation ; and I have known some persons to leave whole rows of the best books in the language unopened on their shelves for a twelvemonth, because they knew if they took them down they could never replace them.

Surely, Dr. Johnson must have seen with a prophetic eye the mighty tomes of our day, when he gave it as his opinion, that "books which you can take in your hand and carry to the fire are best after all." To this sentiment all, who are in the slightest degree imbued with the spirit of modern Literary Epicurism, must heartily respond. Their arms have too often ached with holding some one of these mighty masses of paper and ink, to render them insensible to the manifold advantages of a pocket volume. Nay, do not their very toes still quiver, when they call to mind the bruises they have inflicted upon them by dropping, during an after-dinner doze, one of these mammoth monuments of typography ? And have they not, as a remedy for weakness of stomach arising from literary pursuits, been often obliged to guzzle whole hampers of Champagne and Madeira before they could be themselves again ? Who can hesitate to answer in the affirmative ?

I would therefore "lift up my voice" against this modern plan of making big books. It is too great an

imposition upon the reading public to go unredressed, and I would suggest the propriety of forming a *Board of Censors*, who should declare every book worthless which should measure more than one cubic foot, or weigh above five pounds, since this is the maximum size a literary man can endure.

But the immense proportions of books do not constitute the only obstacle in the way of the candidate for literary excellence. Another curtailment is necessary, it is that of the chapters. Nobody would wish to read less, and few more than a chapter of a modern book at a sitting; and it is absolutely intolerable, after one has been nodding for an hour or two over a dull volume, to find himself in the middle of a chapter of from ten to twenty pages, and without a convenient stopping place from beginning to end. It would be well for the Board of Censors to restrict the length of chapters to three pages at farthest. This would be a vast improvement. As things are now, the perusal of a volume is much like a journey through a desert, where nothing marks your progress; or like a voyage upon the ocean, where you may sail for weeks without any evidence that you have gained a furlong. After the change which I recommend, reading would be somewhat like travelling on a road marked by mile-stones, each one of which would show you were advancing.

The importance of this revolution must be apparent from a single consideration which suggests itself. Suppose the books of the New Testament were printed as originally written, in one continuous, unbroken word from first to last, and not divided as we have them into chapters and verses,—who would then be devout enough to read them? I think I may safely answer, not one in a thousand. And, indeed, it cannot be doubted that the general familiarity with their religion, which prevails in

Christian communities, is, in no inconsiderable degree, owing to this circumstance. This will serve to exemplify the inconceivable utility of brief chapters. They are the resting places of the weary traveller in the dusty paths of literature, and like inns on other tedious roads give him an opportunity to recruit by sleep his exhausted forces.

There is another project worthy the notice of the aforesaid Literary Censors, to which I would most particularly direct their attention, as of paramount importance with those I have already suggested. In wandering over the pages of some closely printed classic author, the eye is often confused, a gentle giddiness seizes the brain, and we are compelled to lay it aside, until, after a short snooze, our consciousness is restored. This, in course of time, grows into a confirmed habit; and we can scarcely ever take up a book without experiencing similar effects. To remedy this evil "is a consummation devoutly to be wished;" and I esteem it no small credit to be one of the first to point out how it may be effected. I would have a reprint made of all these old works in a duodecimo form, with short chapters and large type, interspersed with lithographic illustrations. This might be rather difficult in some cases, such as for Bacon's and Locke's works, but then a *fancy sketch* might be made after the model of that most *chaste* and *tasteful* of modern productions, the Comic Almanac. I am happy to quote in defence of this, otherwise perhaps, bold proposition, the example of a worthy professor, who, in publishing lately an edition of Old Homer, has found it to answer to admiration; — nay, I am still more happy to add for the satisfaction of those who may undertake the projected publication, that there are strong reasons for believing it would be *quite lucrative*.

Indeed, the scheme may be looked upon as fairly begun, and that too at the beginning. This is as it should be. The booksellers have only to proceed, and public praise and full pockets will be their sure reward. Let them secure the valuable services of "Fiddle-D-D" Johnston, and proceed forthwith to get up editions of the standard English works in the style recommended, and they will be as certain of a good speculation as their patrons will be of "*reading made easy*."

QUIS ?

THE COFFIN BARK.

M. G. LEWIS, the novelist, commonly known by the name of "Monk Lewis," died at sea. His body was enclosed in a coffin, covered with a sheet, and thrown into the ocean; and although four eighteen pounders were placed in the coffin, it arose, and the air introducing itself between the folds of the sheet buoyed it up, so that it floated upon the surface of the waters like a bark with its sails full set. It paused a moment by the side of the ship and then heaved heavily over the surf in a direction towards the West Indies; but whether it ever arrived there, or was lost in the whelming waves, no one ever ascertained.

Oh, sadly against the azure sky
 The banner was waving half mast high,
 The solemn sound of the minute gun
 Told that a mortal his race had run,
 And, mid the sighing of breeze and surge
 Were heard the notes of the funeral dirge.
 On the quarter deck a corpse reposed,
 In the coffin's narrow walls enclosed,
 While groups of seamen gathered below,
 Their faces pale with the signs of woe.

Oh! a glorious spirit thence had gone,
 In his eye the light of genius shone;
 His fancy wandered untamed and free
 As the foaming waves of the boundless sea,
 And his thoughts arose as strange and wild
 As the far off forest's native child;
 But that brilliant eye was dark and dim,
 For death had laid his cold grasp on him.

Then the white robed priest drew near and said
 The Church's requiem over the dead,
 The dust to the ocean depths was given,
 And the sleeper's soul resigned to heaven.
 And solemn and slow they came and took
 Of the pallid corpse a farewell look,
 Then sadly launched it into the deep
 To slumber on in its last long sleep.
 But scarcely had ceased the rushing sound
 Of the dark blue waters closing round,
 And the bubbles had not ceased to play,
 And over the billows died away;
 When the coffin rising from the gloom
 And loneliness of its ocean tomb,
 Heaved wildly up on the waters wide,
 And a moment paused by the vessel's side,
 While the mariners all shrink back with dread,
 And fear to glance one look at the dead,
 Then bounded swiftly over the sea,
 Till lost in the dim obscurity.
 Its course was bent to the Indian shore,
 But mortals never beheld it more;
 For when the shadows of night fell dark,
 They hid in their gloom that coffin bark.

Oh! even in death 't was fit that he
 Should have his path on the raging sea,
 In life his spirit untamed by chains,
 Went dancing on in its own wild strains,

And his breathless corpse would not be bound,
 In ocean depths or the cold, cold ground ;
 Vainly they tried to bury it there,
 It bounded back to the upper air.

With those who sail that ocean 't is said,
 That the coffin bark still bears the dead,
 Unwearied by day, untired by night,
 And its lonely path with foam is white ;
 And they say where'er that vessel comes,
 The ocean inmates flee to their homes,
 And the sea fowl starts on troubled wing
 When it sees far off that fearful thing.
 They say when the ship rocks with the blast
 And the surge against her side is cast,
 When the sea with angry storms is stirred,
 And the breakers' moan afar is heard,
 And the lightning's flash illumines the sky,
 Oh, that coffin bark is hurrying by.

Though since that hour long years have gone,
 That coffin bark may be bounding on,
 Silently gliding over the wave,
 Unable alas! to find a grave.

W.

"WHAT A FROSTY-SPIRITED ROGUE IS THIS."

Shakspeare.

THERE are few things in this incorrigible world of
 ours that I so utterly detest, as an indifferent person.
 Let a man be lazy or industrious ; let him fret and growl

at every body and every thing that calls him from his fireside or his dinner, or let him love to battle with the elements, and court danger and difficulties in their most terrible forms; let him be a politician or an epicure, a speculator or a bigot; let him fly from one object to another with every new whim that enters his brain, or steadily follow out a matured and well directed plan; let him be a lover or a misanthrope, a Whig or a Tory; but a man that is indifferent, deliver me from him, kind Heaven! I could never from childhood endure to hear people say "they didn't care." There is something so inconceivably provoking in the phrase, it presents such a picture of utter stagnation and cold-bloodedness. Do but have a preference, no matter how unreasonable, have some decided opinion, even if it has no other grounds than your own good pleasure, and it may be forgiven. I am not an enemy to laziness; the lazy man will grumble if you set him to work, and will cling to his arm-chair with a zeal truly commendable. There is a good deal of philosophy, as well as some independence, in sleeping quietly in a corner, and letting the world hurry by unheeded. I have a sort of respect for the man who is as tenacious of his right of sitting still, as other people are of their freedom of action. But neither sympathy, respect, nor forbearance have I for him, who is content to take every thing just as he finds it, who had as lief walk as ride, shave with cold water as with hot, work as be idle, read as go to sleep; and who, if you asked him whether he should rather be hanged or drowned, would tell you that he really had no choice. People may say what they please against being particular about trifles, but I have been so tormented by those of the opposite stamp, that I always have strong suspicions of every body that is not a little pettish occasionally. What is a man made for, if he is not to show some in-

terest in his fellow men? or what right has he to call himself a man, if he is, or always seems to be, wholly unmoved by human passions and sympathies? Truly the Athenians must have been the most good-natured people in the world, or they would never have borne so long as they did with the Stoics.

I once had a friend who was blessed with this happy disposition. When a child, his manifest indifference to praise and blame, as well as to all the usual objects of boyish interest, was imputed to stupidity. When called by his fellows to engage in their sports, he would go, and showed no deficiency either in skill or agility; but he never joined them of his own accord, nor did the joyous laugh or triumphant halloo of his companions ever rouse him from the apathetic listlessness with which he came and departed. In his studies, it was just the same. There was no deficiency of intellect, no apparent disinclination to labor. If a definite task were assigned him, he would perform it with ease; but it was no matter what it was; he went through the most abstruse problem in mathematics, the finest passages in a classic author, or sat and gazed on vacancy for hours together, with equal pleasure. There was never any use in finding fault with him; he would sit and listen to reproaches with such an easy air, and after you had finished, look up into your face with such a good-natured expression, as though he was the last person in the world that it concerned, that if not provoked beyond all the bounds of forbearance, you would be obliged to laugh in pure despair. As he grew up, and of course must act more for himself, the case became still worse. Nobody hesitated to practise any imposition upon him, for they knew he would not care. If there were two ways of doing a thing, he never could do it, because he would never have any particular reason for choosing either. Nothing dis-

turbed him; he was proof against insult and injury, for he seemed not to feel or understand them. I do not know to whom the proverb "as happy as a *clam*" could be more appropriately applied. He never had an enemy, for the annoyance he gave was so purely passive, that you always found yourself reduced to the disagreeable predicament of quarrelling alone.

To every one who was not intimately acquainted with him, he seemed a complete mass of inconsistencies. In any question which might be proposed, whether of morals, politics, or religion, he would support either side with the same readiness, and the same apparent sincerity. He never thought himself bound by any thing that he had said before; and would attack his own opinions, if by chance he had adopted any, just as willingly as those of his adversary. What was the object of his existence, was, I believe, as much a mystery to himself as it was to any one else. He took a sort of sleepy pleasure in merely living; how or wherefore being a matter of entire indifference. One day, having advanced some sentiments rather irreverent in their character, a friend addressed him with the serious question, "L **, do you never expect to die?" "I should n't be surprised if I should," he very tranquilly replied.

Such a character would afford a study for a metaphysician; it would prove a perfect puzzle to a moralist. But to a man of any sensibility or quickness of feeling it is absolutely intolerable. Enthusiasm has always seemed to me the very essence of living to any purpose; and the pain of occasional disappointment will be gladly endured, if thereby I may be saved from the stupifying and benumbing influence of **INDIFFERENCE**.

R.

MUSINGS IN THE LIBRARY.

I stood upon that time-worn floor,
 Trod by a thousand feet;
 No sound fell harshly on the ear,
 No murmured whisper could I hear,
 To break the silence sweet.

The alcoves dim and crowded shelves
 A learned treasure bore;
 And hosts of volumes round me gleamed,
 Whose well thumbed pages richly teemed
 With legendary lore.

And in the recess safely laid,
 And held in sacred trust,
 Full many an honored tome reposed,
 With musty covers ever closed,
 All black with ancient dust.

While more exposed to vulgar view,
 Blessed with a happier fate,
 I marked amid a shining crowd,
 Abashed by plaudits long and loud,
 The works of later date.

And then as wont, my muse began
 Its feeble flights to try;
 As bard, philosopher, and sage,
 Of days gone by and present age,
 Passed in succession by.

Methought how many thousand souls
 Within these walls had sought,
 To hear from learning's holy shrine
 The mystic oracles divine,
 With inspiration fraught.

Where are they now? in varied scenes,
 And blessed with varied lot,
 Some at the pulpit or the bar,
 Some by our sides, and some afar,
 And more alas! are not.

Here many came with listless step,
 And empty went away,
 Turning aside from learning's road
 With flowers and verdant laurels strewed,
 In pleasure's haunts to stray.

And some upon improvement bent,
 With eager labor bore
 From the deep windings of the mine,
 Where hidden gems of genius shine,
 Rich loads of massy ore;

And when from life's enchanting scenes
 The curtain was unfurled,
 Sprung eagerly upon its stage,
 And shone, at least a passing age,
 The beacons of the world.

Then lo! I heard unwonted tones
 Of voices murmuring round;
 The tomes upon each crowded shelf,
 Groaning with literary pelf,
 Had sudden utterance found;

Exhorting me in warning notes,
 Most seriously to think
 How I was wasting precious time,
 In spinning out such idle rhyme,
 Upon Castalia's brink;

Bidding me reverend homage pay
 To genius' shining light,
 And seek to catch the heaven-born fire,
 From mightier masters of the lyre,
 And rather *read*, than *write*.

And next I watched the sombre forms
 Of literary men,
 Each seated in an easy chair,
 And leaning back with classic air,
 In silence reading then.

One with the worms was rioting
 Over a tattered page,
 One hung enamoured o'er a novel,
 One dug, as with an iron shovel,
 Into an ancient sage;

One toiled along with sturdy step,
 Through metaphysics deep;
 One bending o'er some dusty book,
 At which I could not get a look,
 Was quietly asleep.

And then I wondered of the store
 Of knowledge gathered there,
 In alcoves dim and shelves arrayed,
 How much away from classic shade,
 Each to his home would bear;

And whether e'en one single mind,
 In that brief flitting hour,
 In its own musings had discerned,
 Or from the lettered pages learned,
 Aught of its hidden power.

And thus I mused, and might have mused
 Perchance till evening prayers,
 Had not the janitor just then,
 With "one o'clock now gentlemen,"
 Invited me down stairs.

W.

THE REFORMED ONE.

I WAS once one of the vainest and most conceited puppies that ever existed. I did flatter myself that there were very few mortals on this fair globe, who were distinguished for more brilliant and fascinating discourse, who could boast more splendid accomplishments, or who, in short, approached one whit nearer to human perfection than the humble, though somewhat remarkable individual, who now has the honor to address you. But *I am cured*, — shall I tell you how?

My friend Dick Easy, or, as I sometimes waggishly called him, Easy Dick, is one of those quiet, phlegmatic souls, who seldom allow any thing to disturb them, or to move them out of their common course, whose life flows on like a gentle stream, with scarce a ripple to agitate its surface; and I was, consequently, thrown into the deepest astonishment, upon meeting him one day of last vacation, to hear him discourse most eloquently and passionately upon the charms and fascinations of a most beautiful lady, who, he said, was staying at his father's house for a short time. He spoke of her as the fairest of earth's daughters, and was guilty of a thousand extravagant speeches and a thousand ridiculous comparisons, which I will not weary you by repeating. I am a man of overpoweringly susceptible feelings, and the glowing

description of this lovely fair one, which I had received from my friend Dick, had excited my curiosity to a painful and almost insupportable degree, and waked a thousand tender and exquisite feelings in my heart. Truly, thought I, if her charms be so extremely powerful as to throw such magic life and warmth into the dull and oyster-like soul of Dick, how boundless, how resistless must be their influence upon a man of my ardent and inflammable temperament, — I shall be reduced to a cinder with the very heat of my admiration and delight, — I shall inevitably go mad. Besides, if she be really the immaculate and perfect being which Dick here has described her to be, we must have been unquestionably formed for each other. Disguising, however, as well as I could, the agitated state of my mind, which was at boiling heat, and carelessly telling Dick, I thought I might possibly call upon him in a day or two, I shook him by the hand and left him.

The succeeding night was to me a sleepless one. How often, in my waking dreams, did this peerless fair one present herself to my over-heated imagination, in all her matchless grace and beauty, as when the bright queen of evening peers from some silvery cloud to greet the delighted eyes of grateful mortals! How many tender and pathetic speeches did I frame, and how many exquisitely interesting and expressive looks did I call up, — sufficient, as I then thought, to have melted the heart of the most cruel maiden that ever frowned, though it was made of the hardest Quincy granite. I had not the slightest doubt of success, for with such speeches and such looks, I imagined I might have safely undertaken to have captivated the whole sex. I arose the next morning, in the highest state of exuberance and buoyancy of spirits, and somewhat astonished a roguish young brother of mine by kicking over sundry chairs

and other articles of furniture, which possibly might not have been expressly intended for so active a purpose. This day was, in my view, an important one, — long, long before the time I had resolved upon for the all absorbing interview, did I enter upon the anxious and harassing, yet pleasing business of the toilet. I will not describe to you the many grave and interesting debates I had with myself upon the comparative merits of five different methods of arranging the cravat, nor weary you by relating my wavering hesitation between the respective claims of sundry peculiarly charming and becoming vests, and the thousand and one other delightful doubts and perplexities attendant on this happiest employment of man's life. Suffice it to say, that, in precisely two hours and twenty-three minutes after I had commenced, every thing was completed to my entire and unqualified satisfaction. And as I surveyed with complacency and delight the reflection of my person in the ample mirror before me, and arranged with the most *precise negligence* the last luxuriant curl over my forehead, I thought within myself, that never glass reflected a more exquisitely fitting coat, or one that covered a more graceful and perfect form. At this instant an idea struck me, which, I confess, for a moment staggered me in my purpose. — “Is it not too cruel,” thought I, “thus to heighten and prepare beforehand those powers and charms which are, at all times, but too irresistible? Shall I not be taking an unfair advantage over this lovely creature, and perhaps endangering her peace and happiness for months and years to come? If she be possessed of one spark of susceptibility, a single half hour spent in my company will, undoubtedly, be sufficient to make a very serious and deep impression. — And then if she should be so unfortunate as not to please me, — but *n'importe*,” (it is the only French expression I know, gentle

reader, and I am anxious to use it upon all occasions,) *n'importe*, that is her affair not mine, and be the result what it may I am determined to go. So saying, I drew on my spotless white silk gloves and sallied forth into the street; and as I walked along my lip curled contemptuously and my breast swelled with conscious pride, as I saw, or fancied I saw, the eyes of every one riveted upon me with admiration and envy.

I soon arrived at Dick's house and was almost immediately ushered into the presence of the fortunate damsel who had, of late, engrossed so large a portion of my thoughts. I never before saw an object half so beautiful; she was gracefully reclining upon a sofa, and seemed to be carelessly employed in turning over the leaves of a book of prints. As I entered the room, she raised towards me her large blue eyes, which, as they encountered mine, sent a pleasing and delightful thrill through my whole frame. And such eyes, O reader! Lovely, liquid, and languishing, they seemed to move gently and unconsciously in their bright, clear spheres, "as when the blue sky trembles through a cloud of purest white." But, I will not attempt to describe her to you. Everybody, in your imagination, the fairest pictures of beauty that your fancy ever painted, call to mind the brightest visions that your most impassioned moments ever conceived, and you will, probably, fall far short of the living reality that I then beheld. Such surpassing excellence might have awed and abashed one, cast in a different mould, but it by no means had that effect upon me. "Here then, at last," said I to myself, "is an object, worthy to call into action even my unrivalled talents and fascinating powers; and I am determined she shall feel their force in its fullest extent."

The ceremony of introduction being over, I seated myself by the side of this charming creature, and com-

menced what I thought to be the most interesting and agreeable conversation that was ever listened to. She said but little, but when she did speak, her voice was as sweet and melodious as the soft, sad tones of an Æolian harp! I had never heard but one voice that fell half so pleasantly and harmoniously upon my ear, and that, dear reader, was my own! The high opinion, however, which I entertained of my my own conversational talents and the unmingled delight I experienced from hearing my own loved voice utter such moving, winning words, as I was then pronouncing, amply compensated me for this comparative silence on her part; and on this occasion, I thought that I even exceeded myself. Gradually and skilfully I led the conversation to a subject, upon which I flattered myself I was peculiarly interesting and impressive. Now did I exert myself to shine with surpassing brilliancy, and as I grew warm with my subject, my eye kindled, and my countenance lighted up with a sublime and almost angelic expression. And I smiled within myself as I saw her bright beaming eyes gazing earnestly and with the deepest apparent interest upon my face. How triumphant was that moment! I expected each instant to see the pearly drops course one another down her beauteous cheek; I continued, notwithstanding, with even more glowing warmth and ardor than before; I was proceeding in a most pathetic and melting strain when her lips moved, and she spoke. — “Pardon me for interrupting you,” said she, in her soft sweet tones, which would have thrown a stoic into raptures, “pardon me for interrupting you, but what a remarkably large *mole* you have on your left cheek!!”

* * * * *

I returned, that day, to my father's house, “a sadder and a wiser man” than when I left it.

SUPERNUMERUS.

A CONTRAST.

Imitated from the German of Richter.

NIGHT o'er Italian waters hovers dark,
And flings its shadows round a little bark,
Which o'er the bosom of the waveless sea
Speeds on its course in calm tranquillity.
Reflected in the liquid depths below,
Heaven's never fading orbs effulgent glow,
And the light vessel with its airy spars
Seems gliding gently o'er a sea of stars.

But lo! the blazing torrent fiercely streams
From yon dark mountain; and the lurid beams
Which shine effulgent from that burning tide
Light up the lovely landscape far and wide,
And all is terror; with o'erwhelming force
That stream resistless holds its deadly course,
And like night visions 'neath its potent sway,
Palace and cot and garden flit away.
E'en as they watch upon the murky sky
The yawning crater flaming wild and high,
And from its steep the burning streams descend,
O'er the low vessel's side the seamen bend,
And, as a mirror smooth the billows sleep,
Behold the scene all pictured in the deep.
Their fragile vessel seems in peace to glide
O'er the red waters of a burning tide,
Where melting streams, and burning lava's light,
With starry skies are all reflected bright.
Oh! any tender spirits would, I ween,
Turn back in sorrow from such awful scene,
Revealed as real to their straining sight,
And yet its image gave these strange delight,
For, as the lurid flames were o'er them flung,
A storm-worn mariner thus wildly sung;—

"In starry seas below,
 See how the flames are dancing,
 While from these mountains in the deep,
 The red, red torrents downward sweep
 And fearfully are glancing;
 And ever as they flow,
 They snatch the gardens for their prey,
 Melting their beauty all away —
 Yet o'er the glowing tide
 Of this illumined sea,
 Our little bark doth glide
 And saileth tranquilly."

So cheerly sang the mariner, and gave,
 Far o'er the waters of the shining wave
 Toward the thundering mount, one searching look
 In fear, though fearless were the words he spoke.
 Oh! thus methinks, as in a faithful glass,
 As one by one in sad array they pass,
 The tragic Muse to mortal sight displays
 Life's bitter sorrows with reflected rays;
 And though our eyes with tear drops would o'erflow,
 To gaze upon such *real* scenes of woe,
 Yet from the *pictured imagery of pain*,
 Strange though it be, some fleeting bliss we gain.

W.

THE LAY OF THE INSIGNIFICANT.

I'm very sure I feel as big
 As any body can,
 But yet I'm not attended to —
 I'm a very ill-used man.

'T is true I am not very stout,
 But yet I can't see why
 A giant's soul can't dwell within
 A body, small as I.

I am not an ill-looking man,
 My face is thin and fair,
 And hasty-pudding's exquisite —
 The color of my hair.

I pass a razor o'er my face
 Three or four times a week,
 But not a single spear will grow
 On my forsaken cheek.

I thought 't would give a manly look,
 Should I some whiskers wear;
 So at a fancy store I bought
 A very savage pair.

But Giant Jack compared my face,
 (A joke most vile and coarse,)
 To a frightened hatchet staring through
 The collar of a horse.

An insult so particular
 My spirit could not brook,
 So I thought I'd show the gentleman
 How fiendish I could look.

I fiercely knit my brows at him,
 Though my nerves were in a flutter,
 When the impolite rhinoceros
 Placed me gently in the gutter.

To give my cheek a manly brown,
 At sea a month I passed;
 But alas! alas! my pallid phiz
 With freckles was o'ercast.

Then sneering people made remarks,
 (As such folks will, you know,)
 And said my face reminded them
 Of pepper on the snow!

In vain, in vain are all my pains!
 For the labor, I exert,
 My rich reward is to be called
 A trifling little squirt.

I sometimes say facetious things,
 The ladies when I see—
 They won't e'en smile at my best jokes,
 But ah! they laugh at me.

Oh, would my nether limbs were long!
 On my patience they're a tax;
 For in brevity they equal those
 Of the animal that quacks.

To see a belle I cross'd the street,
 Not thinking any harm;
 When my tall friend, Charles Nobody,
 Above me put his arm.

She took that arm and walked away
 And never saw poor me;
 And I stood rooted to the spot
 As mad, as mad could be.

And then behind my back I heard
 The fiendish laugh meanwhile,
 And saw three whiskered gentlemen
 Grin an exulting smile.

I really should have challenged him,
 Or some rash thing have done—
 Except that he was six feet two,
 And I but five feet one.

Although to rise above the world
 I do all that I can ;
 I wander through the vale of life
 A melancholy man !

'T is not my fault I 'm positive,
 I 'm sure they can't blame me
 Because I have not in my soul
 Sufficient dignity.

It must be envy, I do think,
 That makes me thus abused,
 They 're jealous of my qualities,
 And hence I am ill-used.

And here I vow, each path I 'll try
 To gain immortal fame,
 And some prodigious deed perform
 To win a glorious name !

My spirit 's fried ! no more I 'll be
 A poor forsaken elf ;
 I 'll seek the skies in a balloon,
 Or, zounds ! I 'll hang myself.

SUPERNUMERUS.

Sequel to the Spelling-Book, by S. T. WORCESTER. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, Little, & Wilkins.

A SEQUEL to a Spelling-Book may seem at first sight to be but an unimportant subject. But when we reflect that it is designed to be put into the hands of children, while they are yet learning the various combinations of the alphabet, we are disposed to think that some pains should be taken to afford to them a book that gives, at least, proper definitions of the words they have just learnt to spell. Whether Mr. Worcester's book does this we are now about to consider.

The book before us purports to be one that will serve "to do away the offences" of such hoary sinners, as Walker and Johnson and other Lexicographers. In a most humble and unpretending preface, the writer sets forth his intention in the following words; — "The design in publishing this work has been to furnish schools with a suitable book for learning the meanings of words, at the same time with their orthography and pronunciation." In order to understand the truth and grounds of these pretensions, we would refer our readers to a few samples of some of the definitions a little farther on.

With a wonderful condescension and courtesy, the author allows that the "common school dictionary gives most of the words in the language pronounced and defined." This, we would remark, in the common school dictionary, is done in a book of a size and copiousness, that can *pretend* to the appellation of a dictionary. "But that is so large!" and consequently our author has condensed "nearly all the words in the language" (!) into a thin octavo volume, of two columns on a page; pages being in number one hundred and twenty-seven and a half. Of these thirty-nine are occupied by a selec-

tion of "most of the words and terms that the scholar would be likely to meet with in books;" "words pronounced alike but spelt differently;" besides others derived from the French, Spanish, &c. &c.; a sort of Rhyming Dictionary; as well as one of the arts and sciences and the terms therein used. Truly has the author the faculty of condensation, if he can compress "nearly all the words" of one of the richest languages in the world into a book, not the size of Hedge's Logic. The author in his preface objects to the common school dictionary, on account of the "looseness and promiscuous arrangement of common, technical, obsolete, and unimportant words, besides other objections that might be enumerated." He has completely remedied these defects in his work, and in order to a proper division, he arranges the book in the following manner, viz. — "Concrete Nouns, Abstract ditto, — Nouns that relate to persons, Adjectives, Adverbs, Verbs, and Words pronounced alike and spelt differently."

Let us begin with "Concrete Nouns." When we got our first lessons in "defamations," as the child called definitions, we were unable to tell the difference between "concrete" and "abstract." We then looked out the word alphabetically, but now the young idea has to shut eyes and book, and decide whether the word is "concrete," "abstract," or "pronounced alike."

In "Concrete Nouns," *Cartilage* is defined "a tough substance." Now no one will be paradoxical enough to deny toughness to India Rubber, Bulls hide, and Commons beef. It is a pity that the rule in mathematics, that "if two things are equal to a third they are equal to each other," cannot here be applied. By so doing we should succeed to admiration in proving the Identity of *Cartilage* with *Caouchouc*. Syllogism will not succeed either; so we are left to consider for a

moment the impression left on the mind of a child by this exceedingly exact definition. If a child were to consult the "Sequel" for the meaning of this word; and afterwards were to hear *caouchouc*, or any thing else, defined as a tough elastic substance, would he not be very likely to associate the two ideas together? Walker defines *Cartilage* to be a species of gristle, and Johnson a smooth substance, softer than a bone and harder than a ligament, &c. &c.

"Hawthorn," according to the Sequel, is a "small shrub."

"Monster," is "something unnatural and very horrible;" but can we call Incest and Parricide, two abstract nouns, both of which are very unnatural and horrible, a couple of "monsters"!

"Eagle" is "a large bird." No one can deny that; but what then is a Turkey? Surely not an eagle.

"Oil" is the "juice of olives." Will the author have the goodness to explain, and give us the definition of "whale oil"? And is a whale nothing but a large olive, that swims in the water instead of growing on trees?

But not content with confining himself to Etymology, our author dives into the recesses of Natural History, and unceremoniously pronounces a "Turtle" to be "a species of dove." What then, in the name of Heaven, is that animal, or fish, of which that delicious compound, so well liked by our worthy city authorities, is made? Perhaps it belongs to that "amphibious" race of animals, as the keeper of a menagerie once said, "what die on land and can't live in the water." Think, gentle reader, of the soft billing and cooing, that must take place at the Gallipagos Islands between the tender lovers, belonging to a "species of dove" weighing some three or four hundred pounds apiece, on an average.

Hedge, in his *Logic*, says, that "every animal possessing wings and feathers" is a bird, but we doubt whether Mr. Worcester's "species of dove" would bear this test of their belonging to the feathered creation. Or are their fins wings merely, adapted to swimming in the water instead of flying in the air, and their shells only feathers hardened and joined together to keep out the wet? Buffon and Goldsmith define "Turtle" to mean any thing but a bird; but they and Linnæus must now hide their "diminished heads;" how fortunate for them, they did not live to see their theories and beliefs in Ichthyology and Botany overthrown by a "Sequel to a Spelling-Book."

"Wedge" is "something with a sharp edge."

"Wall" is "a series of brick," &c. &c. &c.

But these are not the sole merits of the work. In despite of Horace's line about the *making* of poets, Mr. W. intends or attempts to teach versification to children with their *a b c's*. To exemplify this, suppose, kind reader, we were to look for the word "praise," for instance, how should we proceed? "Chum, that Webster if you please,—thank you,—'Praise,' let's see, P. Pr. Pra. Pray. Praise, commendation, &c. Let us now see what the 'Sequel' says. — Praise must be an abstract noun. Here they are, page 48, 'Power,' 'Pravity.' It certainly is not there." "Not there? certainly not,—you are looking for words as you would some fourteen years ago, and forget that 'Praise' is a word 'pronounced alike but spelt differently.' Here it is on page 93, ready for the first juvenile rhymester that is at a loss for a couplet.—

'Praise, commendation.

Prays, he does pray.'"

We are also under a deep debt of gratitude for a new system of accentuation, as well as orthoepy. We regret that our space will not admit of a few extracts.

However, we can give the whole number of different sounds our vowels are presented with, and also how many Walker has.

Worcester,	33	different sounds of simple vowels.		
Walker	15	"	"	"
	18	balance in favor of Worcester.		

Nor are these marks confined alone to vowels. Following the rule of general distribution, Mr. W. has ornamented a large number of consonants with marks and hieroglyphics, that would puzzle Champolion himself. Among other consonants we remark the new ones, which, when we went to school, — it is not so long ago, that our beard has attained the size and weight of Nestor's, — were called diphthongs, viz. — *tion, sion, ceous, &c. &c.*, all of which are pronounced consonants by the same grave and veracious authority, that strips a sober alderman of a turtle of his shell and fins, furnishes him "free gratis for nothing" with a new suit of feathers and wings, and renders him a candidate for a dovecot. "Oh Teneræ Columbæ."

T.

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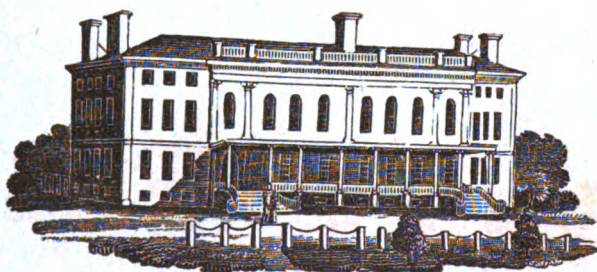
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No. III.



"Juvenis tentat Ulyssæi flectere arcum."

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HARVARDIANA.

No. III.

BIOGRAPHY. — PLUTARCH.

BIOGRAPHY is a necessary adjunct to history. While history represents to us men in the mass, biography takes, as it were, the individual figure from the group, and exhibits it to the undivided attention of the mind; and thus separated, its beauties and defects more forcibly arrest the attention, than when seen only as forming a part of the grand whole.

Biography makes known to us the lineaments of the mind, the origin of the motives, and the prominent traits of character of the distinguished subjects of history. It is the portrait painting of history; and as the noble in his gallery of hereditary pictures may view the forms and features of his ancestors, so may we, in the continued line of biography, acquaint ourselves with the most distinguished of our race, from the earliest ages to our own.

To no biographer of the ancients are we more indebted than to Plutarch. His narratives have come down to us almost entire. Unlike the fate of his contemporaries, it seems to have been his lot to fall among honest men,

whose respect for his memory has caused them to frown on any criminal attempts to mutilate his remains. Notwithstanding, however, this generous protection, some of his lives are lost, which, out of charity to humankind, we must ascribe to the maliciousness (with reverence be it said) of Father Time.

Plutarch's Lives have long been in vogue. One of the earliest translations was made by Dacier, in French, in the 17th century, and another about the same period by North, in England. From the latter, Shakspeare drew all his Roman characters, and so faithfully has he adhered in many places to the narrative of the biographer, that he has transferred whole passages, almost verbatim, to his own page, varied in nought but their poetical dress; particular instances of which may be found in Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, &c. The latest translation is that of the Langhorns, whose performance, while it exceeds its predecessors, in a strict adherence to the sense of the original, is also distinguished by a classical purity of style, surpassing any translation in the language.

Plutarch's authenticity has not been much doubted; and how could it be? He lived but a few years removed from the existence of many of his heroes. Those, whose histories were not so well known, he gathered from well credited traditions and records left of them, and, by carefully comparing the conflicting accounts, extracted the truth. Mitford, in his History of Greece, attempts to invalidate Plutarch's claims to truth; but, if he sincerely believed what he wrote, he shows very little respect for the authenticity of his history, by quoting him as *authority*, in every instance in which reference is had to his heroes. Plutarch builds none of his narratives on the basis of the shadowy fables of oral traditions. What he vouches for as truth, we may believe to be such; his

learning, like his philosophy, drew its existence from all that was valuable and pure, in the writings of authors of the preceding ages. But to leave the field of controversy.

History informs us that Plutarch was born at Chæronea, in Bœotia, that he lived under the reign of the Emperor Trajan, by whom he was much esteemed, and who, in proof of his sense of his merit, appointed him governor of Illyricum and to other offices, and that he died about 140 B. C. He travelled, as a philosopher, through Egypt, Greece, and Italy, and in Rome established a school, among the distinguished pupils of which was his noble friend the Emperor Trajan. His *Lives* are the principal of his works, which have come down to us; the remainder consists of fragments of philosophical essays and miscellaneous compositions.

Historians inform us of the public actions of the great men of antiquity, but Plutarch leads us to their firesides; he opens to us the *penetralia* of the domestic circle. Lend him your hand, and he will guide you to the home of the Stoic Cato, whose frigid philosophy has extinguished the genial warmth of social feeling; tread cautiously after him, and you may see the Spartan King Agesilaus at play with his children, vying with them in the boisterous uproar of infantine cheerfulness and buoyant joy; follow him to yonder shore, and you may tread in the footsteps of the conqueror of Hannibal, amusing himself with the boyish sport of hunting after cockles. He is like the hoary patriarch, who has summoned around him his children, to tell them of the deeds of his fathers and the traditions of his young days. You take up a volume of his *Lives*, and when you lay it down you feel that you have been conversing with a contemporary of the great man whose life you have been reading; so familiar, so enchanting is his style!

His parallels are as just in their weight of character, as the scales of Justice herself. Every corresponding trait of character is balanced one against the other. If a signal trait of virtue is exhibited in one, so it is in the other, how remote or minute soever it may be. If vice predominates in one, the frailties of the other are exposed with an unsparing hand; and thus he lays open all the main springs of character. As the anatomist bares with the steel the most secret muscles and ligaments of the human frame, so does Plutarch with the keen knife of criticism expose to view the inmost motives and qualities of the man. He is guided with the unerring hand of truth, and though he sometimes wanders from its path, when he is writing of one born on the west side of the Adriatic, it is easy to perceive and correct, where national prejudice has misguided him. He is in fact the Boswell of antiquity. Like that biographer, he represents his hero in every variety of condition, and narrates to you his conduct in every change of fortune. His conversation, his wise sayings are recorded with a scrupulous care, as necessary to complete the perfect picture of the man. His style, though not brilliant, is easy and fluent. He stoops not to *plant* flowers by the way, but they are continually springing up, as if from nature's own hand, throwing perfume and enchantment around the path of the traveller.

It is the admirable interest which he imparts to his narratives, that has made him such a general favorite; while his skilful interposition of circumstances and his correct delineations of character are without a parallel in any language.

He was a Grecian, and therefore a lover of liberty.— It is Plutarch, who has aroused in the breasts of the moderns their universal admiration of the heroic actions of the early martyrs of liberty. He has caused the fame

of Leonidas' exploit to reverberate in never ceasing echoes in every land, where freedom has a shrine. Miltiades' glorious repulse of the invading host from the soil of Greece, as recorded by Plutarch, has nerved, in many a dark hour, the hand of the freeman against the oppressor ; and Cato, Pericles, Cicero, and Demosthenes still "speak, though dead," through the living pages of Plutarch. Sir Walter Scott tells us, that Plutarch was Napoleon's favorite author, in which he used to study the heroic character ; and so early was the fondness of Madame Roland (that combination of all that is great and amiable in woman) displayed for him, that it is related of her by her biographer, that at the age of eight years she carried to church "*Les Vies des Hommes Illustres de Plutarque, au lieu de son Livre de Messe!*" It is true, he is alike attractive to the age of childhood, as well as that of maturity, so pleasing, so fascinating is his style.

We would not, reader, invoke for him your patronage, for if you have once read him he has it ; but we advise you to adopt him, as a companion, into that fraternity of minds, which constitutes your daily society. We ask no respect for his gray hairs or his venerable age, but solely for his merits as a faithful painter of the human character in all its varieties, in one of the most glorious eras of its existence.

GAMMA.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

DARK was the night, the storms were raging high,
 Their tossing bark the surge broke madly o'er,
 The threatening heavens were all their canopy,
 Their welcome was the angry ocean's roar ;
 The howling tempest to their fancy bore
 Thoughts of those childhood scenes left far behind,
 Shed midnight gloom their lonely path before,
 Yet calmly shone within the placid mind,
 And freely waved the arm no tyrant chains could bind.

Hark ! heard you not those notes of sacred strain,
 Borne faintly by the stormy gales along ?
 Amid the angry blast and roaring main
 On high ascends the Pilgrim's holy song,
 And wild the troubled elements among
 Float the soft tones of heaven-taught melody ;
 A hymn of Freedom bursts from every tongue,
 The dreary forest and the foamy sea
 Respond in chorus to the anthem, Man is free.

Time onward rolls, the busy vill appears
 Where nought but desert wastes before were seen,
 Improvement now the lovely hamlet rears,
 Diffusing life where'er her march hath been,
 And joyous Hope, with radiant smiling mien
 And beating heart, beholds at close of day
 The distant village spires' reflected sheen,
 When brightly sparkling in that farewell ray,
 That roseate gilds the west ere light be fled away.

These peaceful scenes are changed — loud peals afar
 The martial trumpet's deep prophetic sound,
 And furious gathers now the storms of war,
 Hurling mad devastation wide around ;

The blackened ruins smoulder on the ground,
 Which just before to blooming culture sprung ;
 At dead of night, when in soft slumbers bound
 Creation lay, the Indian war-cry rung,
 Which o'er the minds of all a chain of terror flung.

Death lurked in every spot, and on each brow
 Sat pallid fear ; the voice of mirth was stilled,
 Hushed mid its loudest note, and withering low
 Her flowery garland lay — with terror filled,
 The valiant trembled, as their courage chilled.
 The toil-worn father saw his cottage blaze,
 As home he turned, his wife, his infants killed,
 Thrown o'er the waste, fell on his wildered gaze,
 While round the blood-tracked earth he stared in wild amaze.

The lonely shades, which echoed to the sound
 Of forest songsters as they warbled there,
 Prolonged the savage yell, and wide around
 Each hill top and each hoary summit bare
 At midnight glistened with the signal glare.
 The vale whose purling streams sang melody
 Flowed red with gore — its flowers a death-bed, where
 The warrior's spirit struggled to be free,
 Mid shouts of triumph and wild shrieks of agony.

The sun had sped his race — 't was winter's eve,
 And brightly shone above the starry sky
 Whose rays caught by the snow-clad mounts beneath
 Softly reflected, milder met the eye,
 Mirth filled each bosom, hearts were beating high,
 And love and friendship winged the hours along,
 As in their rapid course they flitted by,
 Wafting new pleasures to the happy throng,
 Who now the light dance weave, or tune the thrilling song.

But hark ! what sounds break in upon that scene
 And turn those blushing cheeks to deadly pale ?
 Alas ! those quivering lips, that altered mien,
 Proclaim too true a melancholy tale.
 Louder those savage shouts the ear assail,
 Horrific bursts the death-denouncing yell,
 The maiden's piercing shriek, the matron's wail,
 Commingled rise to heaven — together swell
 The frenzied prayer, and hurried accents of the last farewell.

The morning dawned. O tell me where were those
 Whose joy-lit eyes with smiling graces beamed,
 Who, when the evening star serenely rose,
 Replete with innocence and beauty seemed,
 While each fond breast with glowing transports teemed ?
 Gaze once again — those forms but lifeless clay
 In mangled heaps are tost ! Who could have deemed,
 That ere upon them shone another day,
 Stern death would seal each charm and pluck each rose away ?

Those fearful days are past, the storm is o'er,
 And bright appears the bow of peace on high,
 The trembling mother clasps her babe no more,
 While the dire war-whoop tells the foe is nigh.
 Dimmed are those lurid fires and hushed the cry,
 That terror-struck the brave — the secret dread,
 That paled each cheek and wildly rolled the eye,
 Hath turned to joy, and like a mantle spread,
 The golden harvest waves bright o'er the slumbering dead.

While in my breast the fond emotions burn,
 My country's deathless story can impart,
 O whither doth my wandering fancy turn ?
 Why in my bosom doth the life blood start ?

Freedom! thou talisman to every heart!
 Kindle on memory's shrine a votive flame,
 Clime of lost heroes! Charnel-house of art!
 To thee it burns, for oh, thy fallen name,
 And nerveless, wasted strength one short remembrance claim.

Amid the death-like silence of thy shore,
 A cheering voice broke from the marble waste —
 Awake! arise! thy bondage days are o'er!
 Lo! Freedom's armies to thy rescue haste!
 The aged father on his buckler braced,
 And snatched his scimitar to meet the foe,
 The youth with dauntless heart his helmet laced,
 Felt his young breast with magic ardor glow,
 To hurl the vengeful shaft and strike the oppressor low.

The clarion pealed, roused by its thrilling blast,
 To meet the foeman, forth thy children rushed,
 The thunderbolt was launched — the die was cast!
 Freedom to Greece! The despot's arm was crushed,
 The dying Greek, while the red current gushed
 From his faint throbbing bosom, heard the cry,
 As beams of joy his palid features flushed
 And life's last sparks streamed wildly from his eye,
 "She lives, she lives," he cried, "her base invaders fly."

The strife is o'er, and from her golden urn
 Fair peace hath flung glad plenty o'er the land;
 No more the peasant's lowly cot shall burn,
 Fired by the cruel victors ruthless hand,
 Where ivy-twined the tottering columns stand,
 Science rejoicing for the battle won,
 Bids welcome to the brave triumphant band,
 And pointing to the moss-grown Parthenon,
 To worthier, nobler deeds her children beckons on.

Such is her progress,* shall she ever fall
 Robed in the mantles of her native sky?
 Behold, from death aroused to obey her call,
 Earth's farthest climes and isles of ocean fly,
 Loud through the world reverberates the cry,
 "Come, learn of me, ye nations, and be blessed ;"
 My joys shall never fade, nor pleasures die ;
 On widest bounds my mandates genial rest,
 My only home the heart, my throne the human breast.

'T is true the slave now crawls upon the ground,
 That patriots, heroes trod in days of yore,
 When Rome true valor in her children found,
 And reared her standard on the farthest shore.
 Alas ! those eagles which were wont to soar
 To heaven undaunted, while with pinions plumed,
 Her mandates to a subject world they bore,
 Have drooped their wings, mid her own wrecks entombed
 She lies, those garlands faded that for ages bloomed.

Fond home of genius ! while with weeping eyes
 I turn the page that marks thy wasted fame,
 What burning thoughts, what recollections rise,
 Caught into being by thy magic name !
 Thy Tiber rolls its yellow waves the same,
 As when he laved thy princely, unslaved shore —
 Alone unchanged. Quenched is the vestal flame ;
 Thy crowded forum echoes now no more,
 Hushed is the eloquence that thundered there of yore.

Yet starry science shall pursue her race,
 Grasping the farthest regions of the world,
 And like the universe preserve her pace,
 Although a Pleiad be in darkness hurled.

* Parts of this extract may seem unconnected, as it was taken from a long Poem, the object of which was to describe the Progress of Science. In this piece we began abruptly with the landing of the Pilgrims.

O soon o'er every wild shall be unfurled
 Her heaven-directed banner — by her hand
 A wreath round every pagan shrine be curled ;
 And freedom view in earth's remotest land,
 Her sky-girt columns strengthen, and her arch expand.
 H.

REMARKS ON THE WRITINGS OF CRABBE.

WITH a style homely, quaint, and prosaic, with flat, often broken, jingling versification, and with eternal full length of low and worthless characters, George Crabbe has contrived to obtain, and also richly to deserve a reputation which but few poets of this or any age have ever reached. He possessed a universal and almost magical power of observation, resulting in descriptions so true to nature as to strike us rather as transcripts than imitations, an anatomy of character not less exquisite and searching, an occasional touch of matchless tenderness, and a deep and dreadful pathetic, strangely interwoven with the most minute and humble of his details. Add to all this the sure and profound sagacity of the remarks with which he every now and then startles us in the midst of very unambitious discussions ; and the weight and terseness of the maxims which he drops like oracular responses, on occasions that give no promise of such a revelation ; and last, but not least, that seldom sounded chord of lyrical inspiration, the lightest touch of which instantly charms away all harshness from his numbers, and all lowness from his themes, and at once exalts him to a level with the most energetic and inventive poet of his

age. The ingredients of the genius of this great writer may all be found in other writers ; but their combination in such proportions as occur in the instance of Crabbe is altogether original. He is distinguished from all other poets, both by the choice of his subjects and his manner of treating them. All his persons are taken from the lower ranks of life, and his scenery from the most ordinary objects of nature and art ; and he has not even attempted to impart any of the ordinary colors of poetry to these vulgar materials. His sketches, as might be supposed, abound with the loathsome and disgusting. The society he describes, low as it naturally is, is depreciated rather than enhanced under his hands. His chief fault is his frequent lapse into disgusting particularities. He represents human nature under a too unfavorable aspect, and the distaste produced by his poetry is owing to the painful nature of the scenes with which they abound ; not that scenes of pain and distress should be wholly excluded from poetry. On the contrary, every kind of distress, whether proceeding from fault or fortune, or whether falling upon vice or virtue, adds to the interest and charm of poetry ; except only that which is connected with the idea of disgust, the least taint of which disenchant the whole scene and puts an end both to delight and sympathy. We feel our imagination polluted by the intrusion of too many images that abound in Crabbe, and are offended and disgusted when we are forced to look on these festering heaps of moral filth and corruption. I know of no poet, who has sinned so deeply in this respect as Crabbe — who has so often presented us with spectacles which it is purely painful to contemplate, and bestowed such power of conception in giving us a distinct idea of what we must abhor to remember. His great characteristic is force, and at this alone he appears to aim. The more delicate points of

genius he either overlooks as useless or despises as weak. Whatever he describes he makes a point of describing fearlessly and strongly. Occasionally, perhaps, this ambition of vigor drives him into unintentional vulgarity, but he too often sins without this excuse! he admits coarseness on a system. It is the original principle still operating. It was his principal object to represent rural character and scenery without much regard to that rule of taste, that rejects from the picture all those incidents which might impair its pleasing and harmonious effect. From the constant tenor of his writings, it is evident that he condemns the common representations of rural life as fictitious, and that he was determined that his own sketches of them should be confined with the strictest fidelity to truth and nature; to draw only the real picture of the poor, which, be it remembered, must necessarily, according to his opinion, be a picture of sorrow and depravity. Now all this tends greatly to circumscribe, if not completely to destroy the operation of illusion in poetry, and proceeds on what we conceive to be an entire misconception of the principles on which the pleasure of poetry depends. It is idle to talk of binding down poetry to dry representations of the world as it is; because it is in order to escape from the world as it is, that we fly to poetry. We turn to it, not that we may see and feel what we see and feel in our daily experience, but that we may be refreshed by other emotions and fairer prospects—that we may take shelter from the realities of life in the paradise of Fancy. Poetry, in order to answer the end proposed, must flatter the imagination. It must win the mind to the exercise of its contemplative faculties, by striking out pictures on which it may dwell with complacency and delight. When he escapes from his favorite topics of vulgarity and misery, he throws off his defects and ascends into

a purer region. Some of the most pleasing are also among the happiest of his efforts. His sketches of moral life are distinguished not more for their truth than for their sobriety and chasteness of manner. The passages wherein he describes the passions are by far the most excellent and powerful of his writings. In the struggles of the passions we delight to trace the workings of the soul; we love to mark the swell of every vein, and the throb of every pulse; every stroke that searches a new source of pity and terror we pursue with a busy and inquisitive sympathy. It is from this cause that his delineations of the passions are so just—of the gentle so touching—of the awful so tremendous. Remorse and madness have never been portrayed by a more masterly hand. He is equally successful when he wishes to excite a milder interest, when he describes the calm of a virtuous old age, cheerful and pious resignation, and the sympathies of innocent love. It is on this portion of his works that he must build the fairest portion of his reputation. The poetry that speaks to the understanding alone cannot permanently attract the mass of mankind. It is that which excites the passions and moves the heart that has already received the talisman of fame, and may securely commit itself to the affections of every coming age.

B. O.

CONFESSIONS OF A BASHFUL MAN.

"You make me strange,
 Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 While mine are blanched with fear."

Shakspeare.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

You may perhaps think it strange that I should be willing to expose a weakness in my own character for the amusement of your readers. But I am not quite so disinterested in this affair as you might at first imagine. Our miseries are often relieved in a measure by the sympathy of others, and it is in the hope of obtaining this, that I make the following confessions; though I doubt whether in this impudent world of ours there will be found many who can at all enter into my feelings.

In childhood nothing filled me with such horror as the presence of strangers—their approach was to me always a signal for flight; and if ever I was so unfortunate as to be addressed by them, the blood rushed into my face, my fingers were thrust into my mouth; in a word, I became a complete personification of *sheepishness*, and not a single word could, by any means, be extorted from me. My parents considered this merely an excess of modesty, and supposed it would wear away with time. But, alas! how sadly were they mistaken. It has proved the bane of my life. — It pursued me like a fiend through boyhood and youth, and even now meets me at every turn. — Never do I walk, stand, or sit in the presence of others, without feeling uneasy lest my awkward gait or posture should be ridiculous. — Never can I wear a new coat or a new hat, without blushing to the very eyes for fear of being thought a fop or at least a candidate

for that honor. — In short, I never feel free from constraint except when perfectly alone — except when sure that no human being can possibly see me.

But these are comparatively slight afflictions. It is well known that young men are expected at a certain age to enter society, in other words, to attend *parties*. — Curse that word, — would to heaven it were annihilated together with the idea which it conveys, — no instrument of torture in the inquisition can come near it. — I remember, as though it were yesterday, the dismay with which I received my first invitation. I resolved at once to refuse it; but my friends, attacking me from all quarters, insisted that I should accept, and at last extorted from me a most reluctant consent. With fear and trembling I awaited the fatal day; and when it *did* arrive, how shall I describe my feelings? My flesh was one universal quiver from head to foot. — I began to dress, but my agitation was such that every thing went wrong; and not till after two hours of fixing and unfixing was I decently equipped. Then I spent at least an hour more in asking my friends what kind of a bow I should make, what I should say, in short, how I should behave in every particular. These preliminaries being arranged, I set off with a young man of about my own age, but much more experienced in the ways of society. We approached the dreadful house. — The company had nearly all arrived; the sound of their voices struck on my ear like a death knell. My trepidation increased to a frightful degree as we were ushered into rooms crowded and most brilliantly illuminated. By some means or other I had become separated from my companion. It seemed that every eye was upon me, that I could discover a sneer upon every countenance. — My sight was dazzled, — I was completely lost and could only in secret exclaim to myself, “Oh! that an abyss would open to receive me!” But soon the master of

ceremonies approached, took my arm and dragged me forward that I might pay my respects to the lady of the house. After having seen this operation most awkwardly performed, he left me to make myself agreeable as I best might. I looked the lady in the face for about five minutes, but could think of nothing to say; then turning upon my heel I staggered off to a corner of the room and there stood stock still the whole evening. — If I undertook to drink a glass of wine, I was sure to spill it upon the carpet; if I attempted to cut fruit or preserves, they always slipped from under my knife. — Do not smile, dear reader, I am confident you will not if you reflect upon the torture I was then enduring. There I stood, conscious of my ridiculous appearance, certain that every body must in secret be laughing at me and yet utterly unable to step forward and behave like a man. What added still more to my mortification was, that young gentlemen of my acquaintance and whom I knew to be in many respects by no means my superiors, were moving about and conversing with the greatest ease and grace imaginable. How rejoiced was I to see the company beginning to depart. I rushed into the entry, seized my hat, and in an instant was leaping about in the open air, as happy as a child let loose from school or a criminal from the scaffold. From that moment I resolved never again to attend a party.

But this is not all; — I am an enthusiastic admirer of the ladies, and believe them to be all purity and loveliness, a little lower than the angels; — but I am sorry for their sakes to confess that my idea of their excellence has been derived chiefly from poetical descriptions and the dreams of my own imagination. I seldom venture within ten rods of the fair creatures, and am not acquainted with above half a dozen out of my own family. The tender passion has reigned in my bosom from

childhood, and yet I have always taken care to keep a respectful distance from its object. About four years ago, I fell desperately in love with a young lady of considerable personal beauty. My peace was destroyed, study was neglected, in short, her image took entire possession of my mind. Now what was to be done in this case ; — I had never spoken to her and knew nothing of her character. — Why, I sat down and wrote her a *billet-doux*, declaring my affection in the most tender and winning terms imaginable. She was so gracious as to send me an affectionate answer. — I wrote again, and thus we corresponded for more than a year, though during that whole time not a single articulate sound ever passed between us. At last we became personally acquainted, but the charm vanished forthwith. I found then to my sorrow, that I had been adoring, not the young lady but the creature of my own brain.

I have thus endeavoured to give you a description of my sufferings. It must necessarily be a feeble one ; for no combination of words could possibly express the exquisite torture which I am daily, nay, hourly experiencing. My morning and evening prayer is for impudence. — Oh ! that during life my cheek might never again be tinged with a single blush.

O. D. R.

“ REJECTED ADDRESSES.”

I.

WHENE’ER poor bards are madly undertaking,
In flowing verse their feelings to indite,
’T is customary ere their harps awaking
To beg the Muse of Song to help them write ;
And not to do so, would be vainly breaking
A fashion sanctioned by examples bright,
So come, dear Muse, one moment from above,
And aid me weave an idle lay of love.

II.

Of love, methinks I hear some critic say,
Why, that’s a tale which hath been often told ;
Each new-born hour and each revolving day
Breathes of affections lost or bought with gold.
But, gentle reader, this pathetic lay,
Though not all new, is still not wholly old,
And did I ever, I would even bet
The world’s not weary of love ditties yet.

III.

I must confess I feel extremely blue ;
And little doth my haughty spirit please,
To bid the multitude come in and view
The deep emotions of this heart, at ease.
But having got this long exordium through,
I’ll dash, as scholars say, *in medias res*.
That last expression I had better drop ;
Critics will think, it savors of the shop.

IV.

First I premise that Helen is the name
Of the fair heroine I sadly sing,
Which linked with mine I mean to leave for fame
Through endless years with silver trump to ring ;

And eke my sorrows, and the lady's blame,
 (If blame there might be,) into notice bring.
 Do any mock my expectations? for a
 Proof of their truth, take Petrarch and his Laura.

V.

But to my story I must back again,
 And here 't were fitting that I should prepare
 To sing her beauty in melodious strain.
 Enough to say that she was passing fair;
 All other praises were but weak and vain;
 Her purse was not as empty as the air,
 And in two senses a rich prize was she,
 Which to the world was much, but nought to me.

VI.

Whatever other failings I have got,
 (And into these the world shall not explore,)
 I never cared for wealth a single jot,
 Wont from my youth away from earth to soar.
 Though, by the by, I sometimes think my lot
 Would be at least improved if I had more,
 Since at my revels, 'mid champagne and puns,
 I'm often broken in upon by duns.

VII.

From childhood I had known her, and must own
 Had something loved her; roving by her side,
 (And e'en then happy by her side alone,)
 How gaily would the fitting moments glide,
 When in half earnest, in half sportive tone,
 I murmured nonsense, called her wife and bride;
 And when at last to graver years we grew,
 I loved more deeply, and began to woo.

VIII.

The course of true love never flows along,
 As still and peaceful as a waveless sea,
 So says the immortal bard of Avon's song ;
 Mine glided on so calm and tranquilly,
 That once I deemed the poet in the wrong ;
 But ah ! vain hopes awhile had blinded me,
 And I must say, though saying I shall grieve,
 The lady fair was false and did deceive.

IX.

My tale of wooing is like that of others ;
 All know the customary dull routine ;
 Bowed to her cousins, uncles, aunts, grandmothers,
 Talked to her father with a filial mien ;
 Prosed with her sisters, sported with her brothers,
 And beamed her through each fashionable scene,
 And then I sometimes whispered in her ear
 Soft nonsense, reader, which thou must not hear.

X.

Thus far at least, I had no fault to find
 With either ladies, Helen, or my fate ;
 The matter was all settled in my mind,
 And friends already did congratulate.
 She must have been extremely dull or blind,
 Not to have plainly seen the very state
 Which matters stood in, but to my surprise,
 One of these causes had destroyed her eyes.

XI.

One summer's eve, together we were sitting,
 Within an arbor in fair flower arrayed ;
 The sun below the Occident was flitting,
 And hid his radiance in the twilight shade :

Indeed the scene and hour were both befitting,
That soft confessions should be gently made;
And would have moved a more indifferent man
Than him who then to tread love's paths began.

XII.

With all a lover's energy I wooed,
Seized her fair hand; she hung her head and blushed,
And this I deemed to be an omen good;
Ten thousand feelings o'er my spirit rushed,
And more than words my looks and actions sued.
From her dark eye a starting tear she brushed,
Then turned on me a look so half divine,
That I imagined her securely mine.

XIII.

My speech, like those on other great occasions,
Had been prepared with care and learned with art,
Was filled with irresistible persuasions,
Well fitted, as I thought, to invade her heart.
'T was clear and plain, admitting no evasions,
Confessed the wound and bade her soothe its smart.
She heard, at first her lips refused to stir,
Then calmly murmured, "No, I thank you, Sir."

XIV.

Regretted she was otherwise engaged,—
Her hand had long been plighted to another,—
Hoped that my sorrows would be soon assuaged,—
Said something about friendship and a brother,—
Implored me not to be so much enraged,—
Esteemed me too—but loved, alas! the other.
"Madam," I cried, "I have no words to waste,
And only add, I pity much your taste."

XV.

And having made this amiable speech,
 I rushed instanter from the arbor gate,
 Half choked with rage, resolved the tale to teach,
 That others might avoid a kindred fate —
 Would that the moral which my wrongs will preach,
 Had touched my feelings ere it was too late.
 Well, though to say so, may seem somewhat vain,
 She'll not have such another chance again.

XVI.

So burst another bubble from the stream,
 So fled another of terrestrial joys,
 So died another fondly cherished dream,
 Which clung too closely to earth's gilded toys.
 Reader, adieu! to me our cases seem
 In one point like the fabled frogs and boys;
 This tale perchance hath been some sport to thee,
 But its relation more than death to me.

W.

The Oasis, by Mrs. CHILD. Boston, 1834. Allen &
 Ticknor. 16mo. pp. 276.

WE have always supposed the word Oasis to mean a pleasant spot of verdure, amid the sterility of the desert; whereon the eye might rest in the hour of impending danger, with the confident hope that a place of succour was near at hand; but this is surely not the meaning of

the word in the perverted sense of the title of this volume. The angry passions and strifes which had marked the outpourings of indignation against the noxious doctrines of abolition, have hardly subsided, ere they are again to be aroused into life, — the placid surface of society is again to be ruffled, and this book is seen amidst the universal prospect of returning peace, a dark, dreary object, deforming the beauty of the landscape.

The authoress commences with an annunciation of the purity of her motives, and having in vindication brought to her aid some great names, whom she has pressed into her service by garbled extracts, she comes to the declaration of her doctrines. They prove her a pure disciple of the abolition school. Immediate Emancipation she shouts for with the same vociferation as Garrison and Prudence Crandall. Like the Radicals of England, who, despising the steady and safe march of Whig Reform, would at once fell to the ground the noble constitution of their country, and then select from the confused mass the broken fragments, which they would plaster together to erect a better; so she, contemning the beneficial and benevolent objects of the Colonizationists, would fain convince you that the only method to remove the curse of slavery from the country is by an immediate eradication of it, without reference to the consequences. But has she no foresight to see the long train of evils which would inevitably follow such a procedure. Is the nation to involve itself in an intolerable debt to buy the slave of the planter, and thereby load with taxes the industrious poor to pamper the whims of Abolitionists? Is it to be expected that the planters are to surrender their property without compensation, to reduce themselves and families gratuitously to the poverty of the day laborer? Or are the Abolitionists so philanthropic as to purchase the redemption of the Negroes from their own

purses? We trow not. We fear the case is with them as in morality, in which the loudest declaimers against bad morals are generally found to make the outcry to conceal some of their own sinister designs. The advocates of these doctrines appear to acknowledge no allegiance to the golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do to you." Mrs. Child disclaims any desire to see her doctrines forcibly carried into effect. But violence is their inevitable tendency. The extension of these odious principles must produce enmity to their authors on the part of the southern proprietors, and thus every avenue to conciliation will be closed. Reform must commence with those who are sensible of the evil; interference on the part of the non-slaveholding citizens is a gratuitous benevolence, totally uncalled for by the circumstances of the case, and obnoxious to the civil rights of society. The recent emancipation of the West Indian slaves has been quoted as an example worthy of imitation. But there is no analogy between the two cases. The one was where the parent was exercising its right of authority over the child. Great Britain, by an act of legislation, purchased the redemption of the slaves in her colonies, — no evil consequences ensued, because the planter in the redemption money still held the value of his property — he acknowledged the right of the mother country to legislate on the subject, and his duty to obey her enactments. How different is the case with us! The nature of our government forbids the action of legislation on the question, and the prospect of remunerating the slaveholder for the loss of his property is an idea too chimerical for a moment to be entertained. Mrs. Child boasts of a convert from the colonization school to the sect of the Abolitionists, in the person of Dr. Cox, of New York. We know not what reason she has to rejoice in the value of the acquisition, but if she means thereby

to institute a comparison between the two doctrines disadvantageous to Colonization, we think she has failed to show the inferiority of the latter. The Colonizationists and Abolitionists have in view the same end, the removal of slavery from the land. The one, by a slow but sure process, designs to effect it by a complete removal of the population affected by it. The other would emancipate the slave and still let him remain in the land, conscious of his once degraded state, and debased by the thought of it, exposed to all the contumelies on his unequal condition, and debarred by the natural prejudices of his fellow men from any participation in the civil functions. Colonization would restore him to his primitive soil, replace him in his native climate, from which avaricious rapacity has wrested him, and effect his happiness by placing him among his equals and kindred. We must still continue to think, notwithstanding Mrs. Child's *logic*, that the philanthropy of Colonization bears more of the semblance of purity than Abolition. We would not discuss the merits or demerits of slavery; it is acknowledged in the south as a curse, and its extinction is heartily desired. The Colonization society has met there with a liberal patronage, and large sums have been contributed by the population south of the Potomac to aid its benevolent designs. But neither the planter, nor any man who holds in just estimation the sacred right of property, will consent to see his rights tampered with by another; he is willing to aid with all his power the gradual removal of the evil, but he is not to be driven to active exertion in it by the outcries of the unthinking and deluded. The Abolitionists remind us of those theoretical philosophers who sit in their closets and form Utopian ideas of government, publish them to the world, and if they can collect a few followers proceed to experimentise (if a subject can be found willing to submit to the operation) on the body.

politic, which generally results in the death of the patient. The philosopher, who combines in a harmonious union the useful maxims of experience and theory, will be found among the warmest opposers of abolition doctrines. William Lloyd Garrison we believe claims the *honor* of being the founder of this sect in America (for the great mind of Wilberforce never sanctioned their crudities); an individual unknown to his fellow citizens, before he raised the banner of Abolition, and since famous only for his brawling declamations for immediate emancipation. One of his earliest disciples was Miss Prudence Crandall, principally known as a mistress of negro wenches in Canterbury, Connecticut, and for her turbulent opposition to the laws. Then follow in a long train hosts of strolling fanatical preachers, and men so desirous of notoriety; that, like the ancient enthusiast for fame who burnt the Ephesian dome, they would fire the temple of liberty itself to gain thereby a name. But whom do we find on the opposite side? Experienced statesmen, and the distinguished divines of every sect, — such as Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Marshall, and Story, — Bishop White, Channing, and others. The authority of the wise has always had some influence on the opinions of mankind, and we do not see why it should be contemned in this instance.

Mrs. Child has prepared the poison in the shape of an Annual, to be administered to the palates of children. She has insidiously endeavoured to steal upon the early impressions of the mind, to tingle it with error under the treacherous form of amusement. We know not from what motive this has been done, whether from a fear that if she addressed the age of reason its patient judgment would unravel her web of sophistry, or that she supposed the doctrines fit only for the sport of infantile minds; but it is to be hoped, that the banishment of the book by all judicious parents from the nursery will con-

vince her of the absence of sympathy among this people with her doctrines. To those who are forming scrap-books we would say there are some picturesque representations of humanity in the volume, in its various shades and colors, which might fill up a blank. There is also a portrait of Prudence (how paradoxical the name!) Crandall, which put in an *ebony* frame might look well on the kitchen wall or in the larder. There are also various pieces of abolition poetry consigned to this volume as a sort of Botany Bay. In conclusion, we would suggest to the authoress a return to her usual species of composition, fiction, as this volume bears evident marks of the vigor of that talent. The following extract from the writings of that great philosopher and statesman, Burke, may not be an inappropriate topic for her consideration. "Men little think how immorally they act in rashly meddling with what they do not understand. Their delusive good intention is no sort of an excuse for their presumption. They who truly mean well must be fearful of acting ill."

M.

SIMPLE PLEASURES.

It has been a thousand times repeated that human happiness is made up of *little things*. To this doctrine I fully subscribe. Men may prate as much as they will of the pleasures of learning, the pleasures of society, of wine, of fame, of domestic life, and all that — give me, say I, the simple pleasure of *poking the fire*. All com-

mon pleasures depend in a degree upon others, sometimes are wholly at the expense of others, and almost always are succeeded by pain which more than compensates for them. But the pleasure of *poking the fire*, while it is wholly independent of other people, brings after it no contrition, and is delightful, both in the possession and retrospection. Other pleasures demand preparation, this is ever at hand, — others lighten the purse and destroy the health, this does neither, — others can be enjoyed only in particular states of mind, this in all, — others become wearisome by repetition, this yields ever increasing satisfaction, — others provoke bad passions, this lulls them, — others corrupt the tastes, this refines them as the fire does gold. In short, view it in whatever light you will, all other pleasures sink into insignificance when compared with that inestimable one of *poking the fire*.

After a day of laborious study, when the nerves have become weary, and the head aches with application, how refreshing is it to throw aside books and take up the *poker*! — When hard pressed for argument, overborne by the eloquence of your antagonist, or ashamed at the flimsiness of your own sophistry, how does it discomfit your opponent and bring home to him the idea of your superior strength, coolly to let the matter drop and *poke the fire*! — When your brain is puzzled with doubts, or your feelings irritated by the stupidity, insolence, or folly of others, how perfectly is serenity restored by *poking the fire*! — Above all, when two great sticks are sweltering, puffing, and crackling close together, when your room is filled with smoke and your eyes with tears, what a cheerful light and heat is produced by *poking the fire*! — In short, there is no condition however sad, no time however occupied or vacant, no pleasure however exalted, which may not be indefinitely improved by merely *poking the fire*!

And then who is it that oftenest pokes the fire? Not your heavy, dreamy sort of being, who takes no notice of anything about him, and who would never know cold weather from hot unless he were informed,—but your snug, thrifty, prudent, industrious maiden aunt, your spruce, dapper, talkative man of business,—these people never pass through a room or sit down in it, without giving the fire two or three good hearty pokes,—they love to better every thing, to see every thing awake and active.

Moreover, the habit of poking the fire shows a character, which, in these days of *respect* for antiquated customs and dusty institutions, can hardly be over valued. It bespeaks a man of independence, who can dare to refuse his honor to that which claims it only on the ground of age,—who is not content with things as they are merely because they have always been so,—who thinks it not enough that matters are well, but would have them better,—who is not willing to wait the *taedy* progress of improvement, but would accelerate it. This is the man who brings about all the mighty reform in the world, who gets in advance of his time, who stamps his character upon the age, and identifies himself with every glorious revolutionary enterprise.

I will venture to say, that I have no doubt, could the fact be ascertained, that Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Patrick Henry, and all the other great and mighty apostles of reform, were, at home, the most indefatigable and provoking *fire-pokers* ever known. Nor is it any more to be questioned that the church-overturning, corn-law-rhyming, tax-cursing radicals of England are indebted for half their heat and brilliancy to this same habit of *poking the fire*.

After all, turn where we may, we shall find mankind divided into two distinct classes, those who poke the

fire and those who poke it not. In the former are all the busy, the improving, the loquacious, the aspiring, and the energetic; in the latter are the easy, the plodding, the unobserving, the lazy, and the satisfied. And in one or the other of these two great divisions of the human race must all parsons, lawyers, merchants, doctors, students, tailors, and *editors* be finally enumerated. But the highest honors are doubtless in reserve for editors, — they poke the fire at home and abroad, the fire elemental, the fire literary, the fire political, and the fire religious, and they will be lucky fellows if, after all their sublunary fire-poking, they do not at last poke the *fire Satanical*.

A FRAGMENT.

Her eye was placid blue, save when aroused,
 And then it darker seemed and sent forth fire,
 As from the lowering cloud the lightning bursts.
 At all times else, it beamed as the calm moon
 Upon the earth beneath, and sent through all,
 On whom it fell, a thrill of holy joy.
 Upon her cheek the lily and the rose
 Strove for precedence, and each was proud to sit
 On such a throne. And ever and anon
 A blush o'er-spread her beauteous neck and cheek,
 And then I wished that I might be a blush,
 All short-lived as it was, to rest in such
 A dwelling-place, so sweet and beautiful.

SUPERNUMERUS.

LOVE IN A STEAMBOAT.

"Hung be the heavens with black."

OH! the mutability of human feelings! One month ago my heart was at the mercy of every *pretty form* to be met with, but now (who could have thought it!) it is perfectly indurated to every thing of the sort.

I had just seated myself on deck after dinner, and was endeavouring to extort amusement from the fortieth reading of "The Traveller's Guide," hopeless as I was of success, when a soft step attracted my attention. — I looked up and beheld a young lady pacing the deck before me with a grace surpassing all bounds of expression. Her figure was moulded in the most exquisite and delicious symmetry, and her majestic — but all description would be meagre, and besides, my story is limited to a single page; — I have only room to say I was completely *smashed*. The time has at length come, thought I exultingly, when I am to realize the enraptured dreams of my youthful imagination; my musings will *not* prove "airy castles" after all. I was in a perfect flutter. Walked to and fro, straining every nerve to catch a glance at her face, but all in vain. She was veiled. Oh! how I cursed veils then, and do now; but fortune soon granted what the veil denied: — a sudden gust of wind snatched the envious covering from the fair one's hand, and exposed to my inquiring gaze a full view of her features. "Oh night and storm and *darkness!*" what horrors seized me! — She was as black as a thunder cloud! — a well-bred porpoise would have blushed to have been compared with her. Curses, muttered I between my teeth as I turned away soul-sickened at the sight, curses on my purblind stupidity, — why didn't I look at her heels?

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DECEMBER.

HARVARDIANA.

No. IV.



"Juvenis tentat Ulyssæi flectere arcum."

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HARVARDIANA.

No. IV.

THE OLD COLONY BACHELOR.

"But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?"

Measure for Measure.

"There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night."

Merchant of Venice.

IN the early days of the Plymouth Colony a man might not with impunity, as at the present time, live and die in a state of alienation from the softer sex. As good citizens, young men were called upon to select as early as possible a partner of their joys and woes. The affection between the sexes did not assume the mysterious character which belonged to the contemporary love of the old world. The suiter did not feel himself called upon to break through stone walls, or to overcome a fiery dragon in order to gain the object of his affection; but he soberly stated his wants to some neighbouring maiden, and proceeded to discharge the marriage duties as those of a civil contract.

This being the spirit of the times, we are fully able to account for the ridicule and contumely which were

heaped upon that devoted personage, who first dared, through a long and harassed life, to maintain his own unamalgamated individuality. Bachelor Joshua was he called, by way of distinction from divers other Joshuas, which the puritanical preference to Scripture names had caused to spring up among the settlers. The mortifications which he experienced in the first part of his career were almost insupportable. On every side he encountered the sly sneers of the half-offended virgins, and the bold jests of the more privileged matrons. As, however, the hopes of goading the inveterate Joshua into any vital alliance grew fainter, these annoyances also diminished; and he was permitted to ripen into the sterile state of a desperate old bachelor in comparative tranquillity. But lest modern bachelors should take umbrage under this example of their great prototype, and attempt thence to vindicate the frequent acts of premeditated celibacy, which we see daily committed around us, it may not seem unworthy our notice to trace some of the palliating circumstances which Joshua used so feelingly to relate in mitigation of his offence. We shall attempt to show how, by a series of untoward events, a well-intentioned but unfortunate youth was led on to this final and unprecedented step.

When Joshua had arrived at the age of twenty-five, a certain indefinable sense of propriety led him to think seriously on taking a wife. But his meditations on this subject were for a long time distracted between two. Whenever he looked into futurity, and saw himself raised from his present humble station, and exercising a powerful voice in the councils of the thriving Colony, the partner ideal of all this prosperity was invariably the eldest daughter of the Governor. But when his imagination brought nothing to view more splendid than his present humble dwelling, and himself the unpretending

cultivator of a few wild acres, he never failed to see along with it the image of the fair Deborah, a maid in the Governor's family. This latter picture, he could not but admit, was a common sense view of the subject; and therefore in favor of Deborah he finally determined. But the main difficulty was yet before him, which was to open the negotiation. This was a business the very thought of which would throw him into a state of the highest nervous agitation. It operated differently at different times. If he was in the cornfield, he was often seen to throw down his hoe, and stand for the space of ten minutes a picture of complete despair. If at his table the fit came over him, he would grasp his knife and fork with convulsive firmness, and with his expanded eyes fixed upon his plate, would eat with indiscriminating eagerness every thing which lay before him, until he was suddenly brought back to himself by finding his jaws laboring to no purpose, like an empty gristmill. After a thousand vain attempts to screw his courage up to the sticking point, the idea occurred to him that the affair might be conducted through the mediation of a third person. And of all others he chose to make a confidant of a young friend of his, whose name was Shimei. Now Shimei, notwithstanding he was a wild lad, and was looked upon as a kind of scape-grace, because he differed in many points of doctrine from the Puritans, was, nevertheless, admitted to be more skilled in all exploits of gallantry, than any other youth in the Colony.

The evening of the very day when Joshua hit upon this expedient found Shimei on his way to the Governor's house. On gaining entrance, he was somewhat disconcerted, by finding the whole family assembled to hear a recent treatise just arrived from England, entitled "The Wiles of the Adversary plainly set forth; to which is added, a true account of his late actions in these

parts." As all seemed deeply interested in the recent successes of the Devil in the mother country, Shimei retired to an unoccupied corner, and there sat very devoutly twirling his hat. No sooner was the service ended, however, than he stepped forward, and with much significancy of expression requested a private conference with Miss Deborah. The blushing damsel hesitated, stammering something about, "no private concernment with Master Shimei," but dared not make any movement towards granting the request until the Governor relieved the suspense by telling her to lead the youth into the adjoining apartment. When they were alone, Shimei was agreeably surprised to find that Deborah had contrived to leave all her coyness in the room with the old people; and he shrewdly suspected she anticipated his business, when she commenced in a sprightly tone with, "Now Shimei let me hear the pretty speech you would make." Shimei proceeded, without much preface of compliment, to disclose the object of his mission. Deborah had long held Shimei to be the most comely youth in the settlement, and not unconscious of her charms, was preparing to surrender herself at discretion, as soon as she had heard the expected declaration. No wonder then, that the look of unfeigned surprise with which she regarded Shimei when he uttered the name of his uncouth friend, made him tremble for his fate. "But prithee, Shimei," replied Deborah, archly, and with all the blunt coquetry of the times, "prithee, why do you not speak for yourself?" "I had not presumed to" — "I did not think that," — stammered Shimei in a state of utter confusion. "You have never thought on the matter you would say then, Shimei?" "You misunderstand me" — "I crave pardon, but" — "Well, I must excuse you this time," replied the sprightly maiden, catching his words, "you may go now, but you must

learn to use your tongue more readily, when we speak again on this matter." Shimei made his hasty exit, without venturing a glance towards the triumphant Deborah. The shaft had sped in a most unguarded moment, and the smitten Shimei resolved never again to suffer in the good opinion of his future mistress.

To all the inquiries of the impatient Joshua he could make no satisfactory reply. He could only understand that the interview had been very short, and that it is hard to tell exactly what girls mean. Shimei's thoughts were now bent on devising plans to induce his friend amicably to abandon the disputed prize. While to him, poor fellow, the idea never occurred that he was not a regularly accepted lover. But ah, the delusive hopes of the preposterous Joshua! He was about to encounter one of the thousand providences whereby a destined old bachelor, if he ever presume to extend his affections beyond himself, is so invariably overruled. Whether Shimei was the conscious agent in this work of desolation, I must leave the reader to judge. As a faithful historian, I record facts, and forbear comments.

About a week after the event described, Joshua had just finished his evening meal, and was sitting by his fire, with his large bible spread upon his knees, when his devotions were interrupted by the entrance of the welcome Shimei. There was an evident concern upon his features, as he drew up to the fire and took a seat close by his friend.

"You are a happy man, Joshua," began Shimei, in a thoughtful tone.

"That is truly said," answered Joshua, "if it be touching Deborah that thou speakest, but surely you need not be so grave upon the matter."

"It is not of Deborah I am about to speak," replied Shimei contemptuously, "it is something of more consequence than a pennyless girl which is soon to be yours."

The half offended Joshua looked eagerly at his friend, as he hastily put by his bible to hear the expected disclosure.

Shimei resumed, "A few nights ago I had a dream. In my dream I was walking eastward. It was night. I soon passed the uttermost bounds of the village, and walked onward until I came to the Manomet Ridge. Never before had I seen these hills, except at a distance, nor did it appear unto me whither I was going, or what calling I had to this place. Nevertheless I knew well the path which I must take ; and I journeyed along the side of the hills which overlooked the ocean, until of a sudden a cliff, below which the sea was dashing vehemently, hindered my way. I wist not whither to turn, for I knew of a truth that I had come as I was sent. But while I stood sore perplexed, and in a great strait, I spied upon the water at a small distance a boat approaching. It glided swiftly over the waves, and oftentimes seemed to be borne along in the very foam of the breakers. But while the men seemed much distraught, and I turned away lest I should see them dashed in pieces by the fury of the waves, behold they came safely to land. I looked again, and saw three men busy at work to carry a heavy burden, which seemed like to a chest, from the boat, and to place it near a great rock which lay at the foot of the precipice. Here they digged in the ground and buried the chest. But the moment when they had ended their work and were turning towards the boat, instantly there appeared written upon the spot, in letters which were like to the sun for brightness, **GOLD**. The sudden dazzling startled me so that I awoke ; and still, Joshua, I could see written on the wall wherever I turned, in the same bright letters, **GOLD**."

"Now this sheweth to me plainly that money is buried there. It was surely a strange vision," interrupted Joshua.

"Hearken now, and I will relate what next befell. For a long time I turned myself in bed, but my vision troubled me and I could not sleep. And this I saw plainly was to me a signal that I should straightway go and get the gold. Thereupon I arose and prepared to accomplish the work whereto I was called. It was near midnight when with my spade and crow-bar I set out for the Cliffs of Manomet. I found the same path which I had followed in my dream; and marvelled greatly to find every thing as my dream had shown to me, notwithstanding I had never travelled in these places. I proceeded straight to the top of the precipice, and looking out upon the sea sought again to find the boat; and when I saw that all was still and no boat was near, I climbed down the bank, taking great heed to my steps, and in a moment stood by the selfsame spot where the chest had been buried. Notwithstanding the moon gave much light round about the place, I was so overshadowed by the tall cliff and rocks, that I seemed well nigh in thick darkness. My heart beat violently as I took my crow-bar to sound for the hidden treasure. I thrust twice, and my bar sunk about two feet into the loose gravel. The third time, I struck with all my strength, and distinctly felt the blow stopped by something solid. But who, save me, has ever heard the stunning noise which at that instant burst from all the ground beneath! For loudness it was like to the yells of a thousand Indians. I fell back, and stood for a moment utterly confounded. But my terror was soon abated, and I determined at all hazards to get the gold, unless it should be defended by something more formidable than noises. I struck again and again, while the incessant noises, now like Indian yells, now as of serpents hissing, and then changing to rumbling thunder, well nigh deafened me. But upon smiting with a violence

which seemed to cleave the box itself, of a sudden I felt all my strength brought to nought; my arms were struck with numbness, and I would fain have fled, but that my legs refused to carry me. As soon as I might go, I shouldered my tools and hastened homeward."

"Now hast thou declared to me a great marvel," interrupted Joshua, "and I will get me straight to the Governor, for surely this thing may not be hid under a bushel. Never was the like known in these parts, no, nor ever shall be."

"But stop, Joshua, till I have told you all. On the morrow I was constrained to relate the thing to my brother. But he saw fit to make a jest of the whole matter. Nevertheless, he yielded because of my importunity, and telling me I was frightened because, forsooth, the gulls had screamed, promised to go with me himself on the next night. As soon as the village was still we were on our way. When we reached the place, I pointed to the spot, and told him to smite with the bar. He struck stoutly; but ran off in much dismay, stopping his ears, because of the great din which thereupon arose. Surely brother, I cried, as he stood off, beckoning me to follow, there must be many gulls hereabouts, that make all this crying. I now thought to try what could be done with the spade. I was overjoyed to find I might dig in peace, and kept on until at last my shovel touched the top of the chest. I can tell you nothing more. I was moved away, and found myself in a field, nearly half of the way towards home. I will meddle no more, said I to myself, with what is plainly meant for somebody besides me."

Joshua shook his head. "I fear greatly, Shimei, that thou art leagued with the Evil One, or else he compasseth thee about to destroy thee."

"I fancy your mind will change, when you have heard one word more," replied Shimei, significantly. "The next night I dreamed again the same dream. When it was finished, I awoke not; but the dream changed. I saw a large house, the like of which is not to be seen in the whole Colony. Upon entering it, I saw you sitting in a room which might be likened to the Governor's parlor for bigness. You were clothed in velvet, and decked with costly ornaments. When I drew near, you handed me pieces of gold and pieces of silver, declaring, moreover, that you gave me only that which was my due. When I awoke I saw plainly that the treasure was yours, and that I was called upon to show you where it lay."

Joshua's eyes sparkled upon hearing this satisfactory interpretation; and he asked a thousand questions about the appearance of the large house, and whether Shimei had seen how much gold he had. But all at once he thought of the terrible sights and sounds, which must probably be encountered before he could realize this modest conception of his fancy. Shimei, however, explained these difficulties very easily. They were to show Shimei, the gold was not for him, and would not of course trouble the rightful owner. Joshua was fully convinced; and as he sat ruminating on his future glory, the eagerness of his look gradually gave way to an air of conscious dignity. He rose and began to pace the room with stately strides.

"I tell thee, Shimei," said he, "it hath often seemed to me, when I have looked upon the elders passing in and out before the people, that the time would come, when I should also sit in the high places."

"It is even so," responded Shimei, "and you must remember also, that I am the instrument whereby shall be brought about this great work."

Joshua made no answer, but resumed his meditations. The sympathizing Shimei sat watching the perturbation of his friend, until suddenly a new thought seemed to strike him, as he exclaimed, half soliloquizing, — “But of a truth I may not espouse the woman Deborah. And I will straightway instruct her to this effect.” Then turning to Shimei, — “I charge thee, Shimei, that thou acquaint the maiden it is not meet that I should take her unto me for a wife.”

Shimei secretly exulting at receiving this commission, thought best, however, not to appear overjoyed at the determination, as he replied, — “But, Joshua, you must needs have a helpmate, lest the cares of your new estate should prove over burdensome.”

“Those things shall be cared for, Shimei, and it is to Rebecca, the daughter of the Governor, to whom in due time I will myself speak. But, first I shall cause to be built the house of which thou lately spakest, and it shall far exceed all that it seemed to thee.” Joshua went on with great ardor to perfect his future plans of operation, and it was not without much difficulty that Shimei could bring him back to take the necessary means to secure the foundation of all his hopes. Finally it was agreed that the next night they should proceed to take possession of the treasure. And Joshua admitted, as Shimei was taking his departure, that although he had always been sensible he should one day become a great man, he had never expected to arrive at his honors so soon, or with so little trouble.

It may fairly be presumed that Shimei, before repairing to the house of Joshua on the following night, did not fail to communicate to Deborah the message of his friend; and on his own part, to make such stipulations as might be agreeable to the parties concerned. And it is said they had a long *tete-a-tete*, apparently enjoying the

success of some favorite trick ; but of this we know nothing. Before he entered Joshua's door he heard within the busy note of preparation. He found his comrade intently at work repairing an old shovel, which was to discharge the important duty of dislodging the chest.

It was near midnight when they set out, provided with the proper implements. An easterly storm, which had been raging all day, was just breaking up ; and through the scudding clouds the dull moon could now and then be seen. The gale had lulled into a perfect calm, and nothing could be heard but the hoarse breaking of the waves on the distant beach. Our two fortune-seekers marched on for some time without exchanging a word. They had passed the settlement, and nothing could be seen on one side but the dark ocean, and on the other woods and dismal swamps. Joshua began to feel his courage oozing out at every pore. At length he could contain no longer. "As I live, Shimei," he began, "I would never touch this gold, did I believe it an unholy thing."

"No doubt," answered his mischievous companion, "the gold will be good enough, provided the foul fiend himself do not take possession of us."

"Thou knowest well," replied the shivering Joshua, "that I have always led a pious life, and have spoken loudly against the falling off from the ways of our fathers."

"I remember of a truth the sore reproof, which you once gave me for cleaning my gun on Sunday evening. But I will say, our elders seem righteous overmuch in keeping their watches over us on the Sabbath ; while the poor children dare not speak above their breath until the sun be down."

"Hush, Shimei, thou speakest like a blasphemer. And I verily believe," he continued, as if determined that his zeal should overcome his fear, "if with all our light we

should suffer our children to run out into the street, as they are wont to do in the old countries, that two she bears would rush forth from the woods and tear in pieces forty and two of them." As he uttered this with great emphasis, he involuntarily looked behind to assure himself that the judgment was not about to fall upon their own heads.

"That would be a terrible calamity truly," replied Shimei, coolly; "but while I would by no means countenance such practices in our children, I am constrained to doubt whether the two bears of which you spake would come forth from the woods; since none have ever been seen about the Colony; and we are told by the Indians that they are not known in this region."

"Peace, Shimei, thou railst. This is mere tempting of Providence."

"I would say nought against the Scriptures," answered Shimei, "but truly I may speak facts. And I will say, moreover, that if the bears should come, it is most unlikely they would both be she bears." This he proceeded to establish at length from the well known habits of the animal. But in answer to the whole argument, Joshua decidedly gained the advantage, by referring him to the precedent in the passage he had quoted.

"Well, then," continued Shimei, "supposing the two she bears should come forth from the woods, I will contend they could in no way tear in pieces forty and two children, since our books will show that we number but thirty and four in the town, who come under this denomination."

This somewhat staggered Joshua, but he still thought the scripture might be fulfilled by special interposition of Providence. Seeing, however, that he could get no Christian consolation from Shimei, he requested him to say no more about such matters.

Shimei thought it best to take the way of the beach, not only to avoid climbing the rugged steeps of Manomet, but because he really feared Joshua's courage would be entirely exhausted in passing through those long woods. They therefore kept the shore, which soon brought them to the desired spot.

"This is indeed the same spot which appeared to thee in the vision," began Joshua, "and dost thou feel assured we may be permitted to depart in peace?"

"I cannot say as to that, but I should be greatly eased if we only had a bible to keep at a distance the powers of darkness."

"I have many passages by heart, Shimei, which I can repeat if thou deemest it needful, and also all the catechism."

"Most certainly do I; and now let us begin the work."

Joshua seized the shovel and commenced digging; at the same time responding to Shimei, who stood by, propounding to him the questions of the catechism. After much fruitless labor, he actually felt his shovel scrape along the top of the chest. He now fell to work with redoubled ardor. His extasy, and at the same time his apprehensions increased to such a degree, that unable to wait for Shimei's questions, he went on pouring forth scripture passages, and scraps of catechism, intermingled with expressions of joy and fear, until he had fairly got possession of the box, and exposed it to full view on the side of the hole. It was a wooden chest, about two feet square, securely bound. And Joshua shrewdly remarked, that "the gold was coined money, as he could plainly tell by the rattling." Being the greatest gainer, he insisted on performing the labor. I must say, however, in justice to his benevolence, that he promised Shimei a liberal portion, on condition that he should never mention the equivocal source from which he derived his riches.

After he had recovered from his fatigue, with the assistance of Shimei he placed the sacred trust upon his shoulders, and they commenced their toilsome journey home. Stopping to rest at short intervals, and after wading through many quagmires, which could be passed with ease by his unincumbered companion, at last they reached home a short time before day-break. But, as ill luck would have it, just as he was about to enter the door, miscalculating the height of the threshold, he tripped his foot, and pitching forward into the room, precipitated the box with such violence upon the floor, that the rich contents burst their covering and rolled forth in every direction. "For goodness' sake, Shimei," cried Joshua in the highest state of frustration, "shut quick that door, and fasten it while I get a light."

He found his tinder-box, but all his efforts to produce a spark proved unavailing. At length in despair he was obliged to call Shimei from his post at the door. Shimei, from some cause or other, was not so much overcome by the slight accident which had terminated their enterprise, and without trouble procured and handed to Joshua the lighted candle. He turned eagerly to survey the glittering heap. But alas! thou demon, Disappointment! his eyes fell upon a black mass of stones and rubbish! "Ah, Shimei," cried he, raising his despairing hands, "it has turned — the gold has all changed!" Shimei strove in vain to comfort him. He went on in broken exclamations, as the full tide of his calamities seemed to come over him. — "That unlucky step! I have lost my fortune! I have lost Deborah! Rebecca would laugh me to scorn! I must live and die in poverty and obscurity!" Shimei, finding consolation hopeless, left Joshua to commune with his heap of stones in private, and to recover his equanimity in the best way he might.

Report was busy next day that something strange had happened to Joshua, but what it was no one could tell. One story affirmed that he had obtained a large fortune, by a compact with the Evil One. This was traced distinctly to the cunning Deborah, which leaves a strong suspicion that she was privy to the whole plot, which proved the shipwreck of Joshua's hopes. From that day forward he seemed shockingly callous to all the charms of female beauty. He was never seen abroad except on the way to his daily labor. He carefully kept, however, the chest of stones, watching them every night, in hopes to see them turn again to gold. But through his whole life his wealth obstinately remained in this same unavailable state. In his will he bequeathed them as a legacy to his still valued friend, Shimei. And when on his death bed, he called to his side the now venerable Deborah, who had come there to discharge a deed of charity, charging her to keep carefully the chest which was now her husband's, and with much self accusation assuring her that the gold had been changed to dross on his account, and no doubt would take its former shape as soon as he was gone.

S.

THE COMET OF 1832.

From the French of M. Beranger.

A COMET from its native sphere
 Against the globe is hurrying forth,
 And Earth e'en now so shakes with fear,
 No more the magnet points the north.
 And while of life's unjoyous feast
 Table and guest will both be o'er,
 Let those, who fear, seek out the priest,
 For me the world need live no more.

Poor star, desert thy ancient ring,
 Unlearn the change of night and day;
 Like children's kite, when snaps the string,
 Tumble and whirl from light away;
 Or wreck upon some distant sun,
 That thou hast never seen before;
 From myriads who will miss the one?
 For me the world need live no more.

Who is not tired of vulgar aims?
 Of grandeur circling vilest things?
 Of blunders, robberies, wars, and shames,
 Nations of slaves and lacquey kings?
 Who to the future yet would look?
 Or gods of clay would now adore?
 Nor stage, nor scenes I longer brook,—
 For me the world need live no more.

The young proclaim that all improves,
 Each step has left some ill behind,
 Steam, without pause, o'er ocean moves,
 And gas and printing light mankind.

Ere twenty years the egg shall ope,
 And forth the looked for bird shall soar ;
 But after thirty springs of hope,
 For me the world need live no more.

When wont of old my heart to heave,
 In youth and love with quick delight,
 I prayed that earth might never leave
 That path which God had sown with light.
 But age comes on, and fair ones scorn
 The voice, that loves their praise to pour ;
 The comet is the star of love, —
 For me the world need live no more.

V. B.

TRUE MAGNANIMITY.

Who is the truly magnanimous man? Not he, who talks loudly of honor, and who can say nothing worse of any man than that he is cowardly. — Not he, who, jealous of his own reputation is ever suspecting others of some design upon it, and who “ will pick a quarrel if you step awry.” — Not he, who, in the secrecy of self-exaltation, affects to disdain compliance with any of the vulgar rules of discipline and restraint. — Not he, who despises the artificial distinctions of life, and would fain assert the entire freedom and dignity of human nature.

Neither is it he, who, in his foolhardiness, laughs at fear and spurns at danger. — Nor he, who, by superior talents, sways men to his opinions and turns them to his

purposes. — Nor he, who would on every occasion stand foremost, to bear the brunt of the action, that he may abundantly reap the glory. — Nor he, who, in his arrogance, freely shows his faults, while he feigns to scorn the opinions of his fellow-men. Characters like these do sometimes wrest applause, nay, even service from the unthinking; but they come far short of true magnanimity.

Nor, on the contrary, is it he, who assumes humility as a cloak for pride, who affects to look with contempt upon the petty contest of man for the distinctions of life, who calls glory a meteor and honor a shadow, who tells you that self denial is the only real greatness, self abasement the only real glory, and self immolation the only worthy triumph. — Nor yet is it he, who whines the unfelt praises of spotless virtue, who sighs and hangs his head at the *name* of pleasure, who considers society as but a wretched compound of folly and sin, who shrinks from contact with men, as if he feared it would sully his own immaculate vestments, who exchanges the world for solitude, and deserts his post in the ranks of life, to fight alone a constant battle with his own misleading thoughts. True magnanimity exists not in any of these characters, — it is something beyond and above and worth them all. To draw its likeness demands a nicer and a stronger pencil than mine, yet, I may be pardoned, if I attempt to sketch of it a bare and meagre outline.

He, then, is the truly magnanimous man, who squares his conduct by the unerring rule of justice, — who is above every base thought, every mean action, — who worships no divinity but TRUTH, — who bows to no authority but right, — who spurns all low ambition, scorns every servile compliance, — who fears no enemy but vice, values no sacrifice but principle. He is the man of true magnanimity, who dares to stand alone in

the strength of his own rectitude, "unshaken, unse-
duced, unterrified," — who can pity while he shuns the
errors of men, and forgive while he suffers their inso-
lence, obduracy, and opposition, — who is equally above
the frowns and the flatteries of the world; — who is not
awed from the pursuit of right by their mad menaces,
nor beguiled from his firm purpose by their enticing
blandishments, — who can smile upon danger, labor,
persecution, and death. Such a man knows not what
cunning, artifice, management, and falsehood mean, —
the ordinary maxims of worldly wisdom are lost upon
him, — he neither feels their want nor perceives their
application. Concealment he needs not, for his princi-
ples are pure. Circumspection is useless, for his pur-
pose is single. Honor, station, emolument yield him no
additional incitement to action, — if he fail of them, he
regrets it not, — if he receive them, they are but the
incidental consequences of his efforts, not their motive
and end. The origin, support, and reward of his exer-
tions are all within; he can never, therefore, be disap-
pointed, disheartened, or unrecompensed.

It may be objected that the character I have delineated
is unchristian, — that such a soul could hardly receive
the blessing pronounced upon the *humble*. Without
inquiring whether, if the objection were well founded, it
would essentially mar the character, it may be said that
real humility is very apt to be misconceived. He is not
in truth humble, who "bends low and talks with 'bated
breath," who tamely surrenders his will to yours, who
delights to descant upon human weakness, blindness, and
frailty, who fears to express an opinion or perform an
action, lest some should misinterpret or reproach him.
By no means. True humility feels that man is not
infallible, but that he may be for the most part right, — it
offers not liability to err as an excuse for inaction, —

it hears the opinions of others with candor, treats them with deference, examines them with fairness, but still acts upon its own. To say that all this may not consist with the most sublime loftiness of soul, the most unshaken firmness, undaunted courage, and unshrinking perseverance, seems to me equivalent to denying to human nature the rudiments of that perfection to which it is called to mount.

But where is such a character to be found? Not in the forum, for the politician has "narrowed his mind," and forgotten, in zeal for party, the welfare of the whole,—he has abandoned his character and his fate to the shifting current of popular feeling. — Not in the mart, for there fortune tempts the soul with glittering phantoms to its own destruction,—there interest is the sole principle of action, gain the sole end. — Not in the pulpit, for the priest has desecrated his holy office, and turned aside from the rugged ascent to glory to court the worthless favor of this world,—he has given up that loftiness of soul which should characterize his calling, and deigned to stoop for the poor praises of the moment. Is the truly magnanimous man, then, a mere picture of ideal perfectness?—has he no existence but in fancy, and is he as truly a monster as are the vampires or the Gorgons of the poets?

Such a character fully developed and matured does not indeed exist in real life. We find it not among the circle of our friends, we hear not of it in our walks abroad, we trace not its mighty and beneficent operations in the great world. But the truth is, its germ is in every human soul,—it waits there, oppressed, chilled, almost destroyed it may be, but it still waits to spring forth, under favoring influences, into free, vigorous, unextinguishable life. In the dim and darkened mind of ignorance it has its dwelling, amid the deepest degrada-

tion, vice has ever wrought upon the heart, it has still survived. Nothing has ever been able completely to efface from man's nature the impress of nobleness set upon it at its birth,—it still remains to remind him of what he has been and what he may yet become.

M. R. W.

THE VILLAGE BELL.

UPON the hill-side decked with bloom, he stood,
And cast upon the scene his dimmed eyes,—
The scenes, which he had left in wayward mood,
Before his real vision now arise.
But often memory, that never dies,
Came o'er his fancy in the hour of night
And turned the darkness into living light.

His race was nearly run,—upon his brow
The trace of many years was clearly seen,
For locks all hoary played upon it now,
Which once were black, and glossy too, I ween.
Upon him glowed the sun's last setting sheen,
When borne on airy pinions o'er the dell,
The notes he heard of the old village bell.

As if some stream had now at last been found,
Which many summer's parching had consumed,
And bubbling, gushing from the arid ground,
Where long and useless it remained entombed,
Upon the fields where verdure rarely bloomed;
So o'er his withered cheeks the tear-drops fell,
When now he heard the well-known village bell.

Thus too wept he who was old Europe's dread,
 And yielded to his better feeling's call,
 Though tearless he had marched o'er heaps of dead,
 And ruthless many nations did enthrall,
 The sound his heart did not indeed appall,
 But mingled with his early years it came,
 And woke in him fond memory's burning flame.

The white-haired wanderer sighed ; for through his brain
 Rushed burning thoughts of all his youthful days,
 The joyous time had now come back again,
 And on the greensward merrily he plays,
 Or in the neighbouring thicket now he strays,
 In childish sport ; and gliding 'mong the trees,
 His laughing play-mates seeking him he sees.

But now o'er him a deeper gloom is spread,
 His thoughts are wandering to his own dear home,
 And all that blessed it slept among the dead,
 Ere he, unhappy wanderer, ceased to roam ;
 He braved the tempest's wrath, the breaker's foam,
 While they, by no great danger e'er oppressed,
 At home had sunk to their eternal rest.

And there was one, so gentle and so mild,
 Who, hand in hand with him, had often strayed,
 She was of all, fair nature's fairest child,
 And deeply loved the orphan village maid ;
 He too with fond affection her repaid ; —
 But his deep, writhing anguish, who shall tell,
 When tolled for her the funeral village bell ?

Oh ! since I heard that solemn, deadly sound,
 The aged wanderer to the air now said,
 How many they who've ceased their mortal round,
 And peaceful slumber 'mong the happy dead.
 Oh ! now of death I have no longer dread,
 For joys were blighted, and my hopes all fell,
 When sadly tolled my native village bell.

M. E. H.

A CHAPTER ON COMFORT.

COMFORT! — what a magic word! — what a throng of pleasing recollections, of delightful associations, does that one, simple, unpretending word bring with it to the mind, or perhaps I should rather say, to the heart! Surely that man could have no soul, who first declared that there is nothing in a name. He, who can respond to so monstrous a sentiment, must be utterly destitute of all refinement and delicacy of feeling. —

“The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.”

To myself, at least, there is something in that single word, which is almost sufficient, of itself, to put to instantaneous flight a whole legion of *the blues*. It is one of those genuine old English words, which have a peculiar charm about them, to be duly appreciated only by an English ear. The French have a term, somewhat similar to this in its signification, “*agremens*,” which, they tell us, expresses something, to which our language has nothing to correspond. It may be so, — but a fig for all Parisian *agremens*, while we can have pure old English *comfort*.

It is usual for philosophers, when engaged in any very profound speculation, like the present, to give a formal definition of the subject of discourse; which certainly has the useful effect of letting people know what they are talking about. As I would on no account transgress so reasonable a rule, I shall endeavour to explain what I mean by Comfort; though, as I have before hinted, the word is scarcely definable. Comfort then, as I understand it, is rather a negative than a positive term. It properly signifies little else, than freedom from all vexations and annoyances; — a complete exemption, in short,

from all *boreds*, of whatever degree or kind. Locke has truly remarked, that "whilst we are under any uneasiness, we cannot apprehend ourselves to be happy, or in the way to it;" in other words, if a man would be happy, he must first make himself comfortable. Nor is this all. Not only is comfort necessary to happiness, but when this is secured, little else is requisite. Let any one look over his past life, and observe whence whatever of happiness he may have enjoyed has originated, and he must acknowledge that the simple, unobtrusive, and therefore often misdeemed unimportant *comforts* of life have had by far the most considerable part in bringing it about.

Indeed, nearly all active enjoyments are inseparably attended with more or less pain, either to ourselves or to others. Even that most delightful, as well as most simple of all pleasures, *fire-poking*, whatever it may be to him who enjoys it, is often productive of any thing but satisfaction to his friends. In fact, your downright, genuine fire-poker is one of the greatest *boreds* in nature. I well remember one of these lovers of simple pleasures, with whom I used to be afflicted. He was a real amateur. Whenever he entered my room, his first act, after seating himself, was to seize the poker. He seldom said any thing, beyond a bare "How are you?" or "Good evening," till he had commenced operations. And so effectually did he contrive to amuse himself, that before he took his leave, he usually succeeded in destroying both the fire and with it my patience. Often, as after his departure I have endeavoured to remedy the injury he had so recklessly wrought, and have sat shivering, with what little fire remained, totally eclipsed by the blower, often, and heartily, have I wished all fire-pokers — where they might have greater facilities for enjoying their favorite pleasure.

I may be thought rather paradoxical, and I doubt not that in these days in which "ecstasies," and "agonies," "soul-subduing emotions," and "moments in which the delight of centuries is concentrated and compressed" are so much in vogue, I shall at least be regarded as exceedingly heretical, when I profess myself a great admirer of the old maxim "*nil admirari*," or, as I would translate it, "take all coolly." But I cannot but think it contains a great deal of sound philosophy, or what is better, common sense. The fact is, that in this, as in most other cases, the middle course is the best; and if he, whose chief aim is to be comfortable, loses the more intense and thrilling pleasures of life, so does he, on the other hand, escape the more distressing pains and sorrows by which they are but too often attended.

There is, I conceive, much the same distinction to be observed between comfort and pleasure, which Lord Chesterfield has drawn between cheerfulness and mirth. In fact, mirth is a kind of pleasure, and cheerfulness a species of comfort; and as mirth is usually followed by corresponding depression, so it is equally true that pleasure in general is commonly succeeded by proportionate pain; while comfort, like cheerfulness, is something which one may always have about him, and enjoy without any drawback to his gratification. Nor let it be objected that such doctrines as I have maintained are favorable to indolence and sensualism. Such an assertion can only proceed from misapprehension; for nothing can be in reality more fatal to comfort than sensualism, if carried to an undue extent; and he must be dull and spiritless indeed, who could long derive comfort from mere inaction. He could not even enjoy that peculiar degree of satisfaction, usually denoted by the phrase "*as happy as a clam*," unless, indeed, he were perfectly on a level with that respectable animal in point of intellect.

But, though it cannot, I think, be denied that comfort is essential to happiness; and though it is generally admitted that the desire of happiness is natural to man, yet there are some men who seem to have a natural, instinctive antipathy to every thing in the smallest degree conducive to comfort. They appear to be fully sensible that this is a state of trial; and to think that the more it partakes of that character, the better; or perhaps, like the Catholics, they expect to make their bodies pay for the sins of their souls. These are the men, who first devised the ingenious scheme of seating school-boys on *stools*, for fear their backs, by having a support to keep them erect, might become crooked; and they it is too, who would prohibit all articles of diet, saving only water-gruel and the pure element, lest men, perchance, might take some pleasure in eating. If you venture to speak to them of any thing beyond the bare necessities of life, they will answer you with a discourse on the evils of luxury, or a eulogy on log-huts and acorns. Such a man I would shun as I would a pestilence. How different from this is the man who knows how to appreciate the true value of comfort! He may be readily recognised by his fair, open countenance, his laughing eye, and his benevolent smile; for his affections have not been soured, and his heart chilled and hardened by those petty cares and annoyances, which have had such a blighting influence on the other. These are the men on whose brows the finger of time writes fewest wrinkles. I never see such an one but I long to take him by the hand, and address him as an old friend, for I know that he is in truth the friend of humanity.

Reader, I have done. — On such a theme the coldest and most indifferent might grow eloquent. But I am too much the friend of comfort to *bore* either myself or thee longer. And if what I have written should have no

other effect than to lull thee to a gentle slumber, however deeply I may feel it as an *author*, I shall still have the proud satisfaction of having done something for the comfort of my fellow-men.

HOLWORTHY.

TO THE INITIATED.

IN an insulated place, though not an island, at no great distance from America, there was a community of people, some of whom were barbarous, some half-civilized, some civilized, while about a quarter part were enlightened. What could you expect from such a medley?— Nothing but the strangest notions and most ridiculous customs. They were not governed like the rest of the world by common sense and their own free will, but they were at the mercy of certain Genii. First came the Genius of *Digging*, who stalked about, but could find very few who were not armed in proof against his claws. And strange to say, that though the appointed business of these nondescripts was to till the soil, yet if any one was seen to put his spade into the earth much deeper than the rest, lo ! they immediately exclaimed, that his ground must be barren. Next came the Genius of *Popularity*, who was more successful in entrapping unwary passengers than his brother spirit. These two Genii also appeared to be different in form and in substance ; for while the first was of solid matter, the other appeared to be composed of a gauzy, light texture, which was entirely hollow within, and from its flexibility could

change itself into different shapes, and that especially when there was a great *blow* approaching. I had only to observe two more spirits, viz., the guardian of the twaddlers, and a scaly monster, who I judged presided over the finny tribes, that were in the ponds of the gardens, though in truth their number was but small, and those were about the size of minnows. But the infinite number of twaddlers ! Oh, stars, assist me in my labor of counting. These pruned a flower here, and an herb there, — here they began to weed their gardens, but did not proceed far in the work before they relinquished it. In another place you might see a knot of them busily employed in taking care of the most gaudy and luxuriant plant, because it tickled their fancy, while they were warned that they would never reap any fruit. But still they went on consulting their pleasure alone.

Now it happens that at certain seasons of the year this people are for a time released from their labors. A few days before one of these seasons came round, they were all assembled in solemn conclave to hear the success of a new method, which they had adopted, of cultivating the soil, which they hoped all the four different orders of beings would labor at with all their vigor. In this meeting you might see the gaping phiz of the *barbarian*, looking as if he did not exactly know whether he had a right to be there or not ; the *half-civilized*, falsely ashamed of the state which he himself had been in the year before, and going to the opposite extreme of audacity and arrogance ; the *civilized* with their brows as impenetrable as marble, and who appeared too dignified to be moved by any sublunary concerns, — but the *enlightened*, courteous to all and ready to hear, from whatever quarter the voice might come. Such were the general features of the assembly.

And now for a description of the hall in which they were met. The artificers of that place constructed the building from the most costly materials, and before it rose in simple majesty an elegant portico, upon which the inhabitants of this realm sometimes lounged. On each side of the hall, contained in this splendid edifice, were the materials prepared for refreshing the weary laborers, though the greater part retired from them with disgust. You enter into the hall through an arched door-way, but the interior deceives your expectations. No superb couches, no graceful settees, no pendent chandelier, no tasteful drapery, but all is dark and naked; you stroll listlessly and take your seat, but if you attempt to lean backwards, you may soon lose your centre of gravity.

After waiting in anxious anticipation some time to see what would be done, I at last heard the ruler of the people declare in deep-toned accents, "the time draws near, silence, if you would hear what the spirit of fire is about to say." He appeared, and straightway all eyes were fixed upon him. While he spoke he sometimes grew dazzling, then his brightness would fade away;—sometimes he played around in mirth, and then he seemed so dark that the fire appeared to have retired within. I do not pretend to give faithfully all these different variations of his speech, but only to sketch the general outline. "Friends," he began, "'thus far we sail before the wind;' but I retract this assertion. The trees and fruits of your newly planted garden have been sometimes attacked, and sometimes the unfavorable blasts of the north have swept over your flowers, and sometimes the biting frost has nipped them in the bud. True, indeed, that your worth has been acknowledged by many; true, that in the world your productions have generally been kindly received, and your labors have met with their meed of praise. But among your own selves I have found that the differ-

ent classes of your community have been inclined to judge favorably of your fruits and flowers in the exact proportion of their elevation. Thus the enlightened have said that they 'were satisfied,' the civilized that your specimens were 'pretty fair,' and the half-civilized that they 'would answer,' and the barbarous, that 'they were nothing to the wild and savage productions which grow in their rude gardens, and in their uncultivated fields.'

"While I was wandering in the 'milky-way,' I, to my great surprise, learned that you might praise with impunity the trees, flowers, and shrubs of another, but that you were forbidden to find fault with them; for the moment that you did this you would be branded with the title of 'upstart cultivators of the soil.' You are like the man who would not call a \$100 note a 'bill,' because he was not sufficiently familiar with it; but he might with impunity call it a 'William.' So you may say 'William,' but death to your temerity if you say 'Bill.' Sancho's proverb 'that you must not look a gift-horse in the mouth,' will not apply to the gifts which you present as specimens to the superintenders of your labors. It is their duty to look at them sharply, and if from their inadaptation to the season, or from their want of pruning or engrafting or transplanting, they are not received as favorable specimens, do not in anger or in despair relinquish your labors. In this you would be no more reasonable than the old gentleman, who, having put on his wig too quick, with 'hot melted wax,' should refuse, when he at last succeeded in scratching it off, to put on another. Though we should blame him if he put on another in the same way.

"Remember too, that 'there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' But I do not mean to quote this hackneyed saying, and

request you to act upon it ; for I say, ' take it at the ebb,' and then float down the stream till you have come to the fishing ground, and you will catch an abundance of what you seek. If you start with the flood, you will have to pull against it till the tide turns. With a little care your labor, when it is in a prosperous condition, will have as favorable an issue as you can wish. (This I say to you, because I know that you all are somewhat fond of ease.) But whether one thing be true or the other, embark on that tide which promises to better your fortune. Never let slip the whim of the moment, when you see any prospect of improvement. This, with your leave, I will illustrate by a *classical* story which was told by my friend of the ' Burning Top,' who received it from his grandfather, and handed it down as a valued and instructive relic, which I trust will be transmitted to the latest posterity. ' A man, riding leisurely and philanthropically along in his wagon, saw a ragged little urchin jumping into the rear of his vehicle, whose appetite, not often appeased, was excited by the view of the " yankee notion, yclept doughnuts," and the fragrant odor which they emitted. " Should you like to go home and live with me, boy ? " asked the man. " Yes, if *Ma* will let me," was the reply. *Ma* gave her consent, and the boy, who now improved this opportunity, arrived to the high dignity of *Representative to the General Court*, and *Militia General*.' Who knows, my friends, that if you also take advantage of the whim of the moment, in discovering some lucky soil, some new method of planting or engrafting, you may arrive to the *equal* honor of having your specimens of fruits and flowers always accepted, and always worthy of you ? This illustration may seem to you of too light a nature, but I would endeavour to impress upon you the truth inculcated in it with all earnestness.

"We hear in the world much talk about the supreme blessing of having to depend upon one's self, and marking out one's own road to fortune and honor,—of the great misfortune of having a distinguished parent, or great property which precludes the necessity of exertion. The great cry is self-exertion. But it is no inconsiderable thing to be thrown upon one's own resources, and at a very late hour, when you have been expecting every moment that some debt would be paid in, which would enable you to meet the demand of pressing creditors. It is hard to be obliged to remind a debtor more than a dozen times of his promissory note; but it is harder still not to get something more substantial than promises for your pains. And now, speaking generally, I have observed among you all, arising no doubt from your seclusion and ignorance of the world, a somewhat too good opinion of yourselves, a puffing up, a little too much of the nature of that empty article which you make use of in your sports on the Grecian Field. It is indeed no heinous crime, and perhaps is the natural result of your situation; for a man who sees only himself in the world will naturally judge that he is the wisest. If you arrogate to yourselves the disposal of all the laws of this our realm, and think that your *dictum* ought to become the law, yet do not within your little compass pretend to possess all the wisdom. For I fear that it will be found out some time or other that you have as little wisdom as law on your side."

During the latter part of the speech, there was a great deal of hissing, but I could not perceive whether it proceeded from the audience or from the "Genius of Fire" himself. But he, seeing considerable impatience depicted in the countenances of his audience, suddenly vanished, but where no one could tell.

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NOVELS.

AMONG all the utilitarian spirit of the age, there is a great deal of frivolity and lightness. We see this especially manifested in the *literature* of the present age. Whilst the press is teeming with books for the people, simplifying, for their understanding, the hitherto abstruse sciences, and rendering familiar to their minds truths, which philosophers and sages alone formerly mastered, it also sends forth daily, multitudes of light works, which materially affect the character of the literature, and cannot but have a great influence on individual minds. Works of fiction occupy by far the greatest portion in modern literature, and have engaged in their service a great proportion of the talent devoted to authorship, and of the time given to reading. And from the almost universal attention which is thus paid to them, a slight sketch of the history, and a consideration of the influence of fictitious works, become not merely a matter of amusement but of instruction.

The romance and novel are a species of literature peculiar to modern times. For almost every other kind

of writing, we have models of the ancients, and patterns which it is hard to imitate, much less excel. But the origin of romances is hidden in the obscurity of the middle ages, and many theories have been proposed to account for their origin. They first appeared in the ages of chivalry, and professed to describe the history and adventures of Arthur, Charlemagne, and their knights, being written years after these worthies had mingled with their kindred dust, and whilst the natural love of the marvellous was indulged with many traditional stories respecting their times. Adopting for its heroes the knights of chivalry, it is not wonderful that the principal features of romance were love and reverence to the female sex; and that the adventures of the personages described should proceed from attachment to some fair damsel, and their sufferings be at last rewarded by that which was deemed more precious than silver or gold — the lady's hand. As might naturally be expected in a rude and superstitious age, the characters were not all human and mortal, but many smacked of the Infernal Regions, whilst dragons and giants figured in the background. Fairies too sported in the meadow, and the imagination revelled in all that was terrible and grand. Knights in all the splendor of their armor and glory of achievements, tournaments with their gay assemblage of all that was noble, bright, and fair, castles with all the sublimity of ancient greatness, and the wonders of enchanted maidens with inestimable charms, bewitching grace, and noble characters — all these were there, and fancy was their master. But as mankind became more enlightened, the taste for these extravagant tales declined, and we find that in England, about the time of Queen Elizabeth, they were consigned to the nursery and antiquary, while their place was supplied by plays and Italian novels.

We now come to what may be called the transition state, or a species of writing which partook of the nature of the old romances, and also of the modern novel. We can at this day scarcely conceive of the patience that could wade through the thousands of pages which constitute one work, but so it was in those days. Perhaps the few books then written may sufficiently account for their being able to read through these volumes. But suffice it to say, that nothing can be conceived so dull and tiresome as these mongrel works. But these soon lost their interest, and the era of English novels may be said to have begun about the middle of the eighteenth century. Fictitious works, instead of being extravagant delineations of the loves and adventures of princes, princesses, and other people lofty in station, descended into the vale of common life, and nature began to be represented by the novelist. This period gave birth to some of the best novels in English literature, and to Fielding, who has received the appellation of Father of Novels. But amidst the most exquisite delineations of life and character, there is so much grossness, indecency, and licentiousness, that the present age seems inclined to bury them in oblivion. And this is but just. For of what avail is all the knowledge of the world, of character, and of manners, if purchased with the loss of purity of the mind and the blush of innocence? It is true that these books profess to have a good moral tendency, and a few sentences to that effect are scattered here and there. But these are worse than useless.

Soon persons of less genius and talents took up the wand of fiction, and accordingly less wonderful conjurations were the result, and less wonderful effects produced. Gradually too the taste degenerated, and silly romances, extravagant tales, and nonsensical love-stories

were the sole digestible food of the public. But the current was met and rolled back by the "great unknown" power whose influence is yet felt, though Scott is mingled with the dead. Again the old knights of chivalry and heroes of history figured upon the stage, and the olden times burst upon us with all the vividness of reality and all the truth and simplicity of nature. We mingled in the renowned battles of other days; we became witnesses of ancient manners, costumes, and festivals; we visited kings and princesses in their privacy; we saw the machinery of courts, cabinets, and camps. Many others, though with less success, adopted a similar course, and scenes of public, private, nautical, naval, military, and fashionable life were unfolded. We have only to go into a circulating library, and we shall see what an immense quantity of genius and learning has been devoted solely to the amusement of mankind. For will any one say that novels have any other object? What is Scott's own opinion on this subject? He says, "the best which can be hoped, from the perusal of novels, is, that they may sometimes instruct the youthful mind by real pictures of life, and sometimes awaken their better feelings and sympathies by strains of generous sentiment and tales of fictitious woe. Beyond this they are a mere elegance, a luxury contrived for the amusement of polished life, and the gratification of that half love of literature, which pervades all ranks in an advanced stage of society, and are read much more for amusement, than with the least hope of deriving instruction from them."

And though so much talent almost lost, is a great evil, yet the positive bad effect on the community appears yet more serious than the negative. One of the greatest evils is, that it creates a distaste for all serious reading, and unfits the mind for severer studies. For what

mind, which does not possess more than common energy and force, can relinquish the delightful and soul-stirring description, the enticing narrative, and the seducing gardens of fiction, to wander into the dreary waste of more sober study?

The perusal of works of fiction creates discontent and a spirit of dissatisfaction. The seemingly petty realities of life offend and vex one at every turn. We grow displeased with ourselves, displeased with society, displeased with the common routine of affairs and the characters moving about us. We appeal to the experience of any one, who has indulged in the practice of reading novels, if he has not risen more dissatisfied with himself and the world than before? If this world does not appear too mean and contemptible, compared with the bright, ideal one, which has been pictured with all the glow of a heated imagination and all the ardor of an enthusiast? As when we go from a brilliant place to one less so, it at first appears darker than it really is; so it is sometime before the things about us appear in their own and proper light after accustoming ourselves to the brightness of an imaginative creation. Again: novels give a false idea of life and the objects of life. One would think that mankind have little else to do than to fall in love and be married. Now, although these are to be sure very important objects, and to be thought of by every man during some part of his pilgrimage, yet we demur at its being made the sole object of existence. Woman is important in her place, but she is not *all* important, as our novelists would fain make us believe. Cupid may perhaps sometimes wound, but we hardly think that his wounds are as incurable as is generally represented. And is it the calm peacefulness of domestic life which forms the ground-work of novels? Are the characters represented as performing the duties

of virtuous citizens, good neighbours, great philanthropists? Is their life a life of usefulness, and their manners such as it becomes us to imitate? How few contain such characters! On the contrary, we have scenes of lawless plunder, cold-blooded murder, duels equally guilty, festivities, carousals, tricks, deceits, and profanities, all which tend to familiarize the mind to guilt and to blunt the moral feelings. All the worst passions of the heart are called into exercise, and the tameness of domestic life appears insupportable.

Another evil of reading novels is, that it creates a habit of partial and superficial attention. The mind hastily takes in the story and stops not to meditate and reflect. Topic after topic is introduced, subject after subject is discussed, scene after scene is described, character after character is portrayed, observation after observation is made, and the reader skips from one to the other with great quickness, like the bee, but does not, like it, stop to gather the honey and separate the poison. This distracted habit of mind is extremely pernicious, — it is destructive of all concentration of thought and steadiness of observation, — it unfits the mind for all pursuits and studies which require a careful consideration of particulars, and induces a wandering of thought incompatible with patient investigation.

These we consider some of the evils resulting from the perusal of novels. And what are the good ends proposed by them? It is said that our feelings may be enlisted on the side of virtue, our compassion awakened to the miseries of humanity, and our minds excited by noble examples. But do we not deceive ourselves in imagining that these ends can be attained? Representations of fictitious distress, so far from being a benefit, are a serious evil. For while the passive feelings of the mind become blunted by exercise, it is the property of

the active to become invigorated and strengthened. Now here is the employment of the passive without that of the active. What then can be expected but a species of sentimental whining, which cares not to be stopped by active habits of relief and consolation. Such a character is formed as will mourn most tenderly over the misfortunes of some dumb animal, and neglect to afford assistance to the wretched cries of an infant. But the fact is, that novels are merely intended as works of amusement, as calculated to abstract the mind from the dull realities of life, and make it indulge in an imaginary world of beauty. But is it right that time should be spent on mere creatures of the imagination, while millions of facts lie unknown to us in the material world? Shall we wander in fiction for beauty, while scenes of matchless splendor can be discovered in the mechanism of the heavens, glorious sights in all the works of nature, which lead the mind to higher views and more solid satisfaction?

The habit of reading for mere amusement is itself an injurious one, and if any one proposes to himself a preponderance of good to result from the perusal of novels, it is to be feared that he is in the wrong. If on the contrary he be content to hunt merely for amusement, he must await the consequences, which will exhibit themselves in a disinclination to the duties of life, and an almost total unhinging of the mental and perhaps the moral powers.

The reading of novels might, perhaps, be excusable in one who has already done with the business of the world, and upon whom old age hangs with heaviness. He who is no longer interested in any thing around him, may live in an ideal world. Neither can those who make fashion their idol be expected to give their deep attention to any thing "but the amusements of polished life." Nor can it be hoped that he, who has been so un-

fortunate as not to have formed intellectual habits in early youth, should withdraw himself from the tempting field of fiction. But it is to be hoped, expected, and required, that the professed student, the youth who is in the professed act of forming habits of mind which will fit him for any station, will not at the outset give way to a "half-love of literature," and while he should be creating, as it were, a love of laborious application, be actually indulging in mere amusement and the useless gratification of an idle curiosity. For the mere knowledge of facts and character, that novels impart incidentally, is of but little avail. Where are the habits of judging, reasoning, thinking, applying, which early education is mostly intended to produce and strengthen in the mind? These, if they be wanting, cannot be given by novels, and if possessed, will be in a great measure destroyed. As money that is earned quickly, quickly is spent, so the knowledge that is gained easily and without effort, does one but little good. But the faculties that are in reality exercised are few only, compared with the preponderance that is given to the imagination, by which the mind loses its natural tone and becomes in a manner diseased.

If, however, works of fiction be used merely as a relaxation and amusement of a leisure hour, perhaps they may be auxiliaries in the cause of learning. But, as has been observed with regard to the manual labor system, that there are very few, who need use it, since there are very few who really injure themselves by a too great application to study, so we may say of novels, that there are very few students who apply their minds so intensely to severe studies, as to need such a relaxation. But instead of being considered in this light, fictitious composition receives the chief attention of the reading community. And while there is this

craving in the public, for something fictitious, marvellous, and imaginative, a great part of the talent devoted to authorship will infallibly be directed in this channel. How much learning and genius is here comparatively thrown away, which, if employed in the cause of science and solid learning, might produce infinitely more good, and less evil, and secure for their possessors more lasting fame and satisfaction than now proceeds from the applause of idle fools and sentimental enthusiasts.

C.

EXTRACTS FROM A "HASTY PUDDING POEM."

SINCE first old Homer tuned his lofty lyre,
 And bade the muses lend his soul their fire,
 Each poet of less note has turned his eye
 To seek for inspiration from on high—
 Upon the Nine has called with earnest cries,
 To leave awhile their mansions in the skies
 And guide his pen, inspire with ardor strong
 Each halting couplet of his tedious song.
 Whether he sought in high, heroic strains,
 To sing of cities sacked, of ravaged plains,
 Of all the terrible delights of war,
 Of honors which await the conquerer—
 Or tuned his harp, to chant in softer lays
 The gentle feelings of those guileless days,
 When but a look or sigh has power to move
 The unsuspecting heart with ardent love—
 Still has he knelt the muses' aid to ask,
 Still with their praise has he commenced his task.

Not so will I—their favors I disdain—
 I spurn them from me, nor will e'er complain,
 If, taking umbrage at my stubborn will,
 They never come, by fountain or on hill,
 To bear me up from these dull scenes below,
 To fancy's realm, where streams of nectar flow—
 Where every sound is music, every sense
 Is overwhelmed and lost in bliss intense—
 I spurn them from me—go capricious elves—
 Leave me, and keep your favors to yourselves,—
 Or pour them down in one tremendous shower
 Upon his head, who kneeling owns your power.

But thou, O goddess of celestial birth,
 Hated, despised, unnoticed upon earth—
 Thou, at whose shrine whoever dares to kneel,
 Is doomed the scoffs and sneers of fools to feel,—
 Thou, who, while millions bow at folly's throne,
 Hast scarce *one* worshipper thy power to own—
 Thou, who dost consecrate to noblest ends
 The lives of those who own themselves thy friends,
 Plain Common Sense, come with thy power divine,
 Let thy bright splendor on thy suppliant shine,
 Come, in thy majesty and glory drest,
 Come, guide my pen, irradiate my breast.
 Teach me with strictest search myself to scan—
 Teach me to know the secret springs of man—
 To know the principles whence actions rise—
 To study man with ever watchful eyes—
 Teach me to govern with severe control,
 The warring passions struggling in the soul,
 And in thy service gladly will I spend
 Each hour of life, till life itself shall end.

This is a learned age, the child of four
 Knows more than his old grandsire of fourscore—
 The miss of six can talk in words so grand,
 That her good grandmother can't understand—

And boys and girls, young lads and lasses sweet,
Are full of knowledge as an egg of meat.

Observe the infant hardly taught to talk,
Scarce able yet on tottering limbs to walk —
Mark the strange sport contrived to occupy
Its youthful moments as they hasten by —
No toy is given to yield him merely play
But, with amusement, knowledge to convey.
His whistle is a cylinder he knows,
And then he takes his roller-cart, and shows
That every wheel is circular; and thence
Proves every point in the circumference
Must from the centre equidistant be,
As certainly as two and one make three!
Show him a marble and you'll quickly hear
The lisping prattler talk about a sphere,
And tell you that sun, earth, and moon, and all
The host of heaven are round as is a ball —
Show him your knife, he'll beg you ope the blade,
And teach you how right-angles may be made —
And if you'll only be a moment mute,
He'll show you some obtuse and some acute,
And prove to you that problem of great use,
About the square of the hypotenuse.
Such is the wondrous knowledge of these days!
Such the acquirements that demand our praise!
O, well might Newton blush the babe to find
Able to fathom all his mighty mind!

Next comes the schoolboy, not as Shakspeare sung,
With sachel o'er his lazy shoulders swung —
Alas! those days of ignorance are past
When three old books were quite enough to last
Sire, son, and grandsire, through successive years
Of kicks and cuffs and sighs and groans and tears!
O no! — a sachel would not half contain
The tomes o'er which his eyes are wont to strain —

Nor could he bear upon his feeble back
 A fifteenth part of the tremendous pack —
 But when each term begins and when it ends
 A two-horse wagon after them he sends,
 And finding all too weak, his feeble self
 A pulley rigs to hoist them to the shelf.
 Behold them now all deftly stowed away!
 Approach and read their names, if read you may.
 Upon these shelves that 'neath their burden creak,
 See darkly frowning many a book of GREEK;
 On these in silent majesty repose
 The Latin authors aptly ranged in rows —
 Here, drest in colors glowing as their skies,
 Rank upon rank see tomes of French arise;
 Here, plain and sober as a Quaker cap,
 The Dutch philosophers profoundly nap —
 While here and there promiscuously flung,
 'Mid many a volume writ in foreign tongue,
 The English classics sadly slighted lie
 And mourn the virtues of the age gone by.

But think not that from all this various lore,
 The youth has culled an intellectual store —
 O no! a different task his labor claims —
 'Tis not to know their contents but their names!
 In this he manages to show his skill
 By quoting learned authors at his will,
 Whose names of fearful length and thundering sound,
 Prove him a genius wondrously profound!
 Hail, learned youth, in every science skilled!
 Thy brain with words, words, words, completely filled.
 Hail, youthful sage! with spectacles on nose
 And serious look, which would a toombstone poze —
 With eyes retreating fast within thy head,
 And brow impassive as a lump of lead —
 With shoulders bowed like his who bears a pack,
 Or lugs his sins about upon his back;

Thou seemest for the crows a subject fit,
 Or like a corpse from some Egyptian pit!
 Go on! the pleasures of thy age despise!
 For surely they are fools, but thou art wise!
 Bow down thy head in deep abasement low,
 For life is but a wilderness of woe—
 Avoid thy fellow men, forsake their way,
 Their aim is but to lead thy steps astray.
 Shun wine and women as the direst evils,
 For wine is bad—but women, perfect devils.
 Go on! hoard up thy good-for-nothing wealth,
 Husband thy time, thy vigor, and thy health.
 Go on! deny thyself from day to day,
 And fondly hope thy fleeting strength will stay.
 Go on! thou rebel against Common Sense,
 But know, she asks a heavy recompense,
 And since thou wilt not her instructions heed,
 She will desert thee in thy utmost need.

Next, turn we to the maiden—see her face
 As full of beauty as her form of grace—
 Who would believe, beneath a guise so fair,
 Aught were concealed except a jewel rare?
 Who would a moment doubt that he should find,
 Within a heavenly form, a heavenly mind?
 But ah! *refinement* long has banished thence,
 That rarest of all jewels, Common Sense!
 True, she can waltz with such delicious air,
 As with the dancing Graces shall compare—
 So dextrously can jump from flat to sharp,
 That you shall deem you hear Apollo's harp—
 Nay, more—with skill so nice her cheeks can paint,
 As not to change her color though she faint—
 Can walk the streets with such bewitching motion,
 Your breast will swell like the upheaving ocean—
 In short, to snare that wily creature man,
 She'll practise every art and trick she can;

While he, poor fellow, bent upon his fate,
 Seizes with eager haste the tempting bait,
 And finds, (though beautiful as light,) her skin,
 Like Sodom's apples, hides but dust within.
 True, she can jabber nonsense by the day,
 Of ball and rout, of masquerade and play,
 Can tell the qualities of silk and lace,
 And learnedly *cut up* a homely face —
 Can fly into a most exalted passion,
 If milliners don't make her dress in fashion,
 And give her Abigail confounded knocks,
 If she should chance to drop her perfume box —
 And, the next minute, should a lover ring,
 Aside at once her stormy looks can fling,
 And summoning her most enchanting airs,
 Meet him impatiently upon the stairs,
 Her face illumined with so sweet a smile,
 That you would deem her honest all the while.
 Brings he a nosegay culled in morning walk?
 O! then of flowers you'll hear my lady talk —
 This she pronounces "splendid," and would know
 "Where in the universe such wonders' grow —
 That violet, two marigolds between,
 Is surely plain — nay, don't you think it mean?"
 Then learnedly she prates for half a day,
 Of anthers, pistils, and of stamina!
 But should a bee forth from some flowercup fly,
 She shrieks as if her hour had come to die —
 "O dear! the dreadful creature! horrid thing!
 O mercy! don't pray let the monster sting —
 But if it should, alas!" she says no more,
 But in hysterics falls upon the floor.

O wondrous sensibility of mind!
 O delicacy forty times refined!
 But give us, O ye gods, to see once more,
 The prudent, homely, good old days of yore!

'Those days by every feeling poet sung,
 When our good grandames yet were fair and young,
 When at her knitting work or wheel, the lass
 Contrived without *ennui* the day to pass,
 Too studious of her fame abroad to roam,
 While aught of duty might be done at home;
 Those days of industry, when every maid
 Was in the work of her own hands arrayed,
 Nor stalked abroad, assisted by the dark,
 In some resort to meet her loving spark,
 But introduced him to the kitchen fire,
 In presence of her mother and her sire;
 In rosy plumpness and contented health,
 She spurned the sickly vanities of wealth.
 Give us those days once more, when round the hearth,
 Nightly were witnessed scenes of heartfelt mirth—
 When with an honest heart and free from care,
 The goodman rested in his old arm chair,
 And while a cheerful smile illumed his face,
 Puffed at his pipe with unaffected grace,
 Till on his breast reclined his nodding head,
 And sleep oppressed him e'er the hour of bed!
 Meanwhile the busy dame beside him sits
 And steadily her lengthening stocking knits,
 Till fall her hands and work upon her lap,
 And she too joins her goodman in his nap.
 Then comes the hour of frolic and of glee—
 Upon the hearth the fire burns bright and free—
 High sparkling o'er the cup, the cider flip
 Is passed from hand to hand, from lip to lip—
 All join in many a harmless game and freak—
 Now, hunt the slipper, and now, hide and seek,
 Till full each heart with innocent delight,
 They part for slumber with a kind good night.

Alas! those simple days are gone for aye—
 For ever gone those hours of guileless play—

Gone is the wheel, the fire, the big arm chair;
 The house is fallen, and ruin revels there!
 All now is selfishness and cold deceit,
 Bright beaming eyes no more your presence greet —
 Friendship and love are banished from the breast,
 There folly dwells and rankling passions rest.
 Thus stealthily but surely, day by day,
 Our noblest feelings are refined away!

Whene'er we glance at the affairs of men,
 New follies call for the satiric pen —
 From those who draw from Fortunatus' purse,
 To those who toil and sweat beneath the curse;
 Each rank its own fond folly still holds dear,
 In spite of those who laugh, or those who sneer.
 And e'en within these walls, to science reared,
 To us by many a happy scene endeared,
 There's many a folly all must fain confess,
 Who Rome would honor more, not Caesar less!

* * * * *

But while the faults of others plain we see,
 Claim we ourselves to be entirely free?
 O, no — where'er we turn observing eyes,
 Follies of various kinds in thousands rise;
 Here struts the fop fresh from his looking-glass,
 While here unwearied plods the patient ass —
 Here, with Barbaric energy endowed,
 Stands the proud orator amid the crowd —
 While underneath yon tree's refreshing shade,
 At length upon the verdant carpet laid,
 The dignified *Puraphagoi* recline,
 And unremitting puff the weed divine.

But paper, pens, and patience, all would fail
 The man who folly's features should detail —
 Better to laugh whene'er they cross our way,
 Reflecting "every dog must have his day" —

And be it in our daily actions shown,
 "We *see* all others' faults, but *feel* our own."

But, saith the Preacher, "there's beneath the sun
 A time for every purpose to be done —
 A time for laughter, and a time to weep,
 A time for labor, and a time for sleep,
 A time to rend, and eke a time to sew,
 A time for revelry, a time for woe,
 A time for fighting, and a time for peace,
 A time for love, and ah, for love to cease."
 And let me add, there also is a time
 For writing prose, and one for writing rhyme,
 A time for reading that which hath been writ,
 Be it romance or humor, sense or wit —
 And ah! a time when to the hearer's dread,
 He must with patience sit and *hear* it read.
 But now the time has come, when to prolong
 The measured cadence of my tedious song,
 Would, like the sound of ripples on the shore,
 Invite to sleep, be answered by a snore.
 Here then I pause — nor on the boundless store
 Of your good feelings dare to trespass more,
 And since your patience I can ne'er requite,
 Permit me now to bid you all Good Night!

A DREAM

It was one of those cold days which so often try the hardihood of man in our northern latitude. After performing my customary duties, I returned home in the evening hoping to enjoy the comforts of a quiet fireside.

The wind whistled shrilly and seemed trying to effect an entrance through every crevice. I threw on the expiring embers a fresh supply of fuel, and selecting a volume of a mechanical repository, drew up my chair close to the fire. Opening the book at random, I chanced to cast my eye upon "locomotion." I eagerly commenced its investigation, and read of railroads, steam, and other similar things, until wearied I became drowsy. Sleep followed with many a bright vision. My thoughts turned upon locomotion. It seemed a desirable object to invent some method of annihilating distance, or at least of passing from place to place with the swiftness of the winds.

I tried the utmost speed of the steam engine in perfect security. The places of earth passed rapidly in succession, but I was not satisfied. Eager to accomplish my object, I pondered awhile on some other method. I sailed on the waters. The ship rode the billows proudly, and the winds drove her furiously along. But it was not enough. I wished to move with the quickness of thought. Bright views of other worlds were my desire, and I longed to pass the void of space which removes them from our reach.

Full of hope, I set about constructing a pair of wings. I concealed my designs with anxiety, flattered with the expectation of gaining a power not attained by ordinary mortals. I toiled long and late, and finally was prepared to make an essay to fly. My heart beat high with ex-

citation—I could no longer control myself—I boldly began to flap my wings, and even to my own surprise perfectly succeeded.—I flew with the rapidity of lightning.—Earth was soon left behind and disappeared from my sight.—I was delirious with the joy of success, and seemed to have commenced a new existence, when suddenly I perceived myself falling—a vacancy passed over my thoughts as I in vain exerted all my powers to sustain myself.—I continued falling, falling, more rapidly than ever—I cast my eyes downward and saw earth beneath me—a sense of horror shot through my brain—I thought of death, of home, of friends, of every thing—ideas rushed on with inconceivable rapidity—I made my peace with heaven—prepared to meet my fate—struck the solid beneath—shivered my body to atoms—and AWOKE.

Reader, I had fallen from my chair!

B.

THE INDIAN CHARACTER.

“Laudas
Fortunam et mores antiquæ plebis.”

MUCH has been said of the adaptation of the character of our native Indians to fictitious writing. It is maintained that their natural and impassioned eloquence, full of fire and allusions to sensible objects, could be represented in an attractive manner; that their strong friendship and fell enmities might be developed so as to interest the reader's passions; that the simple loves of their youth

could be worked into the fabric, and form a pleasing whole. But I fear that the imagination of such as talk thus, wofully deceives them, and that they suffer themselves to be imposed upon by appearances.

The life of those people was too unquiet to afford any pleasing scenes suited to the present age. If they are represented as possessing the noble and generous qualities of a more enlightened community, it will be totally out of character; no sympathy will be aroused, and consequently the attempt will not succeed.

The contrary has been maintained by those who complain that we ought to have something more national, more American, than subjects drawn from events and countries of Europe afford. They have an excessive fear that our writers will imitate too much, if they take their plots from among people who are trained to something like moderation in their passions. Therefore they propose that the Aborigines should furnish characters for our novels, &c.

But these obstinate sticklers for national characteristics forget that education gives a greater variety of disposition, motives of action, and situations than savage life. There is no relying upon the characters of uncivilized man. Passion carries them about at its will; we have no grounds to conclude from fixed principles what course they will pursue in any given circumstances. Fiction must be written upon probabilities; it must exemplify general rules, in order to appear natural, or even to be of any advantage.

Savages may sometimes exhibit great virtues, and here and there may one be found, who is a sort of rough sketch of generosity, ardent affection, and faithful devotion. Occasionally, flashes of such a spirit may burst forth as would disgrace no man, however civilized he might be. Still an ebullition of passion might destroy

the most tender attachment. Besides, if the writer attempted to keep true to the original, he must exhibit disgusting pictures of war and bloodshed ; — there could be no place for quiet scenes. People now require to be entertained with descriptions of peaceful life, where a more pleasing view of human nature can be taken, and where in fact the virtues most congenial to the milder feelings of the present age have their full exercise. The bustling scenes of conflict are revolting to humane minds, which turn away in disgust from the horrid picture of man's depravity.

Indeed we find that fictions founded upon savage manners have but few admirers ; there are too many real accounts in authentic history to admit any illusion ; too many proofs of the ferocity of Indian character to suffer any fictitious representation of mildness and nobleness. The bloody effects of their rankling malice have been too often experienced to sympathize with any delineation of suffering generosity.

It is also supposed that men, becoming wearied with the artificial manners of civilized life, will recur with delight to the description of the simplicity of uncorrupted savages. But the subject is soon exhausted ; there is too great a uniformity in their pursuits to afford pleasing varieties of character. A single delineation is sufficient ; any thing more is superfluous and tiresome. The warrior and hunter are the only characters among barbarous people ; while among enlightened nations, every trade and profession create a marked distinction in the tempers of its followers, and hence the variety of incidents and situations is infinite.

I have confined myself particularly to the confutation of those who think fictitious characters can be taken from our Aborigines ; still I will not deny that a national cast might be given to our works of imagination, by

working up plots from national incidents, and from the peculiarities of national character. It would appear that nothing could be more interesting than scenes connected with our struggles for independence. There was certainly a great variety of temper and opinion, although engaged in the same cause. Cooper has indeed attempted to occupy this field, but has rather failed in his endeavour. Perhaps this may be owing, in a great degree, to the nearness of the events, and our own familiarity with the characters and history of that stirring period. Yet we cannot but believe that, at some future time, when these have become in a greater degree comparatively obscure and traditional, some one of our countrymen will rise up who will do full justice to the noble spirits of our country, bind around them the brilliant wreath of fiction, give form to our peculiarities, and render sacred many of the glorious scenes of our native land.

UN.

A CHAPTER ON MAN.

"Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last."

Merchant of Venice.

Few, who have written at all, have failed to attempt a definition of MAN: and nearly all have concurred in characterizing him as a "reasoning animal." Now any one, who will reflect a moment, must perceive that the above definition is not sufficiently discriminating, since, if the monkey or elephant chose to avail themselves of it,

they might offer quite a respectable plea to humanity, and like the negroes, claim the right of free suffrage and intercourse with their arrogant neighbours. Should this claim be disputed, they might produce the very pertinent and instructive arguments on life and manners, written down at the moment by that most indefatigable listener, and acute observer of animals, Æsop. No disinterested jury could hesitate to receive these documents of undisputed authenticity, as plenary evidence of their rationality.

The power of speech has also been singled out from among the various endowments of man, as the one which preëminently distinguishes him from the brutes. But this definition labors under the same difficulty with the former — it is too loose. That all created animals did of yore converse, is established beyond a doubt by the invaluable works of the author above named — and though, from their present silence, we rashly conclude them dumb, yet we find this circumstance satisfactorily accounted for in that most learned comedy, “Puss in Boots;” wherein “Hintze” attributes her own reservedness to her disgust at human loquacity. Thus we find that though the power of speech is at the present day solely exercised by self-styled human beings, it did formerly belong to other animals, and is laid aside only for a time, to be resumed at will.

That there exists any original, inherent difference between the soul of man and beast has never yet been made manifest, and the fact that men have in all time labored to discover some such difference without avail, proves that it is, at least, not very obvious.

But there is one endowment of man which is exclusively human — he is the only *spitting* animal. To be sure, poets and romancers talk of “venom-spitting toads and snakes,” but they are merely ideal reptiles, having

no more existence out of the brain of the writer, than the "tears of a nation" or the "music of the spheres." It is indeed strange that the peculiar nature of this faculty has never been observed, and I can only account for the oversight, by tracing it to that disposition of our nature which prompts to the investigation of that which is remote, to the neglect of subjects far more important and nearer home. It is certainly a most noble endowment, as is evinced by its very gradual developement and rare perfection. In the infant it is entirely dormant, and during the period of youth, except in a few precarious instances, rarely appears. As the mind unfolds itself and ripens towards maturity, this faculty first shows itself, but does not attain to full perfection till many of the other and less noble faculties have begun to decline.

The power of *spitting*, while it serves to mark the difference between man and the other inhabitants of earth, is at the same time, in its various degrees of perfection, an excellent test of individual character. "Let me see a man spit," said the profound Anthony Corkstopple, "and I can tell you what he is." I would reiterate the above remark, and enjoin it as a sacred duty on all, to notice the various styles of *spitting* which exist in the world. The bumps on his cranium may tell you what a man might have been or may yet become, his manner of *spitting* will alone evince what he is. For the benefit of that friendless class, "the uninitiated," I subjoin the following general rules of observation.

If you see a man look cautiously around him, with every appearance of uneasiness in his countenance, and then spit slyly and secretly, view that man with suspicion — be assured, he is secret and avaricious. If you see a man coolly spit in another's face, you may conclude that there is matter of dispute between them, that they are both angry, and that the *spitter* looks

upon his antagonist with contempt. If you see a man spitting with exemplary diligence and punctuality into the fire, such a man is of a peaceable disposition, averse to warmth in argument, and inclined to quench the fire of anger wherever he may find it kindled. If you meet with a man who spits but seldom, and even then only at the imminent peril of his own vest and pantaloons, set that man down as a lazy fellow, little studious of his own interest, and easily duped by the designing. If a man enters your room and, in spite of the terrors of your presence, deliberately spits upon your carpet, and always in a different place, be assured, that man has something of the bully in his nature, and withal, a "little sprinkling" of the sloven. If you find a man, who, by diligent use of the Virginia weed, has brought his *spitatorial* functions to the highest state of perfection, look upon that man as one of the *initiated* — make him your friend — you will find him ever ready to share with you his last morsel — *of tobacco*.

In conclusion, let me avail myself of the right which long experience confers, to advise all to give immediate and unwearied care to the cultivation of this highly important and noble faculty. And for this purpose I would recommend the sedulous use of the best Virginia, as the surest if not the only means of attaining the desired end. Whatever discipline is bestowed on this faculty will be sure of an ample requital — for while the frosts of age benumb the external senses and chill the ardor of the mental powers, this alone is endowed with a vitativeness which defies the power of time and survives the desolation of decay.

A VETERAN.

YARN SPINNING.

"Nature hath formed strange fellows in her time."

Shakspeare.

I WAS at the hotel in my own dear village. How or why I came there, is really, dear reader, no particular business of thine, yet as I would not rashly forfeit thy fair favor and good opinion, I deem it an imperious duty to myself, in these sober times of total abstinence and moral reform, to state that I was led thither by a thirst for knowledge merely, and that I was in pursuit of the morning papers, and not, I devoutly assure thee, of the morning dram.

Well, I was seated, as I told thee, in the public room of the principal hotel in the lovely and interesting village of —. Here then I have thee, most curious reader! it surely cannot rightfully concern thee, in the slightest degree, to know of what particular village I am speaking, nor in what particular part of the inhabitable or uninhabitable globe it is situated; and by the faith of a zealous student, an industrious scholar, a conscientious and indefatigable writer, I will never divulge it, however anxiously and impatiently thou mayest desire it, and thy inquiring mind shall never be elucidated on this point, unless by the profundity of thine own wisdom and sagacity. For I deem it but a meet and proper punishment for thine impertinent curiosity in troubling me with such vexatious and irrelevant questions, when I am so anxious to tell thee concerning the singular acquaintance I formed in the public room of the hotel in this mysterious village. Rest contented then with the particulars I vouchsafe to relate, and trouble me no more with thy useless and tedious interrogatories, or by the arched eyebrow of my lady-love, I am not sure that I will not throw

away my goose-quill and leave thee to burst with the eager curiosity, which, I see plainly, I have excited in thy breast.

I was seated in the public room of the principal hotel of my own dear village. I had perused very attentively the whole report of the trial of the Convent rioters, made several very profound reflections on the probability of a war with France, hung with all due rapture and delight on "Lines inscribed to — on the death of a favorite parrot," and felt extremely grateful for the trouble taken by certain sagacious editors to inform me that the weather for some time back had been remarkably cold — an important fact of which but for them I might have remained in entire ignorance, had I not by the merest accident in the world, happened to have frozen both ears and a little finger. I had made myself perfect master of the whole list of "melancholy occurrences," "horrid catastrophes," and "shocking casualties," which the newspaper paragraph-makers so tastefully prepare for the amusement and edification of the public, and had just become deeply interested in the question of the probable genuineness of the Kemble cat o' nine-tails, when the door opened and a stranger entered. The first glance convinced me that he was not formed in the common mould. There was a certain something about his person and manner, which forced upon my mind irresistibly the impression that I was in the presence of a remarkable, an extraordinary man. His figure was tall and thin, but stately and unbending as the forest pine. His features could not be called strictly handsome, for they were sharp and meagre, and imbedded with many a premature wrinkle which sorrow and disappointment rather than age seemed to have placed there. But there was an expression of settled and deep-rooted melancholy upon his countenance which attracted the attention and riveted the interest of

the observer far more intensely than mere animal beauty could ever have effected. This was perhaps enhanced by his large, black, bushy, over-shadowing eyebrows, sadly and gloomily lowering over a pair of small gray eyes whose occasional flashings spoke of bitter thoughts and conscious wrongs. His whiskers were not shaped according to the requisitions of the reigning fashion, for their wearer seemed superior to such grovelling and paltry considerations, but were deeply expressive in their black and cloudy luxuriance.

A small spot of the brightest red at the very extremity of his nose seemed to be blushing deeply for the ingratitude and unkindness of the world, and formed a striking contrast with the rest of the countenance which was of an ashy paleness. His dress, which was not of the finest texture, might have been, many years before, black, but it now wore that faded and sombre hue which was in perfect keeping with the general appearance of the man. The elbows of his coat were in a dilapidated condition, and a somewhat extensive rent in the inexpressibles was secured by a large brass pin. A rusty black handkerchief was the only clothing for his neck. No traces of a vest were visible, and the mysterious buttoning up of the coat to his very throat, gave some ground for the suspicion that he was deficient in a certain article of wearing apparel by the mention of which before masculine "ears polite," as the veracious Mrs. T. asserts, the delicacy of our fair countrywomen is so greatly offended, and which the extravagance of modern times has rendered an almost indispensable appendage to the wardrobe of a gentleman. These, surmounted by a black hat which was rather rusty but exceedingly carefully brushed, comprised the whole of his personal attire, although the thermometer was at ten degrees below zero. The fingers of his right hand were placed dejectedly on his breast

between the buttons of his coat, as with a sad and pensive air he walked towards that part of the room where tipplers "most do congregate." Here he stopped and gazed gloomily and abstractedly upon the counter. I gazed upon him with eager and breathless interest. "What will you take, Sir?" said the spruce and dapper youth who was the guardian of the choice spirits within.

The stranger raised his eyes and heaved a mournful and deep-drawn sigh. "New Rum, New England Rum," replied he in a tone of voice which, though expressive of the deepest wretchedness, was at the same time silvery clear and majestic, and with a roll of the *R* which would have done honor to the muster call of a militia drummer.

He swallowed the contents of his glass with a hasty and absent air, and after some little difficulty extracted from the very depths of his pocket six mouldy coppers which he presented to the man in payment. He then drew near to the stove, and seating himself with his hand upon his knee, gazed at the burning coals seemingly in the deepest reverie; then starting suddenly as if seized with an idea, he removed his hat from his head and took from it something carefully enveloped in a fragment of neat brown paper. How anxiously did I regard him, as slowly and deliberately he unfolded the wrapper; it contained two long-nine segars. Lighting one of them, he restored the other to the folds of the brown paper, and then began calmly and thoughtfully to smoke. He sat with his body thrown negligently back in his chair, and his time-worn hat was slightly cocked upon his care-sprinkled head, and as the thin white clouds which he himself had raised floated around him, he almost seemed a being of a higher sphere. He had said nothing save those common simple words "New England Rum"—but the manner in which they were pronounced, the

form, countenance, and bearing of the stranger, all betokened a wonderful and original man. I would have given worlds to have heard him converse, yet dared I not open my lips to address him. He relieved me from my anxiety, however, by commencing conversation himself; his first remark was concerning the weather, but how different from the common-place remarks of common-place men.

"The air is delightfully heavy and bracing this fine morning," said he, "for it *is* heavy, although many people have fallen into the error of calling it light on a morning like this, and heavy on those dull, dismal, suicidal days, when the smoke is curling on the side-walk, which is absurd; for if the smoke is lighter than the air, it ascends, if heavier, it descends." "True," replied I, with a tone and look little short of absolute veneration, and with a modest diffidence I continued, "but I understand you to say, Sir, that you do not like those heavy—I beg pardon, light, lowering, cloudy days in which our climate so plentifully abounds?"

"Oh," said the stranger with a profound sigh and a most piteous shake of the head, "all days are alike to me *now*."

"Perhaps you have been unfortunate?" inquired I hesitatingly, but at the same time evincing a great anxiety and strong interest.

The mysterious individual applied himself with renewed vigor to his fumigator, and then gazing me mournfully in the face, he addressed me: "My young friend, you appear to be a gentleman," (I bowed gratefully for the compliment,) "and as I have not met for years one who has shown so much sympathy for me as yourself, I will relate to you, bitter as the remembrance is, some of the passages of my life."

The spot upon the stranger's nose increased to a deeper and deeper crimson, and his eyes seemed swimming in tears which his pride forbade to fall. "You behold in me," said he, "one of that miserable and unfortunate class of men called *geniuses*. My father and mother who were honest, simple, good-natured souls, and withal 'well to live in the world,' slept on for several years unconscious of the remarkable fact that they had a genius for their son, until it was disclosed to them by our worthy parish parson, who discovered it by means of sundry extremely saucy and impudent answers which I returned to his earnest queries concerning the spiritual state of my mind. My good parents were delighted with the intelligence, and a line was instantly drawn between me and my seven brothers and sisters. They were merely common boys and girls, and they were duly punished for their misdemeanors; but whatever mischief, extravagance, or rascality I might commit was overlooked or smiled upon, on the score of its being one of the 'eccentricities of genius.' Thus I was petted, praised, and exhibited, my performances applauded and my negligence palliated, until in due time I was sent to college. (Your geniuses always are sent there.) Sublime hopes and exalted expectations were entertained concerning me. But I soon found that I had a soul superior to the petty regulations of a University; and my towering mind could not descend to be shackled by the rules which its discipline enforced. I was consequently dismissed. This was a sad and severe stroke to my poor parents; but when I explained to them that it was on account of my mental superiority over the mass of men, they were satisfied and contented. I remained at home, doing nothing of consequence for four or five years; for though I had had many opportunities for pecuniary emolument, they were none of them of such a nature as I thought I could consistently stoop to avail

myself of. In time my good old parents died and left the mass of their property to my brothers and sisters, thinking that my genius was fortune sufficient for me. I thought so too, and did not complain. About this time a misfortune happened to me which for the time 'unmanned me quite,' from the shock of which I fear I have not yet recovered" — Here the stranger drew out a red bandanna handkerchief, which seemed an ancient relic of departed days, and held it to his eyes, apparently overcome by a painful remembrance. After a moment, however, he pathetically blew his nose and continued: "I had loved from my early childhood a fair and lovely creature whom 'nature in her happiest mood had framed;' she was beautiful, Sir, as the last blush of the evening sky. Her form — her mind — excuse me, Sir," faltered he, "but a crowd of heart-rending recollections for the present overpower me." I was the more ready to excuse him, as at that moment the cheering notes of mine host's dinner bell struck upon my ear. "Come, Sir," said I, "do not allow these gloomy images to take so strong a hold upon your feelings, but favor me with your company at the table." The stranger sadly smiled his assent, and promised "to end his exhortation after dinner."

Reader! "another time I'll tell thee all."

SUPERNUMERUS.

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No. VI.



"Juvenis tentat Ulyssæi flectere arcum."

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HARVARDIANA.

No. VI.

DRAMATIC LITERATURE OF ITALY.—ALFIERI'S LIFE AND WRITINGS.

It is a singular circumstance, that the dramatic literature of Italy should be absolutely the poorest in Europe. I mean not in the number but in the quality of its productions. In numbers, indeed, I question whether any country in Europe can compare with it. Riccobini, in his history of the Italian theatre, gives us a list of about five thousand dramas printed from 1500 to 1736. But of the authors of these how many are known to the world? How many even to the Italians themselves? Ten names perhaps out of as many hundreds. The drama of Italy, of the very land which one would at first be disposed to select as the peculiar seat and fruitful cradle of the dramatic art, is of all others the coldest, dullest and most contemptible. How strange that Italy, with a language musical as Apollo's lute, and a power of expression and action suited to the warmth and vivacity of the emotions it has to express, should be thus productive only of barrenness. Where life itself seems acting, how comes the representation of that life

to be so wan, so woe-begone, so spiritless? Down to the time of Alfieri, their tragedies are flat as their own Campagna, of which the only ornament is here and there some mouldering fragment of antiquity. It was by no means wonderful, then, that at such a moment the appearance of Alfieri, a star of the first magnitude, should have been hailed with an admiration bordering on enthusiasm.

No man, who ever attempted a poetical career, was ever less liberally endowed with a poetical genius than Alfieri. Disgusted with the indolent effeminacy of his countrymen, and with the degeneracy of the age in which he lived, indignation gave a vigor to his pen, and led him to paint the crimes of despotism in the most divine colors.

Victor Alfieri was born at Asti in Piedmont, of noble and rich, but illiterate and too indulgent parents, in January, 1749. The history of his childhood presents nothing remarkable, save that it was distinguished by an exceeding sensibility to shame, almost amounting to horror, of which his instructors made a most injudicious use, as the only means of taming his stubborn spirit. To the agony which he endured from an infliction of this nature for a violation of truth, is to be ascribed the scrupulous adherence to veracity which distinguished his after life. At the age of ten years, he was sent to the academy of Turin, where, during four years of mal-instruction, sickness and neglect, he acquired, by means of a stolen perusal of Ariosto Metastasio and Gil Blas, the foundation of that taste for literature, which was destined to encircle with such splendor himself and his native land.

At the early age of fourteen, he was put in possession of the larger part of his immense fortune, and immediately launched out into the wildest extravagances and fashionable follies. A passion for horses, from which he

was never afterwards entirely emancipated, now took entire possession of his soul; and the ten or twelve next years of Alfieri's life present a most humiliating but instructive picture of idleness, dissipation, profligacy, and debauchery. But the demon of ennui, the invariable attendant on a life of dissipation, soon fastens on him with her envenomed and relentless fangs; and Alfieri is compelled to resort to travelling to exorcise the fiend. For two or three years, he contented himself with running, restless and discontented, over the different states and cities of Italy, utterly indifferent both to its literature and its arts. Consumed at every moment of inaction with the most oppressive discontent and unhappiness, he had no relief but in the velocity of his movements and the rapidity of his transitions. Disappointed with every thing, and believing himself incapable of application or reflection, he passed his days in a perpetual fever of impatience and dissipation, pursuing enjoyment with an eagerness which was in reality inspired by the vain hope of escaping from misery.

From his eighteenth to his twenty-sixth year, his life presents one uninterrupted scene of hurried and continued rambling, horse-racing and adulterous intrigue. When his racings up and down Italy had lost their charm by repetition, he visited Marseilles and the southern parts of France. Ennui soon drove him to Paris, and disgust as soon drove him out of it. He hurried to England, prepared to be displeased with every thing, but was so agreeably disappointed, that he determined to settle in it. Scarcely, however, was this bold resolution of settling adopted, when he is again seized with the mania for travelling, and skims over to Holland, where he is still more effectually diverted by an intrigue with a young married lady. Circumstances compel them to separate, and a fit of despondency drives him to the study of Plutarch.

The perusal of the works of this author produced such a lasting impression on his ardent and susceptible spirit, that a passion for liberty and independence now took the lead of every other in his soul, and he became for life an emulator of the ancient republicans. But the time was not yet come, when study was to ballast and anchor this agitated spirit. Plutarch is soon thrown aside, and the patriot and his horses are galloping off on the highway to Vienna. From Vienna he flew to Prussia, which to him appeared like one great guard-house. The horror and indignation, which he felt at beholding oppression and despotism assume the mark of justice, drove him from Prussia to Denmark. Here he amused himself with driving sledges furiously through the snow. In this manner he travelled through Sweden, Finland and Russia to St. Petersburg. This place he soon left in disgust, and hastened back to England. Here he is engaged in another intrigue with a married lady of high rank. A duel with the husband and subsequent public and disgraceful disclosures respecting this sad sample of English virtue drove him back to Holland, and almost into a frenzy. From Holland he goes to France, from France to Spain, from Spain to Portugal, and from Portugal he hastens to Italy, where he is again deeply in love, and again with a married woman. However disgraceful this connection may have been, it was to this that he owed his first acquaintance with his own powers. While watching the sick bed of his mistress, in order to divert his idle hours, he hammered out a tragedy on the story of Cleopatra. This was represented with very tolerable success in 1775. From this moment his whole heart was devoted to dramatic poetry, and literary glory became the idol of his imagination. In entering upon this new and arduous career, he soon discovered that greater sacrifices were required of him than he had hitherto offered

to any of the former objects of his idolatry. The defects of his education, and his long habits of indolence and inattention to every thing connected with letters, imposed upon him far more than the ordinary labor of a literary apprenticeship. From never having been used to pure Tuscan, he found himself shamefully deficient in the knowledge of that beautiful language, in which he proposed to enter his claims to immortality; and he began therefore a course of the most careful and critical reading of the great authors who had adorned it. Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto and Tasso were his four great models of purity. To make amends for the deficiency of his education, he went resolutely back to the rudiments of his Latin, and read over all the Classics in that language with a most patient and laborious attention. His first two or three tragedies he composed entirely in French prose, and afterwards translated with infinite labor into Italian verse. His whole system of composition was very studied and laborious. Three years were passed in these (to him) bewitching studies, and nine or ten tragedies were in a great state of forwardness, when the study of Machiavel revived all his early zeal for liberty, and he composed with great rapidity his two books of "La Tirannide." His poetical studies experienced a still more serious interruption from his attachment to the Countess of Albany, wife of the Pretender. In his connections with this lady, he never went beyond the bounds of strict virtue. The Countess was a truly virtuous woman. Alfieri respected her because she respected herself, and their love, being thus strengthened by mutual esteem, was as lasting as their lives. His attachment gave rise to much scandal; but he who has confessed his follies and his crimes with so little reserve on other occasions, may surely be believed on this, when he asserts that these reports, propagated to blacken his reputation, were false,

malignant and calumnious. About this time, his love for independence induced him to transfer to his sister the whole of his immense fortune, reserving only for himself an income of about \$2,500. When this transfer was completed, he hurried off to England, and indulged with more madness than ever in his love for horses. In the mean time, he published twelve of the fourteen tragedies which he had completed. On his return to Italy, he composed his celebrated defence of Trajan, and also several odes on the subject of American independence. In 1786, he was permitted to take up a permanent abode with the Countess of Albany, whom he never afterwards abandoned. The latter part of the life of this most extraordinary man was mostly taken up in attention to his mistress, and in correcting his various works for publication. In 1792 his love of true liberty, and hatred of the jacobinical spirit of the French revolution, induced him to write a defence of Louis XVI., and a satirical view of French excesses, which he entitled *Anti-Gallican*. He then amused himself for a short time with acting his own plays.

In 1802 he was suddenly siezed with the desire of signalizing himself in a new field of exertion; and sketched out no less than six comedies at once. His health now began to be seriously impaired by repeated attacks of the gout. In October, 1803, he was carried off, after an illness of a few days, by an attack of this disease in the stomach.

Pride and enthusiasm—irrepressible vehemence and ambition—and an arrogant, fastidious and somewhat narrow system of taste and opinion were the great leading features in the mind of Alfieri. Strengthened, and in some degree produced by a loose and injudicious education, these traits were still farther developed by the premature and protracted indulgences of a very dissipated

youth ; and when at last they admitted of an application to study, imparted their own character of impetuosity to those more meritorious exertions ; converted a taste into a passion ; and left him for a great part of his life under the influence of a true and irresistible inspiration. Every thing in him, indeed, appears to have been passion and ungoverned impulse ; and while he was raised above the common level of his degenerate countrymen, by a stern and self-willed haughtiness, that would have better become an ancient Roman, he was chiefly distinguished from other erect spirits, by the vehemence that formed the basis of his character, and by the uncontrolled dominion which he allowed to his various and successive propensities. So constantly and entirely, indeed, was he under the influence of these domineering attachments, that his whole life and character might be summed up by describing him as a victim of a passion for horses—a passion for literature—and a passion for what he called independence.

The tragedies of Alfieri approach much nearer to the ancient Grecian model, than any other modern production, in the simplicity of the plot, the fewness of the persons, the directness of the action, and the uniformity and elaborate gravity of the composition. Infinitely less declamatory than the French tragedies, they have less brilliancy and variety, and a deeper tone of dignity and nature. As they have not adopted the choral songs of the Greek stage, however, they are on the whole less poetical than those ancient compositions, although they are worked throughout with a fine and careful hand, and diligently purified from every thing ignoble or feeble in the expression. As it is the great excellence, so it is occasionally the chief fault of Alfieri's dialogue, that every word is honestly employed to help forward the action of the play, in serious argument, necessary narrative, or the

direct expressions of natural emotion. There are no excursions or digressions — no episodical conversations, and none but the most brief moralizing. This gives a certain air of solidity to the whole structure of the piece, that is apt to prove oppressive to an ordinary reader, and reduces the entire drama to too great uniformity. His fables are all admirably contrived and completely developed; his dialogue is copious and progressive; and his characters all deliver natural sentiments with great beauty, and often with great force of expression. In his *Saul*, Alfieri has transferred the spirit of scriptural times, so congenial in simplicity to his own, most happily to his pages. There is a majesty and sacred sublimity adapted to the lofty nature of the subject. The episode, if we may so call it, of the high priest's interview with the monarch, and his condemnation and death, is full of passages of great eloquence and noble poetry. The character of the devoted king, grovelling in the gloom of continual remorse, and occasionally wrought into madness by the violence of his own passions, cursing himself and railing at his God, may be regarded as an original picture, for no parallel is to be found for it within the range of classic drama. To Alfieri justly belongs the praise of having first introduced it into Italian tragedy. There is a pathos too about this piece, in which Alfieri did not often indulge; we are moved to pity for the utter wretchedness of the unfortunate Saul in the wildest ravings of his fury and despair.

His other tragedies are noble imitations of the Greek tragedy, and exhibit a considerable portion of that cold stateliness which distinguishes the latter, but which, when transferred into our language, generally wears an appearance of stiffness. Disdaining the pomp of scenical illusion, he never deviates in the minutest instance from the simplicity of the ancients. For he arose at a time

when the Italian tragedy was giving way to the opera; instead of "sweeping by in her gorgeous pall," she began to move with false pomp and *bravura* energy; she had cast aside her indignant harp, to which every lofty emotion of the heart once replied,

"To caper nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleatings of a lute."

From this disgrace she was rescued by the stern and haughty Piedmontese, whose merits it is extremely difficult to appreciate with correctness; as the contrast between the character of the writer and that of his works, forms the most singular problem in literature with which we are acquainted. We should have expected from the vehement and impetuous Alfieri passion violating every rule, and lawless energy trampling upon the established canons of his art; we find him cool and enslaved to artificial laws. We should have expected at one moment a passage of careless vigor, at another, of deep and soul-felt tenderness; we find the whole labored into a calm and uniform dignity. His tragedy, therefore, has neither the simplicity of the Greek, nor the rich variety of the Shakspearian drama; his characters have neither the high ideal grandeur of the former, nor the distinct identity of perfect nature of the latter. They are a sort of abstract beings of his own creation, with a strong family resemblance. We miss the ease, the flow, the heat of inspiration; still his tragedies are noble poems. He is always eloquent, always able to keep the imagination alive; and the uniform dignity of his manner is in the highest degree imposing. He reconciles us to his want of passionate flights, and the ardent and exalting raptures of poetry, by never deviating into the ludicrous. And if Italy may still hope to possess a greater tragic poet, let her recollect that Alfieri was the first splendidly to vindi-

cate her from the disgrace of entire barrenness, and that the poet, who shall transcend him, will bow his head to few of ancient or of modern times.

E. W. W.

THE LOVED ONE.

From the German of Goethe.

I THINK on thee, when over earth is streaming
The crimean morn;
I think on thee, when in the pool is gleaming
The moon's faint horn.

I see thee, when afar the dust-cloud tosses
In billows white;
And when the trembling bridge the wanderer crosses
In deepest night.

I hear thee, when the distant waves are heaving
In hollow chime;
When through the silent grove the winds are breathing
At noon's still time.

I'm with thee, e'en though mountains rise, and rivers
Between us roll;
When heaven with sunshine glows, or starlight quivers,
We meet in soul.

E. J. D.

NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS.

I AM one of those unhappy beings, whose misfortune it is to be extremely fond of society, with the least apparent cause for such a predilection. Yet my ground for complaint is not what is generally found to be so ready an excuse for the want of refinement, useless and senseless timidity; neither am I sensible of any unbecoming forwardness in my demeanor; still I am continually exposed to the penalties incident to both these infringements of the laws of etiquette, by a malady, which at times gives me the appearance of being subject to both these defects. Those who, like me, have endured the numberless serious inconveniences attendant on that curious phenomenon of the organ of vision, near-sightedness, may, perhaps, form some idea of the feelings, with which I make known to the world examples taken from my own experience of the effect which this unfashionable evil may have upon the prospects of the young.

It is but a short time since I received an invitation to a splendid ball. From this of course I anticipated the greatest pleasure; and when the time for preparation arrived, then, indeed, were all other ideas absorbed in the grand subject of "how I should appear;" and, though far from deserving the epithet of a coxcomb, it must be acknowledged that I was longer, by half an hour, in arranging my costume, than the young lady who honored me with her company to the place of rendezvous.

I shall pass over the time which elapsed from the moment when the hack received us at my father's door, until I found myself in the ball-room, advancing with the step of a general to pay my respects to the lady of the mansion. Whither my fair charge had fled I knew not. She had withdrawn herself on our first entrance to the

scene of entertainment, and mixing with the gay throng, would doubtless have baffled the search of much more penetrating eyes than mine. My attention was, however, at this moment, completely distracted by a transient view which I caught of Mrs. B. seated in a conspicuous situation at the upper end of the hall, which place I immediately exerted all my strength of muscle to attain. After a toilsome march, at each step of which some apology was due, for stepping on a lady's dress or projecting my elbow into the face of some of my own sex, I finally attained the wished for place in front of the object of my search. I had made my best bow, and was actually in the midst of a most eloquent and, as I thought, appropriate speech, when the gentle pressure of a slight and beautiful hand upon my arm, arrested my attention. "Why, my dear Frank, do you know the lady you address?" whispered a sweet rich voice, which I immediately recognized to be Louisa's. My feelings of astonishment were immediately followed by those of full conviction, as I encountered the embarrassed and lifeless gaze of an old maiden aunt, on whom I had been lavishing compliments which Venus herself might have felt honored to receive. How provoking! This was certainly more like casting pearls before swine, than any thing I had ever previously witnessed. I managed to stammer out some paltry apology, which I have reason to think was intelligible to no one, and drawing myself up with as much *non-chalance* as I could well assume, retired from the field of action, leaving my young friend to cover my retreat. This I understand she did in the most able manner; but fearing lest some unpleasant feelings arising from this circumstance might lead me into fresh errors, she rejoined me as soon as she could in politeness release herself from the old lady's garrulity. But alas! she came but to be, for the second time, a witness of my confusion, though in this

case it was less in her power to alleviate it. In a fit of abstraction, which succeeded my first mistake, I had unconsciously taken my station in the very centre of a quadrille, which had so disconcerted the gay dancers that all powers of locomotion seemed for a moment suspended ; nor was it till their exclamations of consternation gave place to bursts of half-stifled merriment, that I awoke from my trance to full perception of my ridiculous situation. It was at this critical moment that Louisa arrived, but dreading the pain which a knowledge of my discomfiture might inflict on her sensibility, I resolved to keep the affair a secret from her if possible. But the quick eye of affection was not long in penetrating through the assumed veil of carelessness. She noticed my embarrassment, and was hurt by my want of confidence. But the cloud upon her brow was quickly dispelled, and taking my proffered arm she playfully reminded me that we had not yet paid our court to her majesty the queen of hearts. This was quickly accomplished, and I was congratulating myself that I had performed at least one action to my own credit, when I was chagrined by the discovery that the lady had, unnoticed by me and probably thinking it time for my congratulations to be concluded, quitted her place, which was immediately occupied by a person to whom I was a stranger. Yet, had my habits of observation been so much weakened by the defect in my sight, that the seat might have been reoccupied without my knowledge. As if by instinct my eye wandered in search of my kind helper, but in vain, she was nowhere to be found. The warmth of the room had brought on a sick headache, and after a vain appeal to me for assistance by means of sundry expressive gestures, which, had I noticed, would have been perfectly intelligible to me, she was forced to leave the room alone. I received this information from a stupid old bachelor, who had witnessed the whole scene, and

who was now amusing himself with the dismay depicted on my countenance. It was at this distressing period that a note was delivered to me. It was from Louisa, though not in her own hand-writing.

It was from Louisa, intimating that as the sudden illness with which she had been seized, had been a matter of such trifling importance to me, it was impossible that I could feel that attachment with which I had so long professedly honored her. There was more, much more, but I had read enough; and thrusting the fatal paper into my pocket, I rushed from the room, seized a hat which did not belong to me, and almost flying down the stone steps before the door, threw myself into the first hack I encountered, gave my orders, and in less than five minutes found myself before my own house. And repeating half audibly, "the loveliest of women thinks me heartless," I burst open the door of my prison, and forgetting in my haste that the steps were not down, I precipitated myself into the street, with no other bad effect, however, than the soiling of a new white satin vest, and the further excitement of my naturally irascible temperament against those unfortunate organs which have thus far proved the bane of my existence.

M. H. F.

THE EAGLE'S LAMENT.

THE breeze was mild, the sky was clear,
 The sun was shining warm and bright;
 And hill and valley far and near
 Were glowing in his golden light.

Reclined upon the turf beneath,
 I gazed upon that tranquil scene;
 While o'er my head an ancient oak
 Spread far and wide its branches green.

And now grown drowsy, I became
 Scarce conscious of the breeze's sigh;
 When lo! upon the oak above,
 A wondrous vision met my eye.

Upon a solitary bough,
 With many a tuft of moss o'ergrown,
 There sat a proud majestic bird,
 With fiery eye and snowy crown.

His sinewy claw a javelin held,
 That sparkled in the light afar;
 And by his side a mantle hung,
 Adorned with many a stripe and star.

And half in grief and half in scorn,
 A sad and bitter plaint he made;
 And I was awe-struck at his voice,
 And heard with reverence all he said.

"Oppressed upon their native shore,
 A hardy race sailed o'er the sea;
 Mid savage tribes and forests wild,
 Content to enjoy their liberty.

"And woods were felled, and wilds were cleared,
 And cities rose on every plain;
 And here the pilgrim almost deemed
 He saw his native land again.

"But now attacked by foreign foes,
 They bravely fought on land and sea;
 And many a sage and hero rose,
 The champions of liberty.

"Oh, men of every clime and tongue
 Owned thine to be a glorious fate;
 And called thee 'chosen of the gods,'
 A land so young, and yet so great!

"And I was honored in thee then
 By every free and generous breast;
 Men loved me well—and me they called
 'Bald-headed monarch of the West.'

"What am I now? and what are they,
 Who tread upon their fathers' dust?
 Or whither have the noble fled?
 Where are the brave, the good, the just?

"An unlearned dotard rules the land
 That mightiest monarchs could not rule;
 And Science humbly lifts her hand
 To crown the temples of a fool.

"The veriest scum of all the earth,
 Beggars and slaves may lift their voice,
 E'en in that land's most sacred halls,
 To choose its king, a people's choice.

"The wise, the good, who toiled and bled
 In freedom's cause on land and main,

All, all are fled, and in their place
The thirty tyrants reign again.

"But thou must fall — aye, thou must fall,
E'en as the old republics fell;
Strangers shall come and conquer thee,
And strangers' children in thee dwell.

"And yet as fair thy fields shall bloom,
As proudly shall thine ocean roar;
Thy torrents dash, thy mountains tower,
For those who know to prize thee more.

"Ye patriots of the olden time,
Ye blessed spirits of the slain,
Oh look not, look not back and see
How you have shed your blood in vain.

"I see thee with prophetic eye,
Thy temples fallen in dust I see;
All Europe shares thy spoils, and cries,
'This is the Child of Liberty.

"'This is that mighty western world,
The frailest bubble in the sea;'
Thus shall the haughty mock thy woe,
While milder natures pity thee.

"I see thine exiled children roam,
In foreign lands I see them dwell;
And when men ask them whence they come,
They hang their heads, and dare not tell.

"Oh never, never will I see
Such woeful misery on thee come;
Where virtue and where freedom dwell
There, there my spirit seeks its home."

He ceased — his eye grew wild with grief,
 He gazed around with silent glare ;
 Then spreading out his broad grey wings,
 He mounted upward in the air.

Slowly he sailed along the sky,
 I watched his distant towering flight ;
 Long in the heavens I traced his form,
 Until he vanished from my sight.

But to what land or clime he flew,
 Whether in far-famed Greece to dwell,
 Or amid Poland's struggling sons,
 Or Afric's slaves I could not tell.

Half driven to madness by that thought,
 My mother land, a cowering slave ;
 " What, is there then no help ? " I cried,
 " Is there no arm outstretched to save ? "

I woke — I startled from my sleep ;
 The sun was fading o'er the hill ;
 Around me gently played the breeze,
 And at my feet swift flowed the rill.

The sun-gilt cliffs rose steep and high,
 Where, gazing on the torrent's foam,
 Once I exclaimed in boyish pride,
 " This is my dear, my native home."

And when I saw the skies so blue,
 And the waves leaping fresh and free ;
 Ah then, dear native land, I knew,
 I had but dreamed a dream of thee.

A. L. Z.

ON ENTHUSIASM IN ONE'S PROFESSION.

PLACED as we are upon the verge of manhood, and soon to launch our little barks upon the vast ocean of busy life, we cannot, I believe, too often survey, or too closely scrutinize the chart of our destined voyage;—though after all, it must be with fear and trembling that we enter upon its wild and precarious course, so great and manifold are the wrecks to which our luckless natures are exposed.

But of all the known evils into which humanity is liable to fall, none appear to me to be more dreadful, more fatal to intellectual progress, than those which spring from Professional Enthusiasm. And what renders this class of evils of a peculiarly dangerous character, is that their origin is not unfrequently looked upon as the fountain-head of virtue, and the source of all excellence. Be this, however, as it may, it is quite obvious and certain that its common effects upon individuals of our race are of the most debasing and lamentable kind.

In the mind of its victim, we see that happy and benevolent constitution of man's nature, by which he is enabled to derive pleasure from almost any pursuit whereto circumstances may have called him, degenerated into an inordinate passion, which reigns triumphant over all other elements of his soul. An exclusive and long-indulged attention to a single subject has wholly broken up the original harmony and sanity of his mind, and centred all his thoughts, all his energies upon one object,—one all-engrossing idol of worship. With him life is a mere dream, and the great world a mere phantasm. Realities are no longer reflected upon the mirror of his mind, in their true and proper proportions—every image is diminished, exaggerated or deformed. He sees every thing through the

medium of his profession — the touch-stone to which he refers all actions, all events. In his disordered vision the most meagre trifle is enhanced till it assumes the importance of the weightiest concernment, while really important matters are regarded, if regarded at all, as insignificant. In short, his whole intellectual system is perverted, diseased, degraded, and he can be said to live, only within the circle of his own morbid delusions. The heart, too, of this wretched being, soured by inevitable and oft-repeated disappointment, is closed up to all the common interests and sympathies of humanity. Unloving and unloved, he frays away his miserable and joyless existence, a stranger alike to the happiness and woe of his fellow-men. In a word, he has enthralled himself to one set of ideas, to one train of feeling, and entirely lost that spiritual *freedom* which is essential to all nobleness of mind, or goodness of heart. Such is man, created after God's own image, from reason, sense cut off, and delivered to the dominion of one fictitious passion. Such is the natural operation and tendency of Worldly Enthusiasm.

What, then, is to be done? As there is no pursuit or profession with which the imagination does not, in a measure, blend, and tend to give an undue ascendancy over the mind, is an indiscriminate attention, therefore, to all objects of action and thought to be recommended? — "That education only," says Milton, "can be considered complete and generous, which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and of war." So perfect a course of education, however desirable, surely does not lie within the narrow compass of man's short life: — he cannot apply his mind to all the various subjects of human activity and speculation, consistently with the acquisition of a tolerable knowledge in any. — But what is to be done?

Alas ! it is not for human beings to escape entirely the evil of delusion. Their minds must be in some degree warped and distorted by ignorance, or by the partiality of their knowledge. It is not for them, in this world at least, to see things in their true light and relative magnitudes — to “see as they are seen.” — But the evil, meanwhile, which cannot be wholly avoided, may be mitigated and in part done away : and for this, is it too much to ask a man to sacrifice a part of his professional eminence ? “It ought not,” in the language of a celebrated philosopher, “to be the leading object of any one, to become an eminent metaphysician, mathematician or poet ; but to render himself happy as an individual, and an agreeable, a respectable, and an useful member of society. A man who loses his sight, improves the sensibility of his touch, but who would consent for such a recompense, to part with the pleasure which he receives from the eye.” — And he, therefore, who would not prove a traitor to himself, who is not unmindful of the high destiny to which he is called, and who desires to make the nearest approach to the perfection and happiness of his nature, — he, I say, will not heed a small sacrifice of professional wealth, honor or fame, for the holy purpose of preserving and improving his own MIND. He will not esteem himself a loser, if, apart from his peculiar and favorite pursuit, he devotes a portion of his time to the study of nature, to the cultivation of general literature, and to the knowledge of the world. He looks to the attainment of that due balance and perfect harmony of all the powers and affections of his mind, which is to raise him nearer to perfect happiness and the likeness of his Creator. With this high end in view, he does not hesitate to give up profession, riches, and all things, as far as they retard its accomplishment. With him every thing is made subservient to improvement.

H. M. S.

REMARKS ON NOVELS.

THE following remarks upon this somewhat trite subject have been elicited from us by the strictures which were made upon it, in the last number of this periodical. — The novel has been one of the peculiar favorites of modern times, and we are not certain but it has contributed largely to change the tastes and manners of the age: it is at least certain that this species of writing has improved as much as they have changed.

The wild, superstitious romances which met with so favorable reception in semi-barbarian times remain only to give us an idea of what has been. Through their application to such works, the words, Novel and Romance, have been associated by many with frivolity and folly. Such is the antipathy to them, that many a well-meaning person will discard the very work, if called a novel, which would meet his approbation if designated by some other name.

We are no admirers of sickly sensibility, nor double refined sentimentalism. "Nonsensical love stories" and silly tales are but the fit playthings of babes and idiots. Legends of ghosts and fairies, of goblins and giants, have no charms for us. There may be encouragement, even at the present day, for fictitious wonders; perhaps there will ever be among *some* a mighty love of the marvellous; but those capable of directing the public taste have established a test which would condemn the caterers for vitiated minds. Who would be tried by it and not be found wanting, must neither transgress the limits of probability, nor link together events which will appear unnatural. We rejoice to say many can be mentioned whose fictions will meet such criticism.

In the course of education it becomes every one to learn what will fit him for the station he is to occupy. Knowledge of the world, of character and of manners is necessary to ensure success in this busy scene of rivalry. Without it we should be only fit for convents and abbeys, or at most to serve as dupes of the unprincipled and designing. We must seek to know things as they are, as well as to learn how they should be. It is not well to leave youth to chance to resist evil and temptation. They should know that vice exists and should be fortified against it by the strongest motives to virtue. No one would think of neglecting to teach the child that fire would burn him, and leave him to discover it by sad experience. How much less, then, is it fitting to do so in other things which must be encountered, and whose burning, though disguised, is not the less certain? The easiest, and perhaps the best method of acquiring this "knowledge of the world" is by representations of fictitious characters. It is in fact teaching by example.

It is frequently objected to Fictions, that their incidents are strange — beyond the possibility of ever happening in real life, and that "Poetical Justice" is calculated to mislead the reader in his expectations. In the best Novels this "Poetical Justice" is not freely dispensed; the frowns of Fortune are seen as well as her smiles. — It has been well said that

"Truth is strange,
Stranger than Fiction;"

and where can we find in Fictions (of the best class) more heart-stirring incidents than are to be found in the history of Henry VIII. — the ungallant, inhuman treatment of Anne Boleyn — what more terrible than the sufferings of the martyrs — more fitted to excite sympathy than the trials of Mary, Queen of Scots? What Fiction is so hard to realize as the records of the unfortunate

Louis XVI. — what illusion, so majestic as the magic exploits of Napoleon in his mighty, mad career striding over the world and spreading devastation like the hurricane in its fury? No ideal being inspires a deeper interest than the Empress Josephine, alike attractive in her rise and fall. We cannot read her memoirs without a tear for her misfortunes. No fancied hero is more romantic than the youthful Lafayette — or more perfect than our own Washington. Nor are we to forget the annals of witchcraft, when helpless females expiated fancied crimes with their lives. We forbear to mention the myriads of events that crowd upon our recollection, in ancient and modern times, equally atrocious, and would we could say — incredible. These would seem wild flitting fancies of the brain — but alas! they are not so.

The Fictions of which we speak do not represent the current of life as passing happily along, meeting nothing to ruffle its stream. Obstacles and disappointments are often the lot of heroes and heroines. Moreover, they serve to point out many faults and show the lasting effects of crimes. They will often convey moral lessons to many whom a complete moral essay would never attract to its pages. For instance, who is not more vividly open to the miseries of the criminal after reading "Eugene Aram," than if he had merely read a cold, heartless statement of the troubles in which a single error might involve all with whom he was connected. Beside, the author invites reflection on every leaf. In "Helen," the difficulties arising from the least blamable sort of deception portray more clearly the danger of indulging in it than can be done by any other mode of teaching. The "Heart of Mid-Lothian" warns the reader in deep tones to beware of transgressing the rules of society.

The Novel is an admirable way of describing the manners and customs of other days and foreign nations. If

"Hope Leslie" were struck out of existence, where could we find so familiar an account of the household of the Puritans? The "Last Days of Pompeii" invites us to learn the very details of life in cities which, centuries ago, were hidden from our sight, and minutely reveals the trials of the early Christians. — We could name very many more—but we have named enough. Each of these in its place makes us better acquainted with the subjects they treat, than we could be after long and toilsome search into antiquities. We enjoy in fact the fruits of this toil performed by others. The study of authentic history will also be requisite, but these will greatly aid us in understanding it.

If works of Fiction be deemed unworthy the attention of the scholar, he must neglect Homer and all the host of poets. — "Childe Harold" must be parted with—and we could no more take pleasure from the "Lady of the Lake." In fine, the works of Fiction comprise by far the greater part of the Literature of every nation that has any pretensions to be called literary. If destroyed, they would leave a void which men would be fortunate indeed if they could fill again with centuries of intellectual labor.

The best romances will ever be read by men of taste and genius. Stories will ever be an effectual and pleasant method of conveying instruction to youth. It would be difficult to estimate the benefit which the moral tales of Miss Edgeworth and other eminent writers have conferred on mankind. They will greatly aid in promoting the objects of philosophers and philanthropists—the improvement of the human race. Such men as Johnson and Burke patronized the youthful author of "Evelina."

The *mere* novel reader is a harmless, innocent creature—and the mere laborious student is found wanting in those accomplishments which lend a charm to society.

The indiscriminate reader of romances will waste his talents—and he who never reads a fictitious work, will lose by his neglect of what would serve to increase his store of knowledge and refine his feelings.

For those who seek nothing but amusement, the perusal of Novels and Romances affords that which is rational. They are under no small obligations to the authors who have furnished them with the means of recreation which is ever at hand, within the reach of the prince or the peasant, which never tires nor is attended with remorse, and causes no pain to any fellow-being.

From the fictions we mean, the sensible reader will be careful to draw some instruction or some moral. If he devote a proper portion of time to them after the study of graver subjects, there is every reason to believe he will be profited by so doing.

B.

YARN SPINNING.—No. II.

“I tell you, *Ali*, that it is impossible to hear those long stories of yours without losing one’s temper.”

“*The Pacha of many Tales.*”

HEALTH and fair greeting, kind and gentle Reader! How hast thou fared this many a long day? We were somewhat unceremoniously interrupted in our last interview, by the ringing of mine host’s dinner-bell, and the last page of the fifth number of “*Harvardiana*.”—Now then that I have thee again by the hand, I will proceed with the narration of the interesting story which I commenced last month; for I sincerely hope that it was interesting to thee, and that thou wilt not be so cruel as to

insinuate that my yarns are of the coarsest home-spun, and that I ought to be content to apply them to domestic uses without thrusting such unsalable articles upon the public market. If such unseemly and improper ideas have found their way to thy brain, and if such severe and uncourteous remarks have fallen from thy lips, then will I still persist in writing ; for thy unkindness merits a still greater penance even than that which I am now inflicting upon thee. But if, in truth, there has been "no such stuff in thy thoughts," if by the evolutions of my spinning-wheel I have beguiled thee of one weary moment, or caused a single smile to play upon thy features, how delightfully, how cheerily am I encouraged to contribute my mite towards the amusement and happiness of my fellow-creatures. So that whether I am rewarded for my pains by thy smiles or thy frowns, I conceive it to be an imperious duty to continue to spin my yarns unmoved, so long as a single roll of wool remains in my possession. But I see thou art impatient to hear the rest of the story of the mysterious melancholy gentleman.

He was remarkably taciturn at dinner, and scarcely opened his mouth during the whole meal, except to insert therein huge morsels of the savory viands which were before him. Indeed, his whole manner at the table was such as to convince me that he had not condescended to indulge himself in so degrading an operation as eating for a long time before, and even now, he appeared to consider it as a disagreeable but necessary task which he was determined to get through with as soon as possible, if one might judge from the rapidity with which every thing disappeared which was placed on his plate.

After dinner, the stranger threw himself back in his chair, and folding his arms upon his breast, gazed sadly and steadfastly upon vacancy. His whole soul seemed absorbed in a melancholy, yet pleasing reverie. I was

exceedingly anxious to hear the rest of his story, and felt particularly curious to know under what circumstances the angelic creature, the very mention of whom had thrown the stranger into such an ecstasy of contending emotions, was to figure ; yet I would not have addressed him for worlds, wrapped as he was in this cloud of thought ; there was something so apparently pure and holy in his meditations, that it seemed to me almost sacrilege to interrupt them. The stranger, however, presently relieved me from my embarrassment by breaking the silence himself. "Sir," said he, "you have shown for me a sympathy and a kindness which is, in this cold and hardened world, both singular and god-like ; you have given me a dinner, for which I am extremely grateful, and which I shall never forget. It has been of late my unvarying custom, whenever it is convenient, to finish my dinner with a dram of some invigorating cordial. This to persons of my peculiar constitution, becomes almost absolutely necessary, and I would do so now, but a concurrence of unforeseen circumstances have rendered me for the present penniless." The stranger paused hesitatingly ; the red spot upon his nose darkened almost to purple, and he held the remarkable handkerchief, immortalized in the last number, to his swimming eyes. This confidence, so flattering from so remarkable, so mysterious, and (as I could not help secretly acknowledging) so great an individual was, I confess, in the highest degree grateful to me ; and it was not without a glow of honest and conscious pride that I ventured to reply. "My dear Sir, it would be painful to my feelings in the extreme, if a gentleman for whom I have so great a respect as yourself," (here the stranger smiled sadly) "should suffer any inconvenience when it was in my power to assist him ; and if, Sir, you will do me the favor to condescend to avail yourself of my poor aid, there will

be no necessity for breaking through, on this occasion, your 'custom always of the afternoon.'"

The stranger sorrowfully but gratefully accepted my offer, and walking up to the bar, repeated the impressive scene described in the last number; then drawing the bandanna carefully across his lips, he seated himself once more before the stove, and began thoughtfully and abstractedly to poke the fire. I waited patiently for some time expecting him to fulfill his promise of relating to me the remainder of his strange eventful history. But as he seemed to have entirely forgotten it, I had the courage modestly to remind him of it. "Ah, true!" said he, starting from his reverie, "where did I leave off?"

"When the dinner-bell rung," replied I, "you were overcome with the recollection of a lovely maiden whose" ——

The stranger sunk back in his chair, his eyes were suffused with tears, the spot on his nose assuming the color of a full-grown beet contrasted fearfully with the chalky paleness of his countenance; overcoming his feelings, however, with a great struggle, he spoke, addressing himself rather than me. "True, true, she *was* a lovely being, fair and gentle as a seraph's smile. We had known each other from childhood, and grown up in each other's confidence. To her had I communicated all my hopes of greatness, and all my schemes of immortality. For a long time, she joined with ardor in my anticipations of success, and encouraged me to prosecute my designs. But after some years, I observed that she smiled sorrowfully and incredulously at my communications, and often inquired when these golden dreams were to be realized.

"These I considered mere idle fears, and attempted to persuade her that a genius like mine, would inevitably be crowned in the end with glory and success; but I soon saw with the deepest regret that I had lost her con-

fidence, and that she began to look upon me as less than immaculate; but what was my surprise, consternation and despair, on receiving a letter from her, stating that 'though she entertained the highest opinion of my talents and capacities, and though she had the greatest respect for me personally, yet a proper regard for her own welfare, would not allow her to unite herself for life with a man that could not take care of himself.' She wished me all happiness and prosperity, and 'was on the eve of marriage with a young, respectable merchant in a neighbouring city.' Cruel, hard-hearted girl! who could have expected such cold and frozen maxims of prudence from her, the admirer of my genius—panegyrist of my sentiments?" The stranger paused, and passing the bandanna several times across his eyes, he continued in a calmer tone. "Her husband has now become wealthy, and she is the mother of a young family, who are growing up around her, and poor, infatuated being! she deems herself happy. Fatal delusion! blind, thoughtless, rash girl! to sacrifice my ardent love, my unspeakable affection, and the prospect of sharing my fortunes to the paltry object of being made comfortable in the world, and becoming a useful and respectable member of society.

"This dreadful calamity had an overwhelming effect upon my feelings; and to divert the settled melancholy and deep despair which were the consequences of it, I began to write unremittingly, and produced from my pen several poems, chiefly upon the envy and injustice of the world, and the weakness, fickleness and inconstancy of woman. And I do flatter myself that they were not unworthy of my muse—that the sentiments were not mawkish or commonplace—that the style was forcible, energetic and peculiar—and that in the elegance and grandeur of their diction, and the beauty and strength

of their similes, these performances would not suffer in comparison with the works of our greatest poets. But far be it from me to boast: I have one of them in my pocket, and you shall judge for yourself of its merits." The stranger's eyes lighted up, and his countenance assumed a smile of unusual complacency, as he took from his coat-pocket a large manuscript and presented it to me.

I took the poem and glanced cursorily over it; though the author had not been before me, I should have known him to be an extraordinary man, from the mere perusal of this production. It was firmly and deeply impressed with the marks of real genius — a most fearless and independent spirit ran through every line, showing the utmost scorn and contempt for the common rules of poetry, by which the muses of other writers have been bound to earth; and soaring above and beyond them, he had created a style and a poetry of his own. He had certainly struck out a new and original path, for nothing in ancient or modern literature had ever been written which bore the slightest resemblance to it.

"Beautiful!" sighed I, after I had glanced through the pages, "beautiful and exquisitely original."

"Well, Sir, would you believe it," cried the stranger starting from his chair, and his eye kindling with the most fiery indignation, "would you believe it, Sir? Several publishers, to whom I offered these performances, and others of equal merit, either through ignorance, stupidity or malice, positively and obstinately refused to accept them. And though I labored to convince them that they would acquire through their means immense fame and fortune, they persisted in politely, but firmly declining them. The rest of my story is soon told; without ever having done any thing wrong myself, I have been a victim to the envy and injustice of the world; but such is too often, alas! the fate of superior *genius*.

"I had observed with sorrow and regret the low and degraded state of the drama; and therefore partly to mend my own fortunes, but chiefly to reform the stage, I resolved to assume the sock and buskin, and to introduce an entirely new, chaste and refined style of acting. But the ignorant and stupid audience were not able to appreciate the justice, beauty and correctness of my performances, and after having been twice pelted with rotten eggs and apples, I retired from the profession with disgust. Since then I have been engaged in a variety of professions with nearly the same success. For the last few years I have been employed in peddling essences and obtaining subscribers for 'missionary purposes' throughout the principal States in the Union. My brothers and sisters, who were not geniuses, are all happily settled in the world, and I might live *comfortably* with them, but my soul disdains the restraints to which I should be subjected in such a situation. My only remaining consolations are philosophy and New-England Rum. For the last month I have been endeavoring to publish my poems by subscription, and I should be proud to have your name to head the list."

"With pleasure," replied I, "but it is getting late, and I must bid you adieu. But first, Sir, do me the favor to accept this," continued I, offering him a temperance tract.

The stranger took it with a seeming unconsciousness, for he was again gazing vacantly in the fire. He mechanically twirled it around his finger, and absently thrusting it in the fire, he lighted with it his remaining long nine.

Reader, the last time I heard of the mysterious stranger, he was confined in the House of Correction on the charge of being a common drunkard. "Such, alas! is too often the fate of genius."

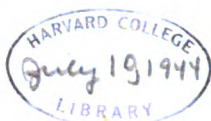
SUPERNUMERUS.

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This work is intended to be a complete history of the United States, from the first discovery of the country to the present time, in two volumes. The first volume contains the history of the discovery of the country, and the second volume contains the history of the settlement of the country.

The first volume of this work contains the history of the discovery of the United States, from the first discovery of the country to the present time. The second volume contains the history of the settlement of the United States, from the first settlement of the country to the present time.



Bridgham Curcio
New York City

HARVARDIANA.

No. VII.

BOOKS OF TRAVELS.

IF a man rushes with open eyes into uncalled for dangers, merely that he may be called a hero or martyr, he deserves nothing but pity or contempt. He exposes himself not only to the imputation of rashness, but of extravagance and folly.

It is in this light that very many view those enterprising adventurers, who risk their health, their fortunes, and their lives in voyages of discovery. They are considered, perhaps, as bold, hardy men, who have unfortunately devoted themselves to visionary, or at best useless undertakings. Yet there is no class of travellers, who so much deserve public patronage and support; for they give us information concerning men and countries, of which, but for them, we should be wholly ignorant. They make known passages of communication between different nations, which, by facilitating the intercourse of mankind, unite them more into one great community, and enable them to enjoy more easily the products of every climate. It is to persevering adventurers upon

voyages of discovery, that we are indebted for the discovery of this western world, which, but for them, might have still continued a wilderness, peopled by savages.

If, as philosophers and poets seem to have always thought, the "study of mankind" is of any consequence to man, we ought not, surely, to despise as useless the exertions and hardships of those, who risk their all to collect materials not only for the study of man, but of all the works of creation. If the names of warriors and conquerors, who have done little else than depopulate the world, are entitled to be handed down to the admiration of succeeding generations, certainly the names of Columbus, Franklin, Cook, and a host of other philanthropic men, who have enlarged the boundaries of science and added to our means of enjoyment, are entitled to as high a niche in the temple of fame. The narratives of these men, though they may not be very attractive to the general reader, will always be duly appreciated by the man of science, the natural historian, and the politician, who desires to see men, and the customs and institutions of men, not only in their enlightened state, but under every condition in which they have ever existed.

But the number of narratives of this kind is very small, compared with the endless number of 'Books of Travels,' which are now daily given to the world. We have mineralogical, antiquarian, statistical, commercial, political, and literary travellers, besides those who travel with no object at all, except to pass away their time. They not only travel, but what is much more to our purpose, they seem to think themselves entitled, merely on the score of their having seen a foreign land, to inflict upon the public a minute account of circumstances and personal adventures, which, had they happened to them at home, and they had thus attempted to retail them, their friends would have immediately thought fit to administer

copious potions of *hellebore*. Let us examine a few of these books of travels, and journals of itinerants, with a view to ascertain their claims to public patronage and respect.

Some travellers do not attempt to lay before their readers any thing more than a mere sketch of the surface of the country over which they pass. For instance, we shall be very authentically told that on setting out from a certain town in Europe, we come into a large open plain with a range of hills on one side, that the soil is generally fertile, though there are some barren ridges, and that comfortable farm-houses are scattered here and there amidst thickets of olives and palm-trees. That advancing farther on we turn to the right, and cross a beautiful stream, which flows swiftly towards the sea, — that they now discovered in the distance a black spot, which at first appeared like a small cloud in the horizon, but which turned out to be an old Ionic temple, built of dark gray stone, — its columns and turrets were covered with moss, and appeared in a rather dilapidated condition, probably the effect of time, and it may be also of hostile force, &c. &c.

Now all this may have been very interesting to the traveller himself, who saw it. We have not the least doubt it was. But he ought to recollect, that to us who sit at home, and only read about it, it is no more interesting nor instructing, than it would be to take up a gazetteer or geography, and trace out, in any given direction, a particular route of the same distance. After having read through a long succession of scenes and descriptions of this kind, we find, upon shutting up the book, that we have a confused idea of many things, but no distinct, abiding idea of any thing. It is like reading through a dictionary.

There are others, who add to the description of natural scenery, the little incidents they met with on the way, upon rail-roads, in stage-coaches, or at the inn. Thus we may be informed that a tourist set out from a town in Spain, early in the morning, in an excellent coach, which formed a delightful contrast to the springless volantes in which he had before travelled. That after riding several hours in this manner, he reached a commodious hotel, where the landlord, a very obliging gentleman, served him up a dinner which would have done honor to the culinary taste of Chateaubriand. But in the afternoon, coming into a less populous part of the country, he was obliged before night to mount a miserable pack-horse, with a sore back, accompanied by a loquacious postillion ; that he at length reached a detestable inn, where he could obtain nothing for supper but a few eggs, some bad bread, and worse coffee. Here, after some useless expostulations with his landlady, about the condition of his bed-chamber, he at last retired to rest upon a miserable mattress, which sent forth its active myriads to murder sleep, and after tossing about for some few hours in this uncomfortable condition, he arose in the morning to recommence his journey. Now, however important all this may have been to the traveller himself at the time, and however much we may be disposed to favor those who will condescend to enlighten us upon any dark points, yet we really must think that these little daily experiences are of very little consequence to the public. On the contrary, we believe it is now very generally agreed, that it is of no sort of consequence to the literary world, whether the traveller rode upon a smooth or stony road, whether he took a good or bad piece of money from the inn-keeper, or whether he had a comfortable night's lodging or not, while on his journey from Madrid to La Mancha. And we regard it as a favorable sign of the

improved taste of our times, that books, made up of such voracious items of intelligence, are in very little request.

The classical is another class of itineraries; written by those who perform their peregrinations through Greece and Italy, with a view to witness ancient monuments, the classical remains of antiquity, and describe them in connection with classical associations. "Many men," says stern old Purchas, "coming to their estates before they come to their wits, adventure themselves to see the fashion of other countries; whence they see the world as Adam had knowledge of good and evil, with the loss or lessening of their estate in this English paradise; and bring home a few smattering terms, flattering garbs, apish carriages, foppish fancies, foolish guises and disguises, the vanities of neighbour nations." But we do not agree with the stern old gentleman. We have always thought that foreign travel, by liberalizing and refining minds previously matured, and trained to habits of independent thought and inquiry, has a most happy influence upon them. Nor, from the examples we have seen of its effects, have we had any reason to alter our opinion. Yet we do not doubt that very many would be better employed in reaping their harvests, or superintending their manufactures or warehouses, than in hanging over the sculptured remains of Praxiteles, criticising the Pantheon, or loitering through the galleries of the Vatican.

But we are now concerned not with the effects of travelling upon individuals, but the merit of *books* of travels, which is quite a different thing. Now, what is there in these books, that should entitle them to respect? Do they contain any thing new? Any thing not known before, or which might not be known, by referring to the histories and other books we have already? True, the classical student feels a thrill of pleasure at the men-

tion of the banks of the Tiber, the vale of Arno, the groves of the Academy, and the residence of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle." He feels that he would like to wander alone amidst those broken columns, and decaying temples, and forget the degeneracy of the beings around him, in meditations upon ancient greatness. But feelings like these cannot be for ever renewed by the successive repetition of the same story: and the books we now have upon the subject are so numerous and so good, that they will amply suffice us, until we ourselves take a tour to the classic land to view its wonders *in propria personâ*.

We have another class of travels, in which the manners, customs, and habits of a people are mostly dwelt upon. These, if the writer be an accurate observer, and gives a faithful account of his first impressions, are often very entertaining, clever books. But the difficulty is, that almost all have, amongst other ridiculous habits, a way of referring every thing they see to similar things in their own country, and representing every thing as absurd, which differs in the least from what they have been accustomed to at home. Thus they ridicule the manners, customs, &c. of a country, merely because they are peculiar, that is, because they are manners.

We do not think it worth while to waste many words upon these trashy publications. We need only mention the names of the Fidlers and Trollopes, and a whole posse of other vagrants in our own country, and of Mons. Delaire, Gernaud, and some others in England, to bring before our readers many examples of the height of the sublime and touching—a long line of ridiculous, though for the most part perfectly harmless caricatures. To do these authors, however, full justice, we must give them credit for one thing, which has not, we believe, been generally acknowledged. Their books form a kind

of literary or mental landmark, beyond which it will be utterly useless for future writers to attempt to pass. They are perfect models of effrontery, hardihood, and folly. It is well to know the boundaries of our nature on both sides; not only to know what man can do, but what he cannot. We may never be able to calculate the utmost expansion, the highest efforts, the sublimest elevation to which the human mind may hereafter attain. But the other boundary is now fortunately fixed; and to these authors the world will remain eternally indebted for having established, once for all, the utmost limits of *minimism*.

There is yet one other kind of travels, more dignified and imposing than any we have yet mentioned; we mean those which treat, among other things, of the political and moral institutions of a country, of its internal systems, and the genius of its inhabitants. On reading over the contents at the head of a chapter in one of these books, and seeing such words as these — Literature, Government, Political Parties, Law and Jurisprudence, Morals, National Character, Slavery, Colonization Society, &c., we eagerly prepare ourselves for a highly entertaining and instructive feast. But after having read through the book, we are forcibly reminded, upon laying it aside, of Irving's man, who, when he wished to jump over a hill, took a start of two or three miles, and, having run himself out of breath before he reached the foot of it, sat himself quietly down to breathe a spell, and then walked over at his leisure. There is this important difference, however, between the two cases, namely, that this man, as we are told, succeeded in passing over the hill at last. Whereas, in these books, it often happens that, after toiling through some scores of pages, we scarcely get a glimpse of the important subjects mentioned at the head of the chapter.

But to speak seriously, we believe it is very common, in other branches of education, for one who attempts to instruct others, first to make himself thoroughly acquainted with his subject. Thus if one would write a book upon Political Science, upon our Constitution or Judiciary System, or upon Morality, he thinks himself bound to spend many years in study to prepare himself for the task. But a traveller, without any previous qualifications, perhaps a broken down merchant, or a captain in the navy, takes upon himself, upon the strength of a tour of a few months, to pronounce boldly upon systems and institutions for which the wise have labored for ages, which have grown up with a people, and which are exactly suited to their character and wants. There is nothing more difficult than to judge correctly upon such subjects; and there is nothing in which a traveller is more likely to be deceived. We can easily ascertain the exact dimensions and contents of a field by measuring it. But to the institutions, the morals, the literature, and what is sometimes called the genius of a people, we can apply no such measures. They can be duly appreciated only by a long and intimate acquaintance with them—by mingling for years with all classes of society. Such knowledge cannot be caught in stage-coaches, nor at inns, by listening to bar-room debaters; nor even by half a day's attendance at the municipal court.

Itineraries are quite a modern invention. Not that people travel more now than formerly; on the contrary, we are told that ancient historians, philosophers, statesmen, and poets used to travel over all the then known world. But the results of their observations and travelling experience did not appear in the form of itineraries, but were wrought into their other writings. Plato travelled much, and so did Cicero; but they wrote no books of Htravels. erodotus travelled in Egypt, Syria, and

Palestine; and the facts he collected, and his own observations, were afterwards, without doubt, a valuable acquisition to him in writing his history. Such forms as these, are, we suspect, the most palatable ones in which travels can be served up; which, to say the truth, are no travels at all.

We would not willingly depreciate any class of writings that are capable of yielding pleasure to a single individual. It would be strange also, if, among the overflowing number of books of this kind, there should not be here and there a readable one. We have read one or two, which gave us much satisfaction. But a few grains of wheat are nothing compared with bushels of chaff that is absolutely worthless. As a class of books, travels are decidedly the most unprofitable of any. They are far more so than novels. When we read, we read for one of two objects—either to be amused or instructed. Now no one pretends to compare a book of travels with a good novel, where the object is mere amusement. It is not so instructive. For in a novel we have but one set of personages; all the events and incidents tend to bring them forward, and illustrate their characters. The whole book forms but one entire scene, in which we become perfectly familiar and at home. The reader becomes intensely interested in the lives and fortunes of the characters; and if they are historical personages (as is the case in many of our best novels), he feels as intimately acquainted with them as with his most familiar friends: and since they are closely connected with many moving scenes, he will always afterwards retain a lively and vivid recollection of them. Who, for instance, that has read Woodstock or Peveril of the Peak, does not feel that he has a more intimate knowledge of Charles the Second and Cromwell, and of the general character of the times in which they lived, than he would have obtained by read-

ing an equal portion of pure history. We do not mean that he will have a minute and circumstantial knowledge of all the actions and events of that period ; but that, if he afterwards refers to real history, he will find that the general ideas he has received from those fictions were, in the main, correct.

But in books of travels we are carried here, there, and every where, ramble all over the world with the tourist, catch a glimpse of this and that splendid object, which quickly vanishes and fades from the memory, are just introduced to this and that man, who immediately disappears in the crowd, and is never more seen, nor thought of. As for much permanent information from such reading as this, it is out of the question. We might as well think of forming a flower-garden, by going about and plucking off beautiful full blown flowers (which might, indeed, make a very pretty nosegay to last for an hour), and inserting their stems in the ground, instead of transplanting them, roots and all.

H. C. L.

FROM DANTE.

Up in the highest realm of heavenly light,
 Dwells Beatrice, 'mong spirits fair and bright;
 And she has left her friends, and love, and me,
 To weep, and vainly wish her company.
 'T was not the blasts of winter chilled her frame,
 Nor did she fade from summer's withering flame;
 Her virtue, truth, and meekness reached the throne,
 And God, in love, bid her in pitying tone
 Leave this vile world of sorrow and of pain,
 To raise in bliss the harp's eternal strain.

L.

THE KEY TO KNOWLEDGE.

"HERE," said the father, "in this iron chest
 Lies all my wealth, — take it, my son, 't is thine, —
 Use it as thy discretion shall deem best,
 And may God give thee wisdom more than mine."
 He said, and once more turned him in his bed, —
 Groaned, trembled, closed his eyes, and — he was dead.

The son received the chest — 't was barred and locked —
 In vain he sought its tight-closed lid to ope —
 Its massy strength his mightiest efforts mocked,
 Yet still he cherished hoping against hope,
 Till death surprised him, and the chest remained
 Unopened still, its treasures still ungained.

So when the mighty Maker gave me life,
 Did he bestow a far more precious gift —
 The Book of Knowledge — with instruction rife,
 My soul above the wants of earth to lift —
 But ah! its lids were tightly closed to me,
 For with the book, he gave me not the *Key*.

My skill availed not to unbind the clasp,
 Nor could my strength suffice the lock to break;
 But yet I managed with one mighty grasp
 To raise a corner and a glimpse to take —
 Which, though I little saw, inspired my mind
 With longings vehement the key to find.

I sought, I found it — but in others' hands —
 Full many a votary of sense and lust,
 Full many a rich proprietor of lands,
 Full many a hoarder up of glittering dust, —
 Possessed the gem, to me, of worth untold,
 But would not lend it, for the key was *gold*!

Gold is the key to knowledge — 't is the power
 Which bids the king to bow, the judge to bend,
 Which aid can bring in dark misfortune's hour,
 Can make the friend a slave, the foe a friend,
 And let philosophers exult their fill,
 He who has *gold* can sway them at his will.

"And here is one," within myself I said,
 "Who holds the key unused, from day to day,
 And like the dog within the manger laid,
 Eats not himself, but still keeps me away."
 "Lend me your key," said I — "I won't" — said he, —
 "What right have you this learned book to see!"

I asked another — still, the same reply —
 A third — and I was answered as before —
 And now I'll sit me down contentedly,
 Nor e'er attempt to beg or borrow more;
 The Book of Knowledge must be closed to me,
 Unless kind heaven should send a *master key*!

THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

"Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
 Intaminatis fulget honoribus."

Horat.

In my visions I felt myself endued with a power, of which, till then, I had been unconscious. With but a slight exertion of strength I lifted myself above the earth, and casting my eyes downward, beheld beneath

me a vast plain, from which, as from a centre, several roads seemed to diverge. At the opening of each, I observed its direction carved in legible characters, that no one might err but through negligence. The plain was covered with a vast multitude, all, as yet, undecided as to which of the roads they should severally pursue. There were those who had partially travelled some of them, but who, discouraged by the difficulties of the way, were anxiously warning others against similar errors. But these warnings seemed to have little effect; for, one by one, as they left the throng, I saw them heedlessly take that course which accident threw in their way, without considering or apparently crediting the testimony of their advisers. I was struck with amazement at this gross and universal indiscriminateness, until, upon further inspection, I discovered that, with few exceptions, all made their choice, *blindfold*. This circumstance seemed to excuse their apparent want of rationality, and inspired me with no little curiosity to observe the termination of a course thus whimsically adopted. I therefore cast my eyes upon "THE WAY TO WEALTH."

It was broad but crooked; and through the cloud of dust that overshadowed it, I could perceive that it was travelled by a numerous throng. The grand struggle of each seemed to be to get in advance of his neighbour. No means by which this might be done were disregarded. They jostled, quarrelled and overthrew each other, but still hurried on, regardless of the fallen, who were commonly left to be trampled upon and crushed. There were some, indeed, stationed by the road side, who occasionally stepped forth to the relief of those unfortunate persons, but they only lifted them for a moment, and then let them fall again, and trampled them in their turn. I now perceived what I had not before noticed, that every one who travelled this road had a remarkable

stoop, occasioned by his frequent bending to fill his pockets with dust, which, so far as I could see, was of no use but to pollute him. Those who had proceeded farthest were bent almost double by the huge bags of dust which they bore upon their shoulders, and they seemed to covet it more eagerly as their ability to bear it diminished. Disgusted with what I had witnessed, I turned towards "THE PATH OF GLORY."

It was easy and pleasant at the outset, and though by no means as wide, was as crowded as the way to wealth. The travellers on this road set forward with rapid strides, and lofty bearing ; but as it became more and more uneven, and pitfalls occurred with more frequency, they gradually relinquished it, and threw themselves into the ravine of despair, or retraced their steps and commenced their journey anew. A deadly hatred of all his companions seemed to reign in the breast of each, while he rejoiced not more at his own progress, than at the lameness, difficulties, and defeats of his fellow. The care, necessary to guard himself from the pitfalls which beset the road, prevented any one from yielding assistance to another, though he nevertheless found means to hold out false lights, as lures to the inexperienced and incautious. Filled with abhorrence for a track which was thus strown with danger and desolation, my glance was attracted to "THE PATH OF PLEASURE."

A crowd was just entering it, with smiling faces and light steps, marching to the sound of sweetest music. They were hand in hand, and fervently swore, "come weal, come wo," they would never be disunited. I rejoiced to find a road free from the dust of wealth and the dangers of glory. It was lined on either side with silken booths, over which streamed and glittered the most gorgeous banners, ornamented with devices emblematical of the pleasures to be enjoyed within. "Here," said I,

"participation will heighten the gust of delight." — But I looked, and the band of friends had separated, still resolved to re-unite and march on in company. But the separation was final; for some were delayed in the booth they first entered, others were caught in the various springes with which, to my sorrow, I beheld the path of pleasure strown, and the remainder pursued alone their solitary way. The light of joy no longer illumined their countenances; their steps grew feeble and tottering, till worn out and despairing, they fell and expired in the midway of their course. I wept over the sad disruption of ties which I had hoped would be lasting, and, lamenting the painfulness of the path of pleasure, turned to "THE ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE."

Its commencement was peculiarly rugged and uninviting, and a single peep at it was sufficient for the multitude; while of those who entered it, the greater part proceeded but a very little way and then sat down disheartened. It was a continued ascent, evidently not much travelled, and in its highest parts wholly unexplored. The few, who were persevering enough to overcome the early difficulties of the way, went on with ever increasing ardor, but owing to the blindness of the true path, frequently strayed, and, for the most part, never recovered it. But what chiefly amused me, was the eagerness with which each one strove to leave his name behind him for the admiration of his successors. Some gathered flowers and arranged them in the form of the initials of their names, forgetful how frail were such memorials, and unconscious that a single hour would obliterate for ever all traces of the worker and his works. Others, to insure a longer remembrance, inscribed their names upon the bark of trees, but as they seldom pierced below the outer surface, a single year rendered them illegible. A few, a very few, inscribed theirs, with in-

finite labor, on the solid rock, and thus secured to themselves imperishable renown.

"THE PATH OF VIRTUE" next engaged my attention. A high rock called the rock of *self-confidence* barred the entrance, but when this was once overpast, a narrow path appeared, rough, indeed, but plain. There were here but few travellers, yet they held on their even course, singing as they advanced, and with an air of quiet satisfaction and serene hope, looked forward to the temple above, some glimpses of which they occasionally gained to cheer them on. As they proceeded, the path grew more distinct and easy, the distant temple seemed brighter, and when they at last entered it, it was with a lofty peal of triumph.

While I gazed with delight upon the scene before me, I heard a voice which whispered — "Look and consider well. Thou hast seen the ways of this world, and soon must thy choice be made. Thou hast seen their various terminations, and soon must one of them be thine. Strip then from thine eyes the misleading blindness which enwraps and obscures them, and in thy choice, may the spirit of WISDOM guide and confirm thee."

IMITATION OF A CELEBRATED MODERN POET.

I HAVE a pretty little son,
 That's scarcely twelve years old,
 In winter time he stays at home,
 To keep from catching cold.

In summer time I let him walk,
 Because it makes him stout,
 And sometimes I go with the lad,
 To draw his genius out.

And one time to the boy I said,
 While thus we walked — "My son,
 Should you like best some gingerbread,
 Or go to town London?"

He looked around most vacantly,
 As though he nothing heard,
 And he looks prettiest when he
 Doth never speak a word.

At length to him again I said,
 "Come tell me quick, my son,
 Which like you best, the gingerbread,
 Or our own town London?"

Full long he gazed upon my face,
 In one continued stare,
 Until, says I, "what ails thee, child,
 And pray dost see a bear?"

"Why, father, do you think there's bears
 So little way from home?"
 He took it all so innocent,
 Discerning little son!

"Come tell me quick, which like you best,
 The town or gingerbread?"
 "Father, I don't know which," says he,
 And hung his little head!

And then again, to him I spoke,
 "Which like you best?" I said.
 "Father," at last says he, "most best
 I like the gingerbread."

"And why the gingerbread, my son?"

He spoke, after a pause,

"Father, I don't know why — I think —
I like it best — because" —

"Because what? speak, and tell me now" —

He made another pause —

"Why, 'pa," says he, "I like it best,
Because I do — because" —

I seized the child within my arms,
And set him on my knees,
And I did hug the little man,
As hard as I could squeeze.

"And that's my little man," said I,
"And that's my little son,
You'll know as much as father soon,
If thus you but go on —

"And you shall go to college, dear —
And that you shall," says I,
"And I've no single doubt, when there,
With the brightest, you will vie!

"Who knows but 'pa some day may see —
Oh, better far than pelf —
His son, in arts renowned, nay, even
A poet like himself!

"Oh parents, sure ye are but dolts,
Your eyes must be stone blind!
Or they would take more notice of
The opening of the mind!

"How sweet to see a healthy child,
To see a mind unfold!
Far sweeter to see both at once,
In child scarce twelve years old!

“ Oh poetry ! 't is thou alone
 That hast this power divine —
 What worldly minds mere nonsense call —
 To make with meaning shine ! ”

A. L. Z.

THE CRUSADERS.

JUDGING of past events by the maxims and principles of the present age, there are many questions in history which we cannot answer, many problems we cannot solve, and many shades we cannot dispel. We cannot conceive how men of like passions with ourselves should act in so contrary a manner from what we conceive would be our own conduct in similar circumstances. From this, more than from any other cause, spring those wholesale denunciations, which are liberally dealt out upon all who may have differed from us in opinion or in action, and those so opposite opinions on many periods, characters, and events in history. There is probably no subject that has been more discussed than the Crusades. Coming, as they did, in an age nearly sunk in complete barbarism ; forming an epoch in the history of the times, and affording matter for much history, discussion, and contemplation, it is no wonder that they should have been seized as leading points, and placed as boundaries from which to date the commencement of many things which had been slowly forming, and which shone forth almost immediately after the relinquishment of the Holy

Land by the Christians of the west. On one side, Soldiers of the Cross are denounced as fanatics and desperadoes, unprincipled and savage; on the other, they are considered as the pink of chivalry, the honor of their age, and the models of all that is great and glorious. By some, all the advancement that mankind has made in modern centuries, has been attributed to them; by others, they are regarded as retarders of the progress of science, and the source of many evils which even now oppress us. By some their motives are questioned, and their sincerity is doubted, while others praise them as noble martyrs and disinterested heroes. That one crusade should have been undertaken, is no matter of astonishment, when we consider how often men can be excited, by religious enthusiasm, to undertake some vast and laborious work. But that in a succession of years and generations these should have been continued is indeed strange and almost unaccountable. Seven different expeditions, armies composed of an immense number of men successively poured into the Holy Land, and most were swallowed up in its sands, upon the field of battle, or were cut off by the numerous savage nations through which they were obliged to pass, or sunk in the devouring ocean.

These remarks have been suggested by the perusal of a piece, remarkable, considering the time in which it was written, for its form, and its rather free sentiments, and expressive of what are called *liberal* opinions. It was probably written about the year 1250, by Rutebeuf, when St. Louis, adopting the sign of the Cross, marched to the Holy Land. Under the pretence of favoring the cause the poet employs ridicule and argument against proceeding in such a dangerous and useless adventure. But Louis, resolved upon the expedition, marched at the head of an army into Egypt, and there, with his whole army,

fell into the power of the enemy, from whom he was ransomed at a vast expense. The piece is written in a form very common at the present day, but at that time it was entirely new.

“Riding on horseback, the other day, in a pensive mood, thinking of our poor Christians at Acre, oppressed by the enemy, and deserted by their European brothers in faith, I was so much occupied by the grievous thought, that I unconsciously wandered from the road. Having recovered from my revery, whilst I was seeking for some one who could put me on the right way, I saw two chevaliers proceed from a house at a little distance, who, seating themselves under a hedge, warmly engaged in conversation. One of them bore the sign of the Cross, and was exhorting his companion to follow his example. As the hedge separated us, I could listen without being seen.

The CRUSADER thus began : —

‘You know, my friend, that God has given you reason capable of discerning good and bad, and that he has promised the obedient a great and magnificent reward. He has now offered you an occasion to merit it. You know that the Holy Land, the realm of God, is at the mercy of the infidels. Shall we suffer this profanation ? Can we employ in any better manner, than for his glory, the life and means which he has put into our hands ?’

ANTI-CRUSADER.

‘I understand you. You wish that I should leave my wife, property, and children to the care of the dogs, and go to conquer a country, of which I shall retain no part for my trouble. But there is an old proverb, “a bird in the hand, &c.” which, in my humble opinion, contains a good deal of sense. This tells me that I had better

stay at home, and take care of what property I now possess.'

CRUSADER.

'You came into the world weak and naked, and behold, now you are strong, clothed, and filled. This is the gift of Providence. And do you forget that God returns a hundred fold what is lost in his cause? Do you not know that he does not bestow his paradise gratis—that the martyrs did not think that they merited it even by death?'

ANTI.

'Friend, those martyrs were fools. I see, every day, people who have toiled and bled to amass some wealth, whom the priests send to Rome or Asturia, and Heaven knows where else, to do Heaven knows what, who return without servants or purse. I think God can be served, and paradise be merited here as well as at Rome, without making such a steeple chase for it. And if I can stay at home now, and get to Heaven at last, I prefer it, to crossing the sea, and subjecting myself to be the servant of another.'

CRUSADER.

'You speak too lightly. You think then to "eat, drink, and be merry," and to merit Heaven at last, when martyrs give up their lives, and penitents renouncing all their worldly possessions shut themselves up in a monastery, without thinking that Heaven will be thus secured!'

ANTI.

'Friend, that is all very good, but why do you not go and preach to all the rich abbés, fat deans, and sleek

prelates, who have devoted themselves expressly to the service of God? What! shall they come and exhort us to defend him, when they enjoy all the good things of the world? Little does the plague or the tempest concern them, who do nothing but sleep, and receive their revenues. Faith! if this is the road to paradise, they would be fools to change it, for they cannot find an easier one.'

CRUSADER.

'Leave these priests and prelates, and think of our own good king, who, consigning to the hands of God his inheritance, his wife, and children, has gone to expose his life to save his soul. He makes a greater sacrifice than we, and yet he is not to be stopped.'

ANTI.

'My friend, I sleep in peace, do wrong to no one, love my neighbours, and by St. Peter, since this sort of life is better than being commanded about, and wandering among Pagans and Devils, I prefer to enjoy a little more of it. You who are going to lower the pride of the Soldan, do tell him that I don't care a fig for his projects and menaces. If he molests me in my own home, why then I shall know how to defend myself; but if he keeps to his own dominion, let him fear nothing from me. I shall not trouble him.'

CRUSADER.

'You speak only of life and the joys of life. But shall you live here always? Remember Death is on his march, and levels with the ground all "both great and small." If now he should threaten you, how would your conscience reproach you!'

ANTI.

'My worthy crusader, there are some things that amaze me. Many people, great and small, wise and honorable, go on that employment which you extol so much. No doubt they conduct themselves very well in the Holy Land, and have their souls sanctified. But I can't see how it happens, that when they return, they are rank rascals and robbers. As for the rest, why, if God is every where, he is in France, and besides, although I have no objection to crossing a stream, yet there is so much water between here and Acre, and it is so deep, that I fear, if I should once fall in, I should have to content myself with remaining there.'

CRUSADER.

'Again you talk only of living. Do you think that you will never die? Do you think you resemble the beast in your stable, who ends his existence on his straw? Ah! my friend, think of Hell, and remember that to save your soul you must be willing to give up your life, your wife, and your children.'

ANTI.

'Sir, I am convinced. I yield to your overwhelming eloquence, and I consecrate to Heaven my life and pleasures. I will take the Cross, like you, and merit Heaven. He who does nothing to enter there, cannot complain if he has to stop at the gate.' "

F.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE — *A Dramatic Romance*. By HENRY TAYLOR, Esq. Cambridge and Boston. James Munroe & Co., 1835.

WE present to the notice of our readers a work, in some respects the most remarkable that has attracted the public attention for many years. "Philip Van Artevelde" is remarkable, not merely as a poetical production of uncommon power, but from the poetical principles in which it had its origin, and from being, as we fondly hope, the precursor of a revolution in public taste.

It is accompanied by a preface; and like some of Wordsworth's, the preface is by no means the least important or least valuable portion of the book. In this, our author gives us his *theory of poetry*. He points out and comments upon the prevailing mistakes and deficiencies of the popular poets of our times; and explains the views which he has himself adopted, and which he has endeavoured to exemplify in his work.

Mr. Taylor professes to make no discovery; his opinions have nothing startling in them, or strikingly original. He has expressed, in a clear and impressive manner, sentiments which have been for some time entertained by the men of highest authority in literature, and which are gradually, but decidedly, beginning to be felt by the majority of the readers of poetry. It is in this very simplicity, this absence of all pretensions to be considered as a leader, or the founder of a new school, that his critical merit consists, and in which his influence is likely to be particularly beneficial. An attempt to restore a relish for the old classics of our language is the safest, if not the most attractive method of opposing errors in literary judgment. But of late years the mischief has been, that those writers who have felt most strongly the per-

version of the popular taste, have applied their correcting power in a wrong direction. They have rather attempted to renew, than to reform. They have each brought forward and maintained a system of his own, which, though perhaps fundamentally sound, has yet some peculiarities of questionable value, unsanctioned by the voice of authority, untried by the test of time, and, it may be, adapted only to the few of a cast of mind similar to their own. No doubt, to the poet, conscious of his power, there is something alluring in the idea of introducing a new style of poetical diction, a new standard of poetical desert. But the experiment is always hazardous; and has been attended in our day with an evil far greater than ordinarily results from mere ill success. Even Wordsworth, *the great* Wordsworth, as he is called by his admirers, with all the deep philosophy, the pure love of nature and truth, which mark his writings, and which, one would suppose, could hardly fail to establish his claim to be ranked with the first English poets, has never possessed any great share of public favor. And the reason is obvious;—he has interwoven with much that is excellent, sentiments and expressions, the offspring of his peculiar notions; which, doubtful to nearly all, are to the common reader absolutely repulsive. In so doing, he has not only deprived the community of the salutary influence which he might have exerted, but has even driven back the current of improvement. By a too strict adherence to his system, in seeking to be simple and natural, he is often puerile, and sometimes sinks to vulgarity. The great mass of readers, however, will only be satisfied with puerility, when decked with splendor of imagery and brilliancy of style. The awkward attendants, by whom truth was unfortunately accompanied, frightened them into embracing with new fondness their former errors; which,

though equally false and unsatisfying, had at least the merit of being, for the time, attractive.

Mr. Taylor has avoided an effect like this. The foundations of his criticisms may be found, in analyzing the productions of the writers whose works have acquired a permanent reputation in poetry. His chief aim is to show the distinction between poetry which is addressed to the understanding, which will bear the test of reason, and that which can only work upon the feelings or charm the fancy.

Of the latter, Lord Byron has undoubtedly produced the finest specimens; and, as being the acknowledged head of the writers of his class, it is upon his works that the strictures of our author are chiefly made. Lord Byron's poetry has every quality necessary to the establishment of a temporary ascendancy. In melodious versification, in sweetness, in energy of thought and expression, it stands unrivalled. In sublimity, not of thought, but of feeling and description, it has rarely been equalled. Perhaps no writer ever exercised such unlimited control over the literary taste of his time. But the noble structure, which dazzled the eye and dazzled the brain of all who beheld, had no solid or lasting foundation. The giant arm of the builder might indeed for a while uphold it, but of itself it had neither strength nor consistency. With the first rude breath that assails it, it must then totter and fall to the ground. In literature, Byron was no more a philosopher than in morals. While he lived, his popularity enabled him to set criticism at defiance. But good taste and sound judgment must triumph at last; the first glitter of enchantment must at length fade away, and those who have addressed only the "excitabilities" of mankind be reduced to the sober rule of reason as their judge. "Poetry," says Mr. Taylor, "of which sense is not the basis, though it may

be excellent of its kind, will not long be reputed to be poetry of the highest order. It may move the feelings and charm the fancy ; but failing to satisfy the understanding, it will not take permanent possession of the strong holds of fame." The Byronian poetry has produced its full impression ; and a reaction will of necessity follow. Its fascination departs, in a great degree, with its novelty ; and public opinion seems to be already indicating, that it is deficient in those qualities which alone are adequate to gain a firm hold upon the admiration of men of sense.

The value of this style of poetry may be estimated, in observing that by the weak-minded and uneducated it is relished in an equal or higher degree, than by those of matured and cultivated understandings. It has often been cast as a reproach upon American readers, that this was the only kind for which they have manifested a strong and decided taste. We fear there is much reason for the assertion. Lord Byron's poems are certainly more read among us, than those of any other contemporary author ; Shakspeare excepted, perhaps more than those of any author whatever. Whether our national taste be childish, or as yet hardly formed, he appears likely to maintain his high rank in public estimation here, much longer than the nearly equal consideration which he had obtained at home. It is under such an apprehension, that we rejoice at the so early republication in this country of " Philip Van Artevelde." No piece of criticism has lately appeared, so well suited to reform the public sentiment where it most needs correction. Would that every sickly sentimentalist, every admirer of the unsubstantial and visionary, all who prefer passion and fancy to truth, might read and profit thereby.

Mr. Taylor's strictures have one characteristic, which entitles them to additional weight in the estimation of an impartial examiner ; their great fairness and freedom

from exaggeration. He makes no effort to underrate the merits of Byron or his imitators. He allows them every quality which their most devoted partisans could claim, some, perhaps, which all would not leave undisputed. "They exhibited," to use his own words, "many of the most attractive graces and charms of poetry — its vital warmth not less than its external embellishments; and had not the admiration which they excited tended to produce an indifference to higher, graver, and more various endowments, no one would have said that it was, in any evil sense, excessive."

Such a course is a wise one; but it is one rarely adopted by censors, who destroy the impression which they might produce, in their over-anxiety to increase it. Perhaps one reason that criticisms on Lord Byron have been generally so little regarded, is the circumstance, that in them he has been as much depreciated, as he has been unduly extolled elsewhere. Reviewers, — among whom, not the least eminent, is a gentleman of high literary reputation in this country, — would deny him the possession, not only of every moral, but of almost every superior intellectual endowment. To deny the attribute of genius to a man whom the popular voice has placed at the head of the writers of his age, is, to say the least, a needless expenditure of labor; the only question can be, is he worthy to be enrolled on the catalogue of great minds, whose influence is to be felt in all ages, who have added something to "the permanent impressions, the recurring thoughts, the pregnant recollections," which go to make up the intellectual wealth of succeeding times.

Leaving now the preface, we come to make a few remarks upon the work itself. "Philip Van Artevelde" is a drama, consisting of two parts and an interlude. As it is not intended for representation, to which its great

length, in addition to some other peculiarities, render it evidently unsuitable, any comments upon its fitness for such a purpose would be superfluous. It is properly, as the author tells us, "An Historical Romance, cast in a dramatic and rythmical form." This form, however, seems adopted for convenience merely. There is no effort made to preserve the incidental features of a dramatic work; no image is condensed, no reflection suppressed, for the sake of giving point or liveliness to the dialogue. There appears, indeed, a marked carelessness of resting the merit of the piece on any thing but the essential properties of poetical excellence.

The style is severely simple; not entirely rejecting ornament, but showing no signs of labor in seeking it. Mr. Taylor excels in the introduction of imagery; not in the splendid and overpowering profusion with which we see it poured forth by some modern writers,—but selected with discrimination, impressive, and always distinct.

The following specimen has uncommon beauty:—

"Oh! what a fiery heart was his! such souls,
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages."

The language of the work is pure, plain, strong English; displaying occasionally, however, a little affectation of the antiquated. Whether it be a fault or an excellence, there is, if we mistake not, a lurking imitation of Shakespeare discernible throughout, which leads sometimes to the use of expressions hardly tolerable at the present day. This remark applies not only to single words or phrases, but also to some scenes and passages of considerable length. The speech of Van den Bosch, exhorting the citizens to choose Artevelde for their chief, brings to

mind the artful persuasions of Buckingham, with a similar intent, in Richard III. There are here and there coarse and even vulgar expressions, for introducing which, we can see no good reason, unless it be to preserve a stronger likeness to the model by copying its very defects. The author's own taste could not certainly have led him to introduce such lines as these: —

“ARTEVELDE.

Well, worthy Sir,
Hast ought to say, or hast not got thy priming,
That thus thou gaspest like a droughty pump?

VAN DEN BOSCH.

Nay, 't is black bile that chokes him, come, up with it!
Be 't but a gallon it shall ease thy stomach.”

Yet there are many disused, but strongly idiomatic phrases, which he is thus led to revive, and which give an air of classic strength and dignity to the poem, that would atone for blemishes of greater magnitude.

The descriptive passages are few, but their infrequency appears rather the consequence of disinclination, than a want of power. We meet with little sketches scattered like gems through his pages, which show abundant capacity of discerning and picturing the beautiful.

The great excellence of Mr. Taylor, however, consists in the powerful conception and delineation of character. He is not of the class of authors who *tell* us that their heroes are great. Van Artevelde, in obscurity or power, surrounded by dangers and difficulties, or in the hour of success and triumph, displays the same calm self-balance of the mind, the same steadfast and unconquerable energy —

“The man

Who knew himself and knew the ways before him,
And from amongst them chose considerately,
With a clear foresight, not a blindfold courage;
And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
Pursued his purposes.”

The gradual unfolding and developement of his character from the opening to the close of the play, is the strongest *dramatic* feature of the work, and is conducted with matchless skill. The light-hearted yet passionate Clara, resembling Shakspeare's Beatrice, forms a fine contrast to the gentle, the highminded and romantic Adriana. The sad and affecting story of Elena is in keeping, too, with the falling fortunes and blighted affections of the hero.

An observing reader would be charmed with the profound reflections upon characters and events from time to time introduced ; carrying in them a truth and novelty, more often found in the professed philosopher than in the poet. As a specimen we give the following, the first that meets our eye : —

“ Compute the chances,
And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times
Who wins the race of glory, but than him
A thousand men more gloriously endowed
Have fallen upon their course ; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them ; to whom add
A smaller tally, of the singular few,
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.”

We cannot better conclude these imperfect remarks, than in the language of an eminent critic, who, in speaking of the progress of English literature, says, — “ It seems indeed to have approached a crisis, when some considerable change for the better or the worse may be anticipated ; when literature in England will return to the love of nature and simplicity, or degenerate into bombast and frivolity.” The success of such a work as “ Philip Van Artevelde ” will go a great way in deciding the question.

R.

HARVARDIANA.

No. VIII.

THE LIFE OF THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, LL. B., by his Son, the Rev. GEORGE CRABBE, A. M. Cambridge and Boston. James Munroe & Co. 1834. 12mo. pp. 311.

WITH superior intellectual endowments and with the loftiest aspirations, to be kept down to the ordinary drudgery of manual labor, to be cast off by friends, reviled by foes, forced to dance attendance upon the great, compelled to write when the spirit is weary, and that for very bread, is too often the fate of genius. Poverty is its nursing mother, hunger and nakedness its stimulants to action, debts, duns, and bailiffs the spirits it raises, and the cell of a prison not unfrequently the only public office it sustains. These are but the outward evils of its lot. Who can tell the secret sufferings it endures — the self-distrust, the disappointment which mingles with its noblest efforts, the mortifying suspense of awaiting the judgment of some tasteless bookseller, the dread of the censure of the discerning, the inward contempt of those very persons to whom it is compelled

to pay its court? — Hunger and want are comparatively insignificant evils — a half-crown may remove these, but those are the almost inseparable attendants on the man of genius.

From this severe ordeal it was not Crabbe's fortune to be exempted. Born in the humblest rank of life, his means of knowledge were necessarily circumscribed, and even these he was not permitted to enjoy in peace. Deficient in manual dexterity, his father used frequently to remark of him, "that boy must be a *fool*. Bob and John and Will are all of some use about a boat; but what will that *thing* ever be good for?" His friends, too, incapable of appreciating his character, and struck with the singularity of his bookish taste, would sneeringly suggest the inutility of what they were pleased to term "*his d—d learning*." This treatment to a lad of susceptible feelings could not but be in the highest degree discouraging.

After having devoted some time to the study of medicine, and more to that of poetry, he at length established himself at Aldborough, his native village, as a physician. Whether from imperfect education, want of patronage, or a certain repulsiveness of manner, or from all of these combined, certain it is that his professional success was not proportioned to his wishes: he accordingly, after mature deliberation, determined to renounce it, and procuring the loan of *five pounds*, embarked for London as a literary adventurer. Here he gave himself to composition, but, unknown and unfriended, found it impossible to prevail on the booksellers to allow him enough for his productions to afford him a subsistence. In his journal of this period, he says, "I have parted with my money, sold my wardrobe, pawned my watch, am in debt to my landlord, and, finally, at some loss how to eat a week longer." In this miserable state of his finances he ad-

dressed supplicating letters to Lord North, Lord Shelburne, and Lord Chancellor Thurlow; but these *great* men either forgot him in the pressure of public affairs, or were too frequently teased by such applications to trouble themselves to ascertain the particular merit of each individual applicant. His condition at this time was deplorably wretched, nor could he see in the dark future any glimpses of a brighter day. But hope still lent its taper ray to cheer his despondency, and cold as was the world without, the spirit of devotion was warm and glowing within.

Thus circumstanced, he had recourse, as a last resort, to Burke, whom, after a brief sketch of his past life, he addresses in the following terms: "About ten days since, I was compelled to give a note for seven pounds, to avoid an arrest for about double that sum which I owe. I wrote to every friend I had, but my friends are poor likewise; the time of payment approached and I ventured to represent my case to Lord Rochford. I begged to be credited for that sum till I received it of my subscribers, which I believe will be within one month; but to this letter I had no reply, and I have probably offended by my importunity. Having used every honest means in vain, I yesterday confessed my inability, and obtained, with much entreaty, and as the greatest favor, a week's forbearance, when I am positively told, that I must pay the money, or prepare for a prison." — "Can you, Sir, in any degree, aid me with propriety? — Will you ask any demonstrations of my veracity? I have imposed upon myself, but I have been guilty of no other imposition. Let me, if possible, interest your compassion." — "I will call upon you, Sir, to-morrow, and, if I have not the happiness to obtain credit with you, I must submit to my fate." Who, that knows the enlarged mind, the feeling heart, and noble character of Burke, can doubt of the

success of an appeal like this? — It was entire; and Crabbe may henceforth be considered "a made man."

He was introduced by Burke to that distinguished circle of which he himself was at once the pride and ornament. His poems were examined with a discerning but lenient judgment, and "The Library" was selected for the press. It was received with considerable favor, though he did not at that time think proper to make a second appeal to the public taste. Satisfied, as it would seem, with his experience of the literary life, he concluded to seek some less precarious occupation, and through the influence of Mr. Burke, was admitted to deacon's orders and accepted a curacy under the Rev. Mr. Bennet, rector of Aldborough, the place of his nativity. Here he had remained but for a few months before he received an offer from the Duke of Rutland to become his domestic chaplain, which he accepted with gratitude, and removed to Belvoir Castle, where in 1783 he published his second poem, "The Village." Its success was far beyond that of "The Library;" but though it gained him the applause of the leading publications and many eminent critics, he did not suffer himself to be unduly elated, or to assume airs of importance. Although treated with the greatest respect by the Rutland family, his residence at Belvoir Castle seems to have been not agreeable, from the sense of dependence which constantly haunted him, marking that innate reluctance of constraint which essentially belongs to the man of true independence.

He accordingly took the curacy of Stathern, where he remained for four years, publishing nothing but the "Newspaper," and then removed to the rectory of Muston. But it would be in vain to follow him through all his successive residences at Parham, Glemham, Rendham, and Trowbridge, where he enjoyed different degrees of comfort and popularity with equal calmness, and main-

tained an unbroken attachment to the same principles and pursuits. During all this long period, from his thirty-first to his fifty-third year, nothing from his pen was given to the public. But his time was incessantly occupied in his parochial duties, his botanical and mineralogical studies, for which he ever retained a strong attachment, and in composition. "Numberless were the manuscripts which he completed," says his son, "and not a few of them were never destined to see the light. I can well remember more than one grand incrimination, not in the chimney, for the bulk of paper to be consumed would have endangered the house,—but in the open air,—and with what glee his children vied in assisting him, stirring up the fire, and bringing him fresh loads of the fuel, as fast as their little legs would enable them." Among these, was a Botanical Essay in English, which was condemned to the flames principally at the instigation of a learned professor, who thought the language unworthy of the science. At a subsequent period, three Novels, the work of his winter evenings, suffered martyrdom in a similar manner at the suggestion of Mrs. Crabbe.

After nearly a quarter of a century passed in industrious oblivion, he sent forth into the world "The Parish Register," which was followed at no great distance of time by "The Borough" and the "Tales in Verse." His friends hailed with joy the re-awakening of his muse, and he had the happiness to see his labors approved and admired by some of the most eminent men of the day, among whom, not the least distinguished, was Sir Walter Scott. These publications gained him great notoriety, the consequence of which was an invitation to London, where he spent much time in the company of Rogers, Campbell, Moore, Canning, Kemble, and not a few of the nobility. Here he passed his hours gaily, but at no

moment was he turned aside from the purity of heart and decorum of manners belonging to his office.

Soon after his return to Trowbridge, he thus playfully alludes to his London visit and his easy circumstances in a letter to Mrs. Leadbeater. — "Child of simplicity and virtue, how can you let yourself be so deceived? Am I not a great fat rector, living upon a mighty income, while my poor curate starves with six hungry children, upon the scraps that fall from the luxurious table? — Do I not visit that horrible London, and enter into its abominable dissipations? Am I not this day going to dine on venison and drink claret?"

His next publication, the "Tales of the Hall," appeared in 1819, and added to a fame already well established. For the copy-right of these Tales and his preceding poems, he received from Mr. Murray the handsome sum of £3000. Though, previous to this, he could not be considered in want, yet it was an agreeable accession to his fortune, and removed whatever anxiety he might have felt with regard to a support in the winter of his days. From the period of his last publication to his death, his time was divided between his parish, his fossils, his books, his pen, and his friends. Quiet and easy his days passed away amid scenes of seclusion, blameless pursuits, and acts of beneficence, till at the patriarchal age of seventy-eight he was "gathered to his grave in peace."

Having thus cursorily glanced at the principal incidents in the life of Crabbe, let us now contemplate the characteristics of his mind. From the first, we notice, as a leading trait, his passion for poetry. Looking upon the world with a poet's eye, his delight was in the contemplation of the harsher features of nature, the darker elements of the human soul, and in the wild dreams of his own fancy. To him "no rock was barren and no

wild was waste." To enjoy the solitude of his own thoughts, we see him eagerly withdrawing from the severe labors of the warehouse, neglecting the study and the practice of his profession, and finally renouncing it, and with it some of his best friends for the uncertain rewards of a literary life. In taking this step, his predominating impulse does not seem to have been a desire for literary distinction or emolument, though these, doubtless, in some degree, entered into the account. His mind seemed to be, so to speak, overcharged with poetical thoughts and feelings, which would give him no rest till they had found vent in expression. Incapable of interesting himself in other pursuits, he staked his only hopes of subsistence upon this—and though unsatisfied with his own creations, was compelled by lack of bread to appear before the public. And this was the case through his whole life—he wrote from the fulness of his mind, and published from the emptiness of his purse. Dread of starvation gave to the world "The Library" and "The Village;" and the necessity of maintaining his sons at the University, brought to the light, at a later date, "The Parish Register," "The Borough," and the "Tales of the Hall."

His mind was essentially self-balanced. In the gloomiest periods of his early career, as well as in the brilliant successes which attended his later efforts, amid the perplexity of professional duties, as well as the severe pressure of domestic calamity, he preserved the same unalterable equanimity. Not that he was apathetic—on the contrary, there is reason to believe that his emotions were peculiarly poignant; but he had learned to draw his happiness from sources latent, perhaps, but perennial. In simplicity he was a very child, preferring to be cheated rather than to complain—choosing the society of women and children rather than of men, because their virtues

are kinder and their failings more venial. For the beautiful in nature and art he had little sympathy, though in these days to confess such a deficiency, would, perhaps, wholly cancel one's claim to poetical ability. He acknowledged himself, that "he preferred walking in the street and observing the faces of the passers-by, to the finest natural scene."

Living always within his income, he was enabled to minister liberally to the wants of his poor or improvident neighbours, and he did it with a generosity which, unchilled by the frosts of age, grew more and more expansive as its time for exertion grew shorter. Not always scrupulous as to the objects of it, he seemed to consider distress a claim not to be set aside. To the wretched, therefore, he was never wanting.

"Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began."

As a preacher he was modest, persuasive, laborious, and independent, — careful rather to reform the morals of his people than their creed. The character of the "Country Clergyman" in the *Deserted Village* might be fitly applied to him. Though exposed to much opposition from ignorance and perverseness, he maintained a firmness equalled only by his serenity.

"Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

AN ELEGY.

I.

With sable pomp and funeral state,
 Meet emblems of their worth,
 We yield the honored and the great
 In trust to mother earth.
 And many a tuneful bard is found,
 With melancholic lays
 And solemn dirges, to resound
 The notes of fulsome praise.

II.

But few the heartfelt strains of woe,
 And few the tears e'er shed,
 Where sleep the humble and the low
 Among the nameless dead.
 Yet, Muse, let worth thy breathings claim,
 And give thy tribute just,
 To celebrate an ancient dame
 Now mingling with the dust.

III.

Unknown, nor heeding fortune's smile,
 She passed her tranquil days,
 Yet noiselessly contrived the while
 No little dust to raise.
 Unskilled in aught of ancient lore
 Or spells of Delphi's maids,
 For forty weary years or more
 She trod these classic shades.

IV.

And ever as the morning bell
 From dreamy sleep to stir,
 Would echo over grave and dell,
 It duly summoned her,

Equipped with little pail and broom
 To cross the college yard,
 And set in order meet the room
 Of idler, dig on hard.

V.

And ever as upon their beds,
 Old Harvard's sons reposed,
 Seeking relief from aching heads
 With eyelids gently closed,
 A grateful recollection stole,
 Athwart each throbbing crown,
 Of Goody Morse, old honest soul !
 Who smoothed their pillows down.

VI.

Though now and then our papers lost,
 Or sadly disarranged,
 Or books in wild confusion tost,
 These kindly feelings changed.
 So that we cried in transient wrath,
 Of all the ills accurst,
 Which venture to beset our path,
 The Goody is the worst.

VII.

But ended now her toils and cares,
 In death's unbroken sleep,
 While dust is gathered on the stairs
 Which she was wont to sweep ;
 While many a spider seeks the nook
 In every cloistered room,
 Which he in by gone days forsook,
 In terror of her broom.

VIII.

Yes! she who many a bed hath made
 In years for ever past,
 With decent rites at length is laid
 To sleep upon her last.
 And since her labors slumber blest
 To Harvard's children gave,
 So may she find untroubled rest
 In yonder quiet grave.

IX.

Yet when mid other scenes and skies
 A retrospective thought,
 Or pensive moments shall arise
 With fond remembrance fraught,
 Of all the joys of days gone by,
 Our varied college course,
 With something 'twixt a smile and sigh,
 We'll think on Goody Morse.

W.

 EPIC POETRY.

EPIC Poetry is universally considered to be at the head of that long list of fanciful creations, which the magic wand of the Muse has summoned forth from the unknown regions of imagination. It towers, "toto vertice," above all its brotherhood of song; nay, there is that in it, which reveals through a seemingly human form, even to the careless observer, the all-pervading and majestic spirit of the god.

“Θαμβηθεν δ’ Ἀχιλεὺς, ————— αὐτίκα δ’ ἐγνώ
Πάλλαδ’ Ἀθηναίην.

We are pleased with the epigrammatic wit of Pope, — we laugh over the poignant satire of Swift, — we are thrilled by Byron’s soul-stirring and passionate appeals; the power of the novelist now delights us with the gay pictures of his fancy, or hurries us away by a succession of striking and terrible scenes; — but it is only upon reading an epic, that our admiration of human ability is carried to the utmost; that we despise the sickly nonsense of the world, and are rendered sublimely serious.

These remarks have been suggested by a work of genius, which, though tolerably familiar to most readers, has not, we think, received adequate attention and applause. This is owing to its not having been duly reflected upon. How often, in reading Shakspeare, do we pass heedlessly over passages, that, upon a subsequent perusal, are discovered to be full of beauty and power? A similar oversight, we imagine to have been committed, with regard to the poem now under consideration. It deserves the highest admiration, — for it possesses the three grand characteristics of epic poetry, simplicity, pathos, and sublimity; and the writer of it is not guilty of the mistake, that most poets have fallen into, of invoking the Muse before entering upon his task. This practice we conceive to be fundamentally wrong; for if the poet be thinking of the Muse, it is evident he cannot be intent upon the subject, and if he is absorbed in the subject, the Muse’s assistance is unnecessary. Dr. Franklin’s scheme of saying grace over the whole barrel, would answer admirably well in poetry; and he would deserve the thanks of mankind, who should compose entreaties to the capricious goddess, that would be applicable to the whole range of poesy. We are always reminded, when we read a loud sounding invocation, of the line —

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep," —

and it generally happens that the question, "But will they come when thou dost call?" cannot be answered in a manner very agreeable to the writer's self-satisfaction. He who **has** not the inspiration, will always be vociferating for it; whereas he that feels the flame burning within, no more thinks of petitioning the god "to touch his lips with fire," than the priest continues calling down from heaven the flame that has already consumed his sacrifice.

The author of the poem to be examined commits none of these blunders, but enters at once upon his subject, with the utmost simplicity and dignity.

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe."

There, reader, what a perfect picture is presented to us in the very first line, — what lifeness, especially in the latter part of it. Virgil employs half a dozen lines to describe so simple an instrument as a plough, and after all, without giving any one a clear idea of it; but our poet, whose name, alas! is lost in the dark vistas of antiquity, has set before us his heroine, and mentioned her age and abode, all in one line. An attempt is not made to enlist our feelings, by styling her a *good* "old woman," (pius *Æneas*) but she is merely called what she is, an "old woman." This is of more importance than it may at first sight appear to be. Virgil's hero, having ruined a lovely and devoted woman, basely abandoned her to black despair; and yet, during the whole of this infamous conduct, the epithet, "pius" is continually given him. Our author, with far more judgment, bestows upon his heroine no appellation of merit or demerit, but leaves her virtues to be exhibited by her practice.

"She lived in a shoe."

Beautiful and concise. But how is it possible she should

be willing to live in a shoe? One reason may be that such was her humor.

“Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
Coluisse.”

She might also believe, that she should be able, come what would, to keep this as her *sole* support. Besides, as shoes were then made, her family could never be reduced to *short quarters*; neither could they, if the picture that illustrates the poem be correct, ever be *down at the heel*. Having mentioned the picture, we must be permitted to bestow a few encomiums upon the artist, for the talent he has shown in its conception and execution. “No other modern,” according to the opinion of the best judges, “has imbibed more thoroughly the spirit of grace and beauty which belongs preëminently to ancient art.” The old woman is represented as sitting on the edge of the shoe, with a basin of broth in her hand, whose savory steam now hides and now reveals her face,

“Like light and shade upon a waving field.”

Around her press the infant throng, with all the pleasing eagerness of hungry children; while, at a short distance, a royal little chap is coasting down the vamp of the shoe, with a wave of his hand, and a hurra, that you can almost hear ringing in your ears. How natural! how characteristic!! We cannot help noticing the superiority of this embellishment to certain “Illustrations of Homer” by one Mr. Flaxman. To convince yourself of it, gentle reader, just cast your eye on a design upon a similar subject to that we have been considering, viz. — “Hebe acting as cup-bearer to the gods.” You would expect in it some effort after the sublime; but, alas! Jupiter is represented as turning up his nose at a cup of nectar, while the eagle at his feet, and the lions on each

side of him, as well as the gods and goddesses, all look most delightfully fuddled. We do not wish to depreciate these drawings, as a whole; some of them breathe the pure, classical spirit, and we willingly acknowledge, that it might be well for every admirer of the ideal to prepare himself to appreciate the beauties of "The old woman and her shoe," by first studying "Flaxman's Illustrations."

"She had so many children she did n't know what to do."

Here her situation and all its consequences are brought plainly before us. She was an old woman; peradventure a widow, but not a widow with only one son. Alas! her fate was more calamitous! She had children in abundance. Mark the pathetic finale of the line, — "she did n't know what to do." O touching and emphatical expression! Wherever there is a heart to feel, or an ear to hear, or children to squall, thy perfect truth shall be realized, and by uttering thee, shall the o'erfraught souls "of future old women give sorrow words."

Our heroine, having now, gentle reader, been plunged according to rule into woes unutterable, shows herself superior to her situation, and by dint of almost superhuman exertion, extricates herself from all her difficulties. We are told, that, in order to subdue the refractory spirit of her offspring,

"She gave them some broth without any bread."

This woman, more sternly maternal than any Spartan dame, had the high moral courage to deprive her children even of the coarse bread that ancient severity could not refuse them.

But without dwelling on the *merits* of the line, let us be permitted to notice a controversy that has been carried on with considerable heat, as to its *meaning*. On one side, the acute and erudite Polish critic Thrixschizo,

(some wags call him, hair-splitter,) upholds the general reading, and maintains that the adjective "*some*" seasons broth, showing that the old woman gave them *all* — "*some broth*." On the other side, the unfathomable and incomprehensible Phoolkant, a renowned German *savant*, avers, that this same obstinate word, "*some*," qualifies "*them*." "By putting a comma after '*some*,'" he remarks in a folio treatise on the subject, that has been presented to the Cambridge Library, by the learned Pundit, Slunkit Rorum, "the idea will be correctly conveyed, as follows : " —

"She gave them some, (i. e. some of them,) broth without any bread."

He very ably fortifies this reading by referring to the next line.

"She whipped them all, — soundly, and sent them to bed,"

in which the word "*all*," though placed after "*them*," evidently qualifies it. "In like manner," says this critic, "'*some*,' in the preceding line, qualifies the word '*them*,' before it."

We will not detain our readers longer upon this interesting dispute. It has been our object merely to state the arguments on both sides, without expressing any opinion as to the altercated point. It only remains for us to invite the reader's attention to the last line.

"She whipped them all soundly, and sent them to bed."

Here the interest is wound up to the highest pitch. The action, it must be observed, has been progressive throughout the poem. First, we were informed of the lamentable number of children that tormented the old lady ; next, of the primary punishment inflicted upon them, and now, to cap the climax, they are all whipped soundly, and sent to bed. This scene, for terrific force and sublimity, is

worthy to be compared to that in which Medea puts her children to death. We see the whip; we hear the sound of the lash; the shrieks of the agonized innocents pierce our ears. All is too painfully exciting; deplorable consequences might ensue, were it not that the author, aware that nature might sink under the intensity of our feelings, hastened to relieve us by informing us, with all the touching simplicity and grace of a Wordsworth, that ———— “*she sent them off to bed.*”

THE CHASE OF KONNO.

So softly bright the sun's last ray
 Was gleaming on Dacotah's * height,
 It seemed that sweeter smiled the day
 To usher in the gentler night,
 When out beneath the pleasant sky
 They led a Pawnee maid to die,
 Whose drooping form and pallid cheek,
 The heart's exhaustion seemed to speak.

Not hers the pride, the fierce disdain,
 That laughs at torture, sports with pain;
 Not hers the red man's highest vaunt,
 To answer blow with bitter taunt,
 And mocking torture—agony,—
 Unyielding, sink—deriding die.
 But she, a chieftain's only child,
 And used to accents fond and mild,

* A hill from which the Sioux received their Indian appellation.

Nurtured with gentlest tenderness,
 By one, whose hand, though red with slaughter,
 Washed off the blood-stain to caress,
 With deepest love, his lovely daughter.
 She could not play the savage part,
 And mock the bolt that tore her heart ;
 Her captors marked with shout and jeer
 The unwonted signs of shrinking fear,
 And almost scorned to snatch the breath
 From the poor wretch who dreaded death.

While some among the ruthless throng,
 The captive bound with cord and thong,
 Some gazed with cautious meaning look,
 To where, beneath an aged oak,
 Within the shadow of the wood,
 Konno, the young and fearless stood ;
 One arm upon his steed he leant,
 His right hand held a bow unbent,
 All statue-like and motionless,
 Only his eyes' dark gleams confess —
 And the slow heaving of his chest —
 The fire of life that scorched his breast,
 While on the drooping captive near,
 He gazed with look of troubled fear.

But sudden in his heart there gushed
 A hope — a thrill — warm, bright, and new, —
 Glittered his eye — his dark brow flushed —
 And short and quick his breath he drew ;
 As when the statue formed of old,
 Of senseless clay, in manly mould,
 Touched by the wand Promethean — rife
 With fire celestial, — burst to life.

When first the torches fired the train,
 Firmly he grasped his horse's mane, —

When wide and high the flames were flung,
 Light to his courser's back he sprung ; —
 Then to her shriek of agony,
 Responsive pealed his battle-cry,
 And like a bison, hunted hot,
 Right onward to the pile he shot,
 Cleared the red circle at a bound,
 And stood within the fiery round ;
 Then, in the mid-way of his course,
 Back to his haunches checked his horse ;
 High in the air his war-knife quivered,
 The blade descends — the bonds are severed ;
 He raised the fainting girl, — then turned, —
 His courser's hoof the fire-brands spurned ;
 The boldest, fearful, backward drew,
 When Konno and his prize dashed through ;
 So fierce his joy, so fell his mood,
 Had in the way his father stood,
 He would have spilt his sacred blood.

On to the prairie, free and fleet,
 As mountain torrent or driven sleet,
 Fast they fly as the winter wind,
 For hot and hard is the chase behind ;
 Over the sea-like plain they flew,
 The darkling forest they threaded through,
 They turned not at Missouri's shore —
 Stout o'er the stream the good steed bore ;
 So fleet of foot and strong of breath,
 No courser swept the western heath ;
 From set of sun to break of day,
 Tireless, that steed pressed on his way,
 Nor flagged, till at the Pawnee hold,
 He left unhurt his rider bold,
 While the vain followers of the track
 Turned, worn and spent and baffled, back.

ELAH.

THE ANCIENT LITERATURE OF FRANCE—THE
TROUVEURS.

THE copies of all works, previous to the discovery of printing, have been necessarily so few, that they have mostly perished either by carelessness, ignorance or design. Hence the early literature of every nation has been enveloped in obscurity ; and few works only have come down to us, and of those few, most are mutilated, curtailed, and effaced. Such has been the case with the early French literature, which for many years was wholly unknown and undisturbed. While the literature of the provinces south of the Loire, has been celebrated in every nation, that of the north has been wholly neglected, its mines have been unwrought, and its treasures unexplored. The Troubadours have borne away the palm, and have been sung almost in every language, while the Trouveurs, who flourished about the same period, and who perhaps are deserving of more praise and of greater attention, have been passed over and left to slumber in their dusty chambers, pillowed on the parchment with which they were originally clothed, and to which they were at first committed. The character of the Troubadours, themselves, was such as to give them more renown, and their writings of such a species, as to invest them with a greater interest, and throw around them a more powerful charm. The poets were themselves principally kings and knights, who, in addition to their heroic and chivalric exploits, were proud to add to their other titles that of Troubadour. The history and romantic adventures of the Troubadours are known better than the pieces which they composed, while we know the Trouveurs only by their works. The names of the authors themselves are seldom written, or if they are, all else is

involved in darkness and oblivion. Theirs was not a life to interest us of the present day, but rolled on calmly and as, perhaps, was then considered, ingloriously. They related their fables, tales, songs, and adventures in the castles of the great, and often in public places, since there was little other amusement either for the noble or the vassal. True, there were some noble authors, but these sang only of their love or their achievements, and possessed not the fiery ardor and the brilliant imagination of their more southern neighbours.

The influence which the Trouveurs have exerted through their writings has been much greater than that of the Troubadours. It is said indeed of the latter, that the spirit which they aroused tended to dissipate the mists which hung over the world of imagination and intellect, that they refined the taste and purified the sentiments of men. But we cannot calculate upon any such general influence as this, we cannot decide how far or how powerfully it was exerted. The Trouveurs, however, are found in almost every existing department of literature, and following them up, we can trace distinctly all the steps of their progress and define the extent, degree, and sort of influence which they had upon following ages. They made the first rude impressions and inscriptions upon the marble, which succeeding generations have successively deepened, improved, and adorned. As yet a few forms only of the literature of the Troubadours have been discovered, while the Trouveurs have left models, some of them indeed very rudely carved, in almost every kind of literature, and every species of composition. Since they wrote, the language has become so changed in many of its forms, so many words have been dropped, and so many others added, that they cannot be read without study and great labor, unless dressed out in modern style, having thrown off their antiquated garb.

Had some distinguished geniuses risen among them, as Dante and Boccaccio among the Italians, and like them placed, as it were, a seal upon the language, and raised a barrier against farther innovation and alteration, after having by their own magic imparted to it certain qualities which nothing but genius can bestow upon a tongue, far different would have been the fate and condition of these, the first romancers, poets, and dramatists of modern times. But there is no one among the multitude who stands preëminent, and the multitude itself is far from attracting a great share of our admiration for its talents and powers. It is only when we consider the productions of the Trouveurs as being mostly written when the rest of Europe was in barbarism, and as the only fertile spots amidst a vast desert which surrounded them, that we feel our wonder excited, and our curiosity raised. But though the intrinsic merit of most of the writings of the Trouveurs is very little, they are worthy the perusal of an inquisitive mind, anxious to investigate the manners, explore the customs, modes of thinking and living in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. We have little or no history of these periods which gives us any insight into the domestic habits and social life of the middle ages. We have scarcely any other witnesses of the actors of those days but the Fabliaux, Chansons, and Romances which the Trouveurs have left us. From these we may gather much that will satisfy our curiosity with regard to these particulars; from these we are enabled in a great measure to form some opinion of the spirit and advancement of the times; from these we may become acquainted with the employments, virtue, and condition of the people.

Leaving out of consideration the romances of chivalry, the rest of the literature of the Trouveurs bears a strong resemblance to the magazine literature of the present

day. It resembles this, in general, though there are many circumstances in the times which tend to modify in a great measure the characteristic similarity. The field of the Trouveurs was comparatively narrow and circumscribed. They depended entirely upon their own invention, and drew all their wealth from store-houses immediately about them. They had not the whole world to range over, and the depositories of ancient and modern learning to ransack; what little assistance they did receive was first derived from the Arabians and somewhat from the literature of Provence. They received from these their first impulse, and afterwards tottered upon their way, aided by no foreign support.

Having thus spoken of the general features of the literature, let us view it more nearly, and see what are the particular forms which distinguish it, what kinds of composition are used, and what are the merits and defects by which it is characterized. Here we meet with the first romances of chivalry with all their bright and gorgeous embellishments, their wonderful adventures, and their glorious achievements. Here we first are made acquainted with the enchantments of Merlin, and are introduced to a satisfactory number of giants, castles, and bewitching maidens. These can, however, please but once, and after the first curiosity and wonder has subsided, we are willing to return to the real world about us, and leave in peace the prodigies of the imagination; for the uniformity of fiction is far more tiring and wearisome than the uniformity of nature. And here, through all the romances, the same pictures meet our eye, though somewhat varied in coloring, and differing in dimensions. There is everywhere the same outline, so that we might be led to believe, that the imagination of man was confined within a certain space, and compelled to assume a prescribed form. It might be supposed that the old romancers believed that

the Proteus would slide from their grasp, if he were allowed to change into any other figure or take upon himself any other image.

We have among the writings of the Trouveurs, models of plays, perhaps superior to those which came for a century or two afterwards. They are not so extravagant or ridiculous, and display more taste, talent, and refinement. Satires, mysteries, and moralities were the only productions which bore the form of the drama for many years after, but here we find what appear to have been dramas of a different sort. One of these is a pastoral drama, written with extreme simplicity, and what is remarkable for those times, with delicacy, being entirely destitute of gross, sensual, and indelicate expressions.

But the most important part of the literature of the Trouveurs, is that which is comprehended under the name of Fabliaux, corresponding to "Original Tales" of the present day. These are of a very diversified character, and are the most interesting of the productions of those times. Some are written with much grace and skill, but they are in general devoid of incident. Hence no great pleasure or instruction can be derived from them. Being written in verse, a great part of their beauty consists, undoubtedly, in turns of expression and nice shades of language, which it is vain to expect from a translation. He who reads them, therefore, cannot but be disappointed, if he expects to be absorbed in some harrowing description, or convulsed with laughter from some comic scene. We can only behold now the rude frame-work of the building, deprived of all decoration and embellishment. But how would many of those versified romances and tales in our own language, which we delight now to read and remember, — how would they appear if stripped of their

gay decorations, and brought out in their original nakedness. We should become weary after the first perusal, and all impression of them would vanish from our minds.

Love stories form the greater portion of the *Fabliaux*. Many of them are mere narrations of intrigues, and such as only that age could endure. Many are openly indelicate and gross, using no such concealments and inuendoes as are practised at the present day. Yet these were the delight of all classes, were sung in the halls of the knight and the bowers of the fair, as well as in the public streets to the citizens of low degree. Yet there are some tales of "love successful and love crossed," which would not suffer by comparison with many of the present time either in delicacy of sentiment, purity of style, or depth of interest and excitement. They have been copied and imitated, however, so many times, that they would but little interest now a general reader, who would be inclined to charge it as a failing in them. But it cannot be denied that there are many entirely wanting in interest; for, like the romances of chivalry, they are eternal harpings upon the same strains. The way in which they all run is generally this. "The fair Idoine loved the Count Garsile. But her father, the king, being informed of it, confined her in a lonely tower, where she mourned away three unhappy years. At last the king proclaims a tournament, and promises his daughter's hand to the victor. Garsile hearing of it hastens on the wings of love, to win her for his bride. She throws to him a token from the window, by which he is so animated, that he gains the victory and claims her from her father, who is obliged to consent." Here is the outline of the mould in which most of these stories are cast.

But the most amusing of the *Fabliaux*, are of the farcical species, containing broad wit and ludicrous adventures. Many are relations of cunning tricks, laugh-

able mistakes, and intentional deceptions, which amuse in the reading, but put to defiance all the rules of morality, and sometimes all ideas of decency. Many are satires upon particular customs and manners, and apply only to that period. But there are many little adventures and practical jokes which have been handed down to our times, and have become matter of common relation. Many of our maxims, proverbs, and apothegms are derived from this source, without our suspecting but that they sprung up in our own soil, and were our own peculiar invention and property. As a specimen of the tricks which appear to have amused so much at that time, I shall translate into humble prose one of the Fabliaux, chosen principally for its brevity, called "The two Citizens and the Rustic."

"Two citizens were going upon a pilgrimage and being joined by a peasant, who was proceeding on the same way, they made common stock of their provisions. When they were within half a day's journey of their destined place, there remained scarcely flour enough for them to make another loaf. The spruce citizens thinking that they could dupe the dull rustic, plotted how they should divide between them the little remaining provision. One of them said aloud to the other, 'we must do something with this, and as there is scarce enough for one, in order to avoid all unfairness, I'll make you a proposition. Let us then go to sleep and adjudge the bread to him who shall have the most wonderful dream.' His comrade, as may well be believed, applauded this design, and the rustic appeared to be very well satisfied. They accordingly lay down, but the citizens were so fatigued that they immediately fell asleep. The wily peasant, seeing this, arose without noise, and having devoured the bread, reclined again. In a short time one of the citizens called to his compan-

ions, 'Friends, hear my dream. I was carried by two demons to the infernal regions, and was suspended for a long time over the abyss of eternal fire. Oh! horrible!' 'And I,' replied the other, 'dreamed that the gate of paradise was opened to me, and the angels bore me through the air to that blissful abode.' After this came a long description of the wonders he had seen. The rustic feigned all this time to be asleep. They came to awaken him. Affecting the astonishment of one roused from a sound sleep, he exclaimed 'who's here.' 'Why your fellow travellers, have you so soon forgotten us? Come, get up and tell your dream.' 'My dream! Oh, I remember, it was a very singular one, and will excite your laughter. I saw you carried, one to Paradise, and the other to Satan, and dreaming that I should never see you again, I got up, and faith, since I must tell it, I eat the bread.' Such is the character of many of these stories.

The literature of this time contains also many relations of miracles and *fables devotes*, which, though they are not testimonies as to the manners of the age, are some of them amusing from their very absurdity. In these the Devil is a very conspicuous character, and performs many wonderful feats, literally represented as going about in *propria persona*, seeking whom he may devour. He misleads innocent nuns and hermits, confounds in many ludicrous ways the righteous and unwary, carrying them off when he is able, and disputing his prize with St. Peter at the gate of Heaven. To us they appear impious, but were then regarded as indisputable facts and edifying information. They penetrate into the realms of the blessed, and describe minutely all its inhabitants and their employments.

Such is the sketch of the Trouveurs. They are not in themselves very important; but it is curious to view the first dawnings of literature, and to see what materi-

als the human mind first commences to work upon — to see the spirit of the times stamped in legible, lasting characters, after those times themselves have mingled with the ages that are gone — to behold the first principles working and diffusing themselves into the whole mass of literature, and to trace them in their progress among succeeding writers and ages. Boccaccio translated many of the Fabliaux, and they are still read with delight among his amusing stories. He imitated many more of them, and infused a spark from his own genius into their comparatively uninteresting and tame descriptions. Before Dante wrote, the regions of Heaven, Purgatory, and Hell had been visited in imagination by the Trouveurs, and described in glowing language. Before Spenser gave to the world his *Fairie Queen*, the passions, feelings, virtues, and vices had been personified, and the realm of allegory explored. The pioneers in the wilderness are unknown, those who traced the single foot-path are lost to the world, but those who followed in their steps, who smoothed, enlarged, and ornamented the road which they pursued, are held in universal reverence, are every where known and welcomed. The world stops not in its progress to see where the first track was made, but eagerly hurries on in the broad and pleasant way. And though, if we travel the single path, a beautiful scene may here present itself, and there all the freshness and simplicity of nature, yet the thickets which we must meet in our path, the bogs we must pass over, and the obstacles we must continually surmount, are sufficient to turn us from our purpose, and excuse us from maintaining our course. Still, however, as a matter of curiosity, and a wish for farther knowledge into the early literature of a country, it is pardonable sometimes to deviate from the open road into the narrow path which was first marked out.

C.

RURAL SENTIMENTALITIES.

"Sentimentalibus lachrymerorum
And pathos and bathos delightful to see."
Rejected Addresses.

THE season is fast drawing nigh, when many an ardent aspirant after fame will begin to rub his aching brow and spur up his dull Pegasus, to produce something sentimental and striking upon the picturesque beauty of our rural scenery, the mild serenity of the skies, and the glowing charms of Flora. The periodical presses, from one end of the Union to the other, will be groaning under the burden of innumerable pieces of poetic prose and prosing verse on this subject, all having the same meaning, or rather, all equally without meaning, and differing only in the arrangement of the words and phrases. There is nothing new in them, it is true, the same things have been said over and over again, a thousand times by different writers from time immemorial, and for that very reason the subject is so much the more attractive to these ambitious literati, who must write and cannot think, and who conclude to be pretty because they cannot be sensible. The materials are ready-furnished to their hands, and they indite the most elegant and touching effusion with no more exertion of intellect than is required in putting together the different joints of a flute.

It is vastly pleasant, to be sure, in some of those cold, chilly, dismal days of April, when the thick, dark clouds are chasing each other like madmen over the heavens, and we are endeavouring to warm our shivering limbs over a dull, dreary fire, while the rain and sleet are beating furiously against our windows, and old Boreas, hoarse as an oyster-man with his bellowing, is making his way

through every crack and cranny of our rooms, it is vastly pleasant at such a time, I say, to read over the inspired production of some enthusiastic newspaper writer, who, in the most glowing language, informs us that "all nature is decked with smiles," that "gentle zephyrs softly whisper," and "earth is now in her green mantle clad," and talks rapturously of the bright blue sky, blooming fields, and verdant vallies, which are flourishing around him, and anon falls into an exstasy of delight, while enjoying the "refreshing showers," which form a very smooth and convenient rhyme to the "opening flowers." Indeed, it would add much to the enjoyment of these splendid efforts of the mind, if we could look from our windows and behold any of these fine sights; but alas! the bleak and dreary prospect without too emphatically assures us that we must wait two long and weary months ere we can enjoy the reality of what these brilliant effusions so powerfully describe. Surely their authors, who can so clearly see these numberless beauties which are invisible to the rest of the world and enjoy beforehand those charms for which ordinary mortals are obliged to wait, at least six weeks, must be possessed in an eminent degree of one of the greatest attributes of a poet, viz. a most vivid and fertile *imagination*. All this trashy sentiment and praise of the beauty and serenity of the season, so long before it is really beautiful and serene, is the most ridiculous affectation, and a gross and servile imitation of the bards of other countries whose climate is milder, and whose spring opens much earlier than ours.

Many things appear very beautiful and poetical on paper, and sound prettily enough when spoken, which, when we come to examine and scrutinize, are found to be ludicrous rather than sublime or pathetic. Thus we almost invariably find in the descriptions of rural scenery, whether in poetry or prose, some such expression as this :

"All around is calm and serene, save the melodious music of the feathered warblers, and the lowing of the neighbouring herds." Now, at first sight, there may not appear to be any thing improper or out of taste in this sentence, nay, for aught we know, the eye and ear may be pleased with it; and a corresponding calmness and serenity may steal over the bosom of the reader at its perusal; but if he ever happened actually to hear the lowing of a cow, and will stop to reflect upon the sensation his auricular organs experienced from the sound, he may possibly remember that the feelings inspired upon the occasion were not of the most sentimental or poetical kind. But if this unearthly and excruciating bellowing must be introduced into these descriptions, it would certainly be more appropriate as a specimen of the terrible, awful, and sublime; for undoubtedly, the sensations, naturally caused by this sound, can be no others but those of horror and dread; and I have no doubt if a savage, who had never seen one of the bovine species should, for the first time, hear this remarkable noise, that his first impulse would be to flee in consternation and fear. And yet "the lowing of the herds" is almost always mentioned in rural descriptions, to enhance the peace and tranquillity of the scene; surely the cackling of hens or the croaking of bull-frogs would be much more apt and poetical.

But it is not among our authors only that this mawkish and ridiculous affectation is to be found. It is not unusual to hear a sentimental and romantic Miss speak with the utmost earnestness and enthusiasm of her delightful rambles through the green fields and meadows at the early dawn. Now we happen to be a country youth, and have often seen the mowers returning from just such lovely morning strolls, and we have invariably noticed that their nether garments bore very strikingly the ap-

pearance of having been dragged through a horse-pond, and we have often smiled to ourself, as we have imagined some delicate and interesting young lady stray through the wet grass, her silk hose and beauteous robe drenched in the morning dew, and thought how much her appearance must have added to the natural picturesqueness of the landscape — to say nothing of the sore throat and swollen eyes which would be the unavoidable consequences of such a romantic expedition.

We admire rural scenery — we love to gaze upon the blue skies and the green fields — we acknowledge the charms of nature to be vastly superior to those of art — but we complain of the unmeaning affectation of some of the writers on this subject. Their effusions certainly add nothing to the enjoyment of a country life ; they are worse than useless — they are ridiculous and absurd.

SUPERNUMERUS.

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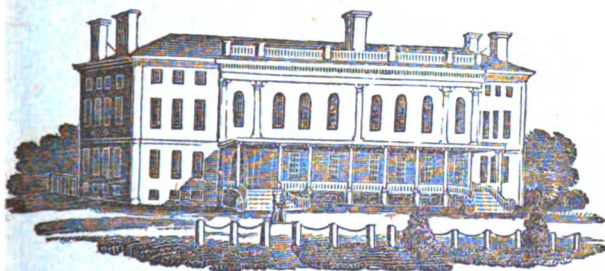
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"Juvenis tentat Ulyssæi flectere arcum."

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HARVARDIANA.

No. IX.

POETRY—AS ADDRESSED TO THE UNDERSTANDING.

THE literary as well as the poetical opinions of men are changing and capricious, and he who but yesterday was the theme of unmingled praise is to-day loaded with censure, while his honors are transferred to some new candidate for renown ; thus do we, like the idol worshippers of the East, bestow upon the paler splendor of moonlight, that homage which we lately paid to the brighter glory of the sun. The day has not long past when the world was eloquent with the praises of Byron ; when it would have been heresy to deny his power ; when every scribbler was his imitator, and every reviewer his eulogist. He was the favorite plaything of that great baby, the world, and, like most other playthings, having become familiar, he is now discarded, and we are gravely told that the baby has come to years of discretion, and can no longer be fed with pap, but must have something more substantial. To drop the figure, poetry must now be *addressed to the understanding*.

It is doubtless true, that the public admiration of Byron has been indiscriminate and extreme ; and, as such, must

in time be somewhat diminished. In the first glow of enthusiasm we lost sight of many faults which subsequent examination has disclosed, and which cooler judgment recognises as worthy of consideration. But we should beware of the opposite extreme, and be not as hasty now to condemn as before to applaud. Let it be granted that in the multiplied productions of Byron we not only find offences against good taste but against decency, sense, morals, and religion; let it be admitted that these transgressions are without excuse; and does it follow from this that he was no poet? Let it be granted that his poems are addressed to the imagination, the feelings, nay, even the passions of mankind; does it thence follow that their hold upon the public taste must be ephemeral? Whether poetry, addressed to the understanding, is that which can alone endure, is the subject of my inquiry.

The poetry which mystifies and subtilizes every idea, which sets itself in *opposition* to reason and truth, may and will exercise but a shortlived sway, inasmuch as it is above the comprehension of one part of mankind, and contrary to the common sense of another. But there is a lofty region of blended truth and uncertainty, upon which the imagination may rightfully enter, and draw therefrom thoughts, which, commending themselves to human hope and faith, cannot claim the assent of the understanding—not because they are counter to it, but above it. This is the fit province for poetry. The philosopher and the man of science address themselves to man as a reasoning being; they place before him facts and arguments which are to convince his understanding, and if they fail of this, their labor is in vain. With the feelings and the imagination they have nothing to do, and in so far as they meddle with them they overstep their proper limits. Not so the poet—his

part is not to convince ; it is to delight, to purify, to animate the mind ; to lift it out of " its own sand-pits," to withdraw it from the dull realities of existence, to elevate it by the contemplation of ideal perfection, or to waken its admiration for what is pure and good by pictures of ideal depravity and wretchedness. This cannot be done by appeals to the understanding — it cannot be done by pictures of common life and common men. There are hours when the mind, surfeited with these common things, and loathing their very name, seeks communion with higher thoughts, pants to free itself from the contemplation of barren facts and stale truisms, and to refresh itself by unrestrained intercourse with what is lofty and pure, though, sad to say, it be unreal. Present it at such times with the portrait of a cool, calculating, self-possessed philosopher, and it turns from it in disgust, as being but a concentration of those very qualities of which it is weary.

The author of " Philip Van Artevelde," in his preface to that work, gives the following quotation from *Hamlet*, as expressing at the same time Shakspeare's idea of a hero and his own —

" Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core ; aye, in my heart of heart."

This is no more Shakspeare's idea of a hero than of a hangman ; but let us allow that it is a correct portrait of a true hero in real life, must it therefore be that of the principal personage in every drama and poem ? Is there not a wide difference between the hero in fact and the hero in fiction ? To the one, unalterable equanimity and severe self-control may be essential, or may not ; to the other, may be given powers and passions of any description or in any degree. We may say, if we please, that *Manfred* and the *Giaour* are not human beings ; that they

are mere embodyings of fiendish passions ; yet such passions are inseparable from human nature, and with them, in their extremest violence, every human being can sympathize, because he carries their germ in his own breast. They are not heroes, and probably were not intended to be ; and if this be any ground of objection, we may urge it with equal force against Othello and Macbeth and Richard the Third, all of whom are possessed by some passion which leads them on to their destiny like the star of inevitable fate. If the poet must blend in his characters no quality that in real life we should not respect, his limits are circumscribed indeed ; and the charge that he did not paint *men* might then be made with more justice than ever, since, for the millions who are the slaves of some predominating passion, there is scarce one whose reason is at all times supreme. Poetry would have been a lifeless thing, had every poet since the world began drawn only the philosophic character ; had it been forbidden to diversify the few practically useful elements of human nature with the infinite variety of passions, impulses, and affections by which man is swayed, it would but have embalmed an " icy form of cold sublimity," which we could behold without rapture, nay, without emotion.

It has been said by way of censure of the poetry of Byron, that it can be appreciated nearly as well by the ignorant as the cultivated. If this be true, it is no mean praise ; for it shows that he has drank of the well-spring of truth, whence alone flows that inspiration which enables the poet to touch the chords of the heart untrammelled and unschooled. It is the peculiar praise of the " great magician," that he has written for no sect, no nation, and no time, or rather, for all nations, sects, and times ; that he has written to man, and that as long as man's nature remains unchanged, he will be appreciated.

If it may be permitted to Byron to partake this praise, no higher could be demanded. Depending for the perpetuity of his sway rather upon the many who can feel, than the few who can understand, he bids fair to possess himself of the "strongest holds of fame." If it be a fault to have thus succeeded in awakening the sympathies of the multitude rather than of those who boast themselves the enlightened few, it is to be lamented that more have not fallen into it, for it is of all faults the happiest for the man and for posterity.

In the ordinary concerns of life the understanding may have its perfect work—to discover truth, to govern states, to regulate the affairs of life is its proper sphere—if it can do these worthily, it is well. But man is not the mere creature of calm reason, nor is he confined within its narrow limits. Imagination is given him that he may even here, amid things finite and perishing, realize his alliance with things infinite and eternal. Reason is to be his guide on earth, imagination gives him a foretaste of heaven; the one is his attribute as man, the other allies him to the superhuman. It is often said, that the too frequent exercise of the imagination unfits man for life; and it is true, for it makes him conversant with subjects whose contemplation permits the understanding to repose, and it is with difficulty that it re-awakens to activity. But indulged at proper seasons, it has a salutary power to break for a time the bonds which connect him with the visible and the present, and makes him feel that he is not merely the being of an hour.

That poetry which is the birth of accident, which is temporary in its purposes and merely local in its allusions, will pass into oblivion, when that which was its life loses its hold upon the memories and affections of mankind. And this will happen because the foundation of its fame passes away. But that poetry which portrays the per-

manent characteristics of human nature, and which addresses itself to man, *as man*, and not as connected with this or that event, or time, or place, looks for perpetuity to a more stable support. It is endowed with a time-defying power, which may survive the downfall of states and even the extinction of the very language in which it is written.

The only sense in which stability can be attributed to the understanding, seems to be in the acknowledgment of this faculty as an essential element of man's nature ; and, in this sense, it may with the same truth be applied to the imagination and the passions ; for these are no less essential, though they may be considered less noble. The judgments and opinions of men are every whit as varying as their passions and fancies, and being so, the poetry addressed to the understanding, stands upon no vantage ground. On the contrary, the advantage seems to be on the opposite side, since, under any given circumstances, the feelings of men are far more uniform than their opinions. We *think*, as scholars, as members of this or that profession, as patriots, as members of society — but we *feel*, as *men*. Hence it is, that, of all the creations of the human intellect, poetry is the most noble ; for it is circumscribed by no limits, having all space for its range, all time for its duration, and exerting its sway over the whole world of mankind.

After all, poetry addressed to the understanding alone is yet to be written ; and the poetical character must undergo a strange transmutation, in which the elements of ethereality must evaporate, and leave behind a solid and substantial mass, before it can be produced, to say nothing of the corresponding change in the requisitions of readers ; for sublime as the *multiplication table in verse* may seem to some men, it will not be acknowledged as *poetry* by the world at large. Vain and illusory as are

the dreams of fancy, unreal as is the world with which she is conversant, and doubtful as are the truths she promulgates, she can yet weave a spell which will enchain the ear and move the heart—still disdaining to intrude upon the legitimate province of the understanding, and claiming merely that airy region, to explore which is beyond its highest powers.

“For poetry is reason’s self *sublimed*.”

This is all that we demand for poetry — that it be not reduced to a matter of calculating coolness and frigid adherence to fact, and confined to mere argument and demonstration, but that it be permitted to expatiate freely and pursue its vagaries unchecked. Let it not be “dammed like the dull canal,” but pursue its own course, winding, precipitous, and varied perhaps, but still bright, beautiful, and life-giving.

E. D.

THOUGHTS IN A DISSECTING ROOM.

I.

AT fearful length upon the surgeon’s table,
 With nought of state, the shroudless corpse is laid;
 No mourners crowd, arrayed in decent sable,
 No solemn rites of funeral pomp are paid —
 Rites of affection, which, the most unable
 To yield to death, would shudder to have stayed;
 No requiems sad — no dirges due are said
 By white-robed priests above the friendless dead.

II.

He grasps the knife—and with unerring art
 Calmly proceeds before our sight to bare
 The hidden workings of the fleshy heart,
 And all the secret wonders gathered there.
 Nerves, veins, and arteries—each peculiar part
 To ends adapted by great Nature's care;
 And thus imparts, to those unskilled, the plan—
 The springs—wheels—structure of the creature man.

III.

Doubtless 't is well—'t is right, that we should know
 All that may save us from some future harm,
 Why people on their legs are wont to go,
 Or what it is lifts up the hand or arm.
 Yet, can we sit and view this deathly show,
 Without some deep emotion of alarm—
 Nay—deem it fit of *ennui* to beguile,
 And meet that ghastly object with a smile?

IV.

Poor wretch, I pity thee! why art thou here,
 Say, when the life blood at the fountain froze,
 Was no kind friend, no sorrowing brother near,
 With tender hand thy dying eye to close,
 To dew thy couch with sympathetic tear,
 And lay thee gently to thy long repose?
 Alone, and cheerless, didst thou yield thy breath,
 In all the bitter agony of death?

V.

Those lips are motionless! yet others say,
 That, tired of this world's tumult, din, and strife,
 The change and chance of each uncertain day,
 The listless joys—the weary grief of life,

Thy hand, in haste to fling God's gift away,
 Sought its deep sources with the glittering knife;
 And failing this, resolved to find a grave,
 Hied thee to rest beneath the dark, blue wave.

VI.

Would that the waters might their prey retain!
 That thou might'st slumber in the deep abyss,
 Where all the sorrow, trouble, woe, and pain,
 Which daily meet us in a world like this,
 Could never reach thy pulseless heart again,
 Or break the quiet of thy tranquil bliss —
 Where the sweet mermaids (if such creatures be)
 Might chant thy requiem in the deep, deep sea.

VII.

This would be most poetical I know,
 And most consoling to the friends who love,
 Yet, after all, 't is well it is not so,
 Since in the waters sharks are wont to rove,
 Who would, perchance, have cut thee up below,
 In a worse style, than man will do above —
 And better far to aid in Learning's cause,
 Than serve as food for hungry fishes' jaws.

VIII.

Gray hairs are sprinkled o'er thy pallid brow,
 Which cannot be the work of many years,
 Since on thy cheek and forehead even now,
 'Mid signs of death, manhood's full flush appears.
 Yet other things than time, the form can bow —
 Grief changes hair, and eyes are dimmed by tears;
 Doubtless 't was thine to feel some hidden grief,
 Which hoped not, sought not, could not find relief.

IX.

Perchance thy lady-love had proved unkind,
 And turned away from passion's burning word —
 Perchance the workings of thy restless mind,
 By mad ambition's dreamy hopes were stirred —
 Perchance thy pockets were but badly lined,
 And on thy door that startling rap was heard,
 When ruthless duns, to thousand other ills,
 Added a heap of long, unsettled bills.

X.

Within that breast gushed deep affections warm,
 Or throbbed that heart in unison with one
 Who would have met with thee life's every storm,
 And when at length death's haven thou hadst won,
 With friendly care consigned to dust thy form,
 Then o'er it raised the monumental stone,
 The passer by, with honied words to tell —
 The dead how dear — the living loved how well !

XI.

Oh! where are they — friends, mother, brothers, all
 Who rendered home, if home thou hadst, so blest?
 They gathered not in sorrow round thy pall,
 Nor smoothed the pillow of thy final rest;
 They came not, heard not thy last lingering call —
 They witnessed not affection's dying test;
 Ah! little reck they how the wanderer died,
 And that cold strangers, e'en a grave denied.

XII.

Perchance when evening shadows hover dark,
 To shroud in gloom the waveless summer sea,
 Shall friendly ears amid the silence hark,
 To catch the notes of far off melody,

Borne by the gentle breezes from the bark,
 Which to thy home deserted, wafteth thee —
 Yet must they hearken, wearily, in vain —
 Their loved, their lost, shall never come again.

XIII.

But all conjecture — nothing can be known,
 Save that thou wert, and wilt be never more;
 The soul hath from its tabernacle flown,
 And all its joys or griefs on earth are o'er.
 It flits along that trackless sea alone,
 Whose billows break on the eternal shore,
 Or to our planet back a moment hies,
 And views its mangled body with surprise.

XIV.

Would it were mine to snatch thee from the view
 Of this cold, careless, scientific crowd,
 Who burn alone with zeal for knowledge true,
 And scoff at decent coffin, hearse, and shroud,
 With grass-grown tomb beneath some spreading yew,
 Where priestly requiems echo long and loud;
 Who deem it well, when fitful life is done,
 To hang up here, a ghastly skeleton.

XV.

It may be weakness — but when mine shall close,
 When from my vision fades each earthly thing,
 Consign me gently to my long repose,
 Where hands of friends (if such survive) may fling,
 Above the sod, the lily, violet, rose,
 Or drop one tear — true sorrow's offering.
 Yes! these the boons, which dying I would crave,
 The world's oblivion — and a quiet grave.

W.

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

It has been remarked, that the withdrawing from the present and living in the past or the future, is ennobling and elevating to the mind. It is one of the prerogatives of man's nature not to be absorbed, unless by his own free choice, in the petty events and the trifling considerations which ever beset him, but to make his dwelling place among the tombs of departed greatness and worth, or fly on the wings of fancy to remotest ages and farthest worlds. The wise man, however, is cautious not to unfold his wings too frequently, and when he has taken his flight, not to wander too far beyond the earth's attraction, else the imaginative may become dreamy, and reflection mere antiquated enthusiasm.

It is fortunate for a nation, if its history contains certain events, certain local and individual names which, when uttered, convey more vividly, than could thousands of words, ideas of greatness, virtue, and patriotism. Such names form the rallying point in times of danger, and are the voices uttered in the air, and the signs beheld in the heavens, which ensure victory. For ages, Thermopylæ has been the watchword of nations, and Leonidas has lived again and died in many a hero.

But our own history is fruitful in these words of glory and of worth; words which should be the more affecting and inspiring, since they are associated with ourselves, and remind us of our own ancestors. They are no strangers and aliens, no far distant and long removed generations, who fought for something in which we have no interest, but our immediate predecessors, who purchased with their own blood what we now enjoy; and, in the hour of their trial, considered not themselves alone, but us also, and all who should come after us.

It is a matter of great importance that the early history of our country should go down to posterity, in order that they may participate in some measure with us in our admiration of the great and good; that they may realize the full extent of the sacrifice which was made for them, and appreciate the blessings they enjoy. But the name of a place where a great victory was won, and of a great general who commanded, is not all that is required. The trials and sufferings of the whole, the individual traits of character, the incidents of personal courage and adventure, the short tragical biography, the personal sacrifices of many—all these are worthy of record, and are calculated to exert a powerful and withal a beneficial influence.

These objects have not been neglected by Americans of the present generation. Every effort has been made to wrest from oblivion facts relating to national and individual history. The survivors of the perilous days of the revolution have been called upon to contribute their valuable reminiscences; old records and narratives have been searched; descendants of worthies have been summoned to unfold the treasures which were left to them, and handed down like precious jewels in the family; and, as might naturally be expected, these efforts have not been unattended with success. Many lofty traits of character have been disclosed, many virtues that were too ripe for the soil of the ancient world, and surpassing those examples that have for ages been appealed to. No lordly pride or aristocratic exclusiveness forbade to describe the homely virtues of the humble, the rich worth of the poor, or the greatness and loftiness of mind in those who walked in the "the low vale of life."

One of the means of advancing our historical knowledge is the establishment in different places of "Historical Societies." The first one in this country was, we believe,

established in Massachusetts in 1794, and its example was soon followed by many of its sister states : and we cannot look with too favorable an eye upon such societies. It is an honorable and praiseworthy object to revive the sayings and deeds of our fathers, and give as a legacy to future generations their achievements. The curtain of age will soon be drawn over their lives, their memories will "soon pass away and be forgotten," if they are not enshrined in the records of the historian, and thus preserved in the hearts of their descendants. And how can this object be better effected than by the union of many individuals for this one purpose, who live in different portions of the country, but whose united efforts tend to this one point ?

Another means of making known historical facts and interesting personal anecdote is furnished by the numerous public celebrations in every part of the country. Such public days as these are infinitely preferable to the sentimental observance of May-day or St. Valentine's, which are often so pathetically lamented. The associations are ennobling, the reflections which are suggested to every thinking mind, and the outward show which strikes upon the unthinking, cannot but have a beneficial tendency. The past is presented, as it were, in a visible form, the present with its cares and anxieties is forgotten, and the future, shadowed out by the past, presents a pleasing and encouraging prospect. The orator describes the life and depicts the struggles of many a true hero, of whom it may be said,

"With generous ardor,
Still did he urge the great, the glorious plan,
And gained the ever honored, bright reward,
Which fame entwines around the patriot's brow,
And bids for ever flourish on his tomb,
For nations freed and tyrants laid in dust."

Again, as the illustrious men who have borne a conspicuous part in our history, pass from the scene of their glory, where they have exhibited "virtue winged with brave action," their death is mourned by the public, who seek to preserve their memories yet longer by eulogies and biographies. Here another means is afforded of relating the history of the times, and of delineating in full length the character of the man, and some of his contemporaries. This, too, is attended with a beneficial effect. For it may happen, that the good which men do "is oft interred with their bones;" and if we can, by any means, cause that this good should abide longer in upper air, — that the virtues which have distinguished a man should survive the tomb, and his memory be preserved longer in the minds of men, these means ought to be employed. One of the most effectual are Eulogies. As far as we can go back in history, we shall find that the delivering of harangues and speeches over the distinguished dead, has always been practised; and, in uncultivated nations, the savage in his rude eloquence has sought to perpetuate the deeds of the warrior, and the chief skilled in council. If the memory of man is left to perish from the earth, with no token of his labors but the works which he has accomplished, he will soon be forgotten, and his character will not be reflected upon by many. The works themselves which testify of him are but "dumb mouths," and will urge no one to imitate the noble workman. Not so with eulogies. There are the worthy acts of one, described in glowing words; there is his history told, and all that was worthy in his life held up to imitation. The character of the hearer becomes for a time that of the eulogized, and such communion with a noble spirit, cannot be otherwise than beneficial.

There is in every one a love of posthumous fame, however ridiculous may be the idea in itself. There is a natural dread in all men, lest

“When they die, like tales
 Ill told and unbeliev'd, they pass away
 And go to dust forgotten.”

And it is to gratify this feeling in man, that honor is paid to the dead, and that the Monument, and Mausoleum, and Epitaph are given to those who can themselves never be benefited by them. Eulogies exert an influence of the same kind, but far greater in degree. There cannot be a more imposing spectacle, than is presented by an assembly of thousands who have come to hear the character of one who has been a benefactor to them, and who has filled their hearts with gratitude. Every thing around, — the sorrowing countenances, the solemn music, the mourning walls — and the voice of the orator falling upon the listening ear, ready to drink in every word ; — all these cannot but make a deep impression. And if the virtues of the deceased are so described, and a good character is so delineated that the least sympathy is felt by the auditor with noble actions, lofty patriotism, heroic virtue, and persevering industry, the effect must be beneficial.

And what an extensive influence they must exert, when they are not limited to one particular place, and one particular orator, but in every city and town there are found multitudes assembled, who will hear, each from their own chosen speaker, the history and character of one who has devoted his whole life to the cause of philanthropy and patriotism. The splendor of conquest and the din of battle are not the only objects represented ; the qualities of a warrior and conqueror are not the only subjects of delineation ; we have also the more unobtrusive ornaments of domestic life, the early history and devolpement of the milder virtues. The heroes of nearly all ages and nations have been mere heroes ; but it has been the lot of America to witness the qualities of a man combined with those of a

hero. Military glory is not the only halo that surrounds them—victorious wreaths do not alone encircle their brows.

Such are some of the means of obtaining a knowledge of the most interesting period in the history of our country. And it is fortunate that such means have been pursued, while it is yet in the first bloom of youth, before prejudices and tradition have gathered around it, and before the early events of its history, seen through the dim lapse of ages, have attained a coloring and size which do not in reality belong to them. Now there is no fable or doubtful tradition, but a sure and solid basis, upon which some historian may erect a beautiful and lasting monument, surpassing in proportions, in elegance, and grandeur, all the famous productions of the Old World.

C. W.

"WHAT SHADOWS WE PURSUE!"

"FROM yonder hill I could reach the sky,"
Said the youth as he cast his glance on high—
"I could handle its velvet arch of blue,
And take of the moon a nearer view."

"I could see how the stars in the roof are fixed—
How the colors that tinge the clouds are mixed;
And find some corner, perchance, in the sky,
Where the worn out moons neglected lie."

With a buoyant step he mounted the hill,
 But he found that the sky was above him still,
 And saw with a tearful eye afar,
 The distant home of the nearest star.

"Ah! yonder," said he, "in the glowing west
 Is the mountain top where the bright skies rest;
 Then thither I'll bend my hasty flight,
 And enter from thence the dwelling of light."

He climbed the mountain, but every star
 Still fled from his grasp into space afar;
 And he saw with a deep and a bitter sigh,
 The measureless space between earth and sky.

'T is thus with the youth by ambition fired,
 By the distant vision of fame inspired;
 With a restless heart and a changeless will,
 He presses onward and upward still.

The wreath of glory is on his brow,
 But it brings no joy to its wearer now;
 For a fadeless wreath and a prize more bright,
 Still glitters and gleams on a loftier height.

While space untravelled shall intervene
 Earth's highest tops and the stars between,
 So long will the bliss we essay to gain,
 Be sought with labor, but sought in vain.

E. D.

Scenes and Characters Illustrating Christian Truth.—

No. III, *HOME*, by the Author of "Redwood," "Hope Leslie," &c. Boston and Cambridge. 1835. James Munroe & Co. 18mo. pp. 158.

AN eminent critic has recently ventured to assert that "the influence of females in any walk of letters is sure to be powerful and good." The doubts of the most skeptical on this point must have been gradually relieved, within the last twenty years, by the appearance of such writers as Edgeworth, Opie, and Barbault in the old world, and Gould, Sedgwick, and Sigourney in our own country. Setting aside, as something conceived only for unchristian and barbarous times, the notion of a natural inferiority in their sex, nothing is plainer than that the influence of female writings, in stimulating their own sex to exertion and ours to emulation must be, so far as it goes, of a purely beneficial nature.

The effect then of a work like the present it is not hard to foresee. There is, indeed, something startling in the view of an American authoress entering boldly into a path which the "inspired" Goldsmith has so exquisitely laid out, and, as we have been accustomed to think, so thoroughly beaten: all reasonable charge of presumption however is precluded by the utter difference in scenes, personages, and incidents, as well as by the unpretending character of the book itself. The "*Vicar of Wakefield*" has stepped into a family circle, introduced us to the fireside, and from the every day occurrences of domestic life contrived to form sources of moral and practical instruction—so indeed has "*Home*:" but at the head of the one family stands an English Vicar and of the other an American Mechanic.

"Home" is intended for, and in every respect perfectly adapted to, the use of those to whom it is dedicated—the farmers and mechanics of our own country. Abundantly scattered throughout its pages is a collection of purely practical precepts for the government of families, admirably illustrated by occurrences of the most familiar yet most striking nature. But this is by no means all. The portraying of a mind and heart like those of Mr. Barclay, and of the gradual formation and moulding of the habits and dispositions of his children, is destined to raise the book far, very far, above the rank of a mere collection of proverbs or fables.

On a *plot*, (if the term may be used,) so destitute of complication, apparently so meagre in every thing which affords room for striking or impressive incident, what mind but that whose vivifying power of description has been able, as it were, to restore to New England the living forms of the Puritan fathers, could have founded a fiction, delighting and moving to the last, full of scenes the most affecting, and of moral instructions the most salutary, and containing, in fact, a perfect model of government and action in one of the closest and highest relations of life? So much has Miss Sedgwick fully, admirably done: we can but appeal to the judgment of every one of her readers.

But the greatest merit of this little work, and the surest source of fame to its author, must be its strong, practical utility. "Home" makes no pretensions; it professes only to apply to what we improperly term the inferior duties of life,—those great principles which the wisdom of Heaven and the experience of man have furnished for our universal guidance. On every page will be found some valuable precept of domestic economy or self-government, so stated and illustrated that its meaning, no

less than its application, must be obvious to every "farmer or mechanic," who may have this book in his hands. Does he wish to learn true frugality and economy; he will find it in the conduct of Mr. Barclay, while purchasing the furniture for his dwelling in New York. Would he check the passions of his children by punishments which, instead of irritating them the more, should ensure sincere penitence and effectual reformation; let him peruse closely and thoughtfully the account of the punishment of Wallace in the early part of the story, and the touching scene which contains his repentant declaration to his father. Would he have his family meals opportunities of quietly taking food, and of improving the manners, minds, and hearts of his children, rather than so many scenes of bustle and uproar; let him follow to exactness the arrangements at the dinner table of Mr. Barclay. How doubly proof against vice and irreligion would our land be, were all its children taught to understand and feel as did Mr. Barclay's at the baptism of his infant daughter. But we have gone scene by scene through one third of the book, in mentioning a small part only of what would be found practically and highly useful to "farmers and mechanics."

It is not to these *alone*, that the morality of this book is addressed. The Christian of every class, who seeks an imitation of his Master in the humbler walks of life, will find it, as nearly perfect as our nature can admit, in the character and conduct of Mr. Barclay. He is emphatically a philanthropist—not, indeed, one who traverses the earth "to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries"—his charity is of a kind less extended, and consequently more imitable by men of ordinary circumstances. It is brightly and nobly exhibited in his daily dealings with those whom fortune has brought

within its influence. It is seen in his treatment of his servant Martha, and of the Irish orphan, as well as in his kindness towards that partner and the children of that partner, who had defrauded him of a large part of his fortune. Such qualities seen in the father and reflected in the children cannot, we think, fail of producing, in some degree, their proper effect.

If any thing in Mr. Barclay is exceptionable, it is certainly his singular mode of spending the Sabbath. We decline any discussion of the advantages of his system: it appears plain to us, that the evil which would necessarily follow (temporarily at least) from any *change* of so much importance, would overbalance all the good that might afterwards result from the new state of things. And there would seem to be something of imprudence in recommending to general adoption (if this be indeed the design of Miss Sedgwick) an innovation, which, though perhaps well enough if made at the Reformation, would be so pernicious in its immediate operation at present.

But we may not leave a work like this with a depreciating sentiment. "Home" is beautified with passages, less grand, indeed, but equally affecting with some of those most admired in the Vicar of Wakefield. Such is the repentance and forgiveness of Wallace already noticed. We may add the chapter which contains the discovery of the loves of both the Barclays for Emily Norton, and their noble conduct; but, above all, the death of Charles Barclay at his home in Greenbrook. It is hard to specify what there is so moving in the simple death of a country youth, unattended by any peculiar circumstances of mystery or horror; there are, nevertheless, few deaths on the stage or in the professed work of romance, which will excite a higher degree of sensibility. We must beg leave to transcribe a short extract.

"* * * These and a few more short sentences (ever after treasured in faithful hearts) Charles uttered at long intervals; then, after a short pause, he said, 'I am very weak, — father, lay your hand upon my breast, here — what does this mean?'

"His father perceived the tokens of dissolution; 'It is death, my dear child,' he replied. Wallace offered to take his mother's place; — 'No,' said Charles, 'my head is easiest on mother's bosom; mother, you are not afraid to see me die?'

"'O, no, no, my son.'

"'Nor am I afraid to die, mother; God hath redeemed my soul from the power of the grave. Father, pray with us.'

"All felt their weakness, and the necessity for a stronger than a human arm to lean upon, and they bowed themselves in supplication to their Father in heaven, as children in trouble fly to the arms of their parents. The demands of the soul at such a moment are pressing and few. They were briefly expressed by the tender parent in the language of Scripture, — in words that in great exigencies are felt to convey the oracles of God.

"'Thank you, dear father,' said Charles, 'I am better for this.' He looked around on each one of the family, and said, 'It is hard parting, but there is sweet peace here.'

"His voice had become more indistinct, and his spirit seemed to rise from the home where it lingered to that which awaited it. His lips still moved as if in prayer. Suddenly he raised both hands and said clearly, 'Thanks be to God, who giveth' — the bodily organs were too feeble for the parting soul. His father finished the sentence; 'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"Charles bowed his head. A few moments longer they watched his ebbing life, and he was gone, gently as a child falls asleep on its mother's bosom. A deep, holy silence followed. It seemed as if all heard the voice of God, 'It is I, be not afraid.'

"But then came the mortal feeling, the sense of separation, the poignant anguish of the parting stroke, and sighs and tears broke forth. They laid their cheeks to his, they kissed his forehead, his hands, sobbing, 'Charles! — dear, blessed brother!'

"The mother sat motionless, her son's head still resting on her bosom. She could not bear to change this last manifestation of his love to her. Mr. Barclay gently disengaged him from her arms, and laid him on the pillow, saying as he did so, 'He was our *first-born*!'

"What a world to the parent there is in these few words! They recall the hours of brightest, freshest hope, and deepest gratitude. They express what has been dearest and happiest in life, and when Mr. Barclay, after a moment's pause, added in a firmer voice, 'The Lord gave — the Lord hath taken away, — blessed be his name,' — it was the meek Christian triumphing over the man and father.

“ ‘ My children,’ he said, ‘ it is finished. Now let us unite our hearts in thanksgiving to God for the life and death of your dear brother.’ They all knelt, while with a steady voice he poured out his heart. Memory, kindled by love, lighted up Charles's past life, and all, as it passed in review, was the subject, not of lamentation that it was gone, but of pious gratitude that it had been enjoyed. He blessed God for the healthful infancy of his son ; for the obedience and docility of his childhood ; for the progressive knowledge and virtue of his youth ; and, above all, for the faith in Jesus that had given effect to his life, and peace in the hour of death.”

DEL.

Journal. By FRANCES ANNE BUTLER. Philadelphia. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 218, 252.

It is delightful and improving to read the remarks of intelligent foreigners upon our country. If they praise us, we have good reason to think their commendations sincere, and their opinions unbiassed ; if the judgment they pass upon our manners and customs be unfavorable, let us, like good children, think our censors wiser than ourselves, and profit by their rebukes.

With regard to the book now under consideration, the noble and exalted spirit of the author, her expanded heart and lively sensibility forbid the supposition, that she was influenced by pecuniary motives ; and pride in the thought that most of what distinguishes America is, directly or indirectly, the gift of the mother country ; and gratitude to the people who have so warmly welcomed and liberally patronized her, would prevent her from being prejudiced by English jealousy. She is a niece of the great Mrs. Siddons ; and the genius that characterizes her family has been bountifully bestowed upon her, and carefully cultivated and cherished. She has moved in the most polished and exclusive society of London. Such a woman's ideas we must expect to

indicate great purity and propriety of taste, and to be expressed in the most choice and elegant language. Instead of pouting, let us submit, in rapture, to a scolding from so sweet a voice, content to hear it, though it breathes not the most soothing or agreeable strains. Listen to its soft and melodious notes.

"Rose about eight, *dawdled* about as usual,—The only of our crew whom I *cotton* to fairly are the — and that good-natured lad, Mr. —. Came down to my cabin, and cried like a wretch — came up again, and found them all at lunch." Now she gives us a deep insight into her character, by telling us that, "after breakfast, she tidied her dressing box, and mended and tucked her white muslin gown."—and then, our admiration of her, as a woman of spirit and a linguist, is excited by the information that she "wished her company to the *devil*," and, after they were gone, "read a canto in Dante, and translated, verbatim, a German fable." Our knowledge of her acquaintance is extended by reading that "— and Mr. — came, — gave me a piece of poetry. Mr. — called. I like him mainly. That handsome creature Mme. — called with her daughter. Mr. —, and — dined with us,"—and our opinion of their character, as well as that of her father, is raised by the intelligence that "Col. — was *a little how com'd you so*, and her father *a leetle dans les vignes du seigneur*." We wonder if the old gentleman was'nt pretty far *gone* in this condition, when he said, as he passed through several long ranges of casks, late one night, at Philadelphia,— "How I *do* wish I had a *gimlet*." "What for?" inquires Fanny. "What *fun* it would be to pierce every one of these barrels." We must differ from Miss Fanny, and suppose this "curious fancy of her father's" was a prompting of some other *spirit* than Satan.

But, say her admirers, the book is a journal, and we

must expect to find in it a transcript of many of the author's private thoughts and actions. We believe there are some, who would be more pleased with seeing Mrs. Butler "sitting up till twelve o'clock to trim her cap," or "struck all of a heap," at receiving a note, than in beholding her in her best character. She complains of the style of most of our orators as being too pictorial, as having too much scenery and decoration about it, and yet she exhibits to view many charming pictures; among others, the following. "I, with my bonnet off, my combs out, and all my hair flying about, hooked up to —, who, willow-like, bent over me, to facilitate my reaching his arm," &c. We may deem declarations perfectly in place in a *private* Journal, which no woman of taste would *publish* to the world; and, although we may excuse these and similar confessions, yet it is at the expense of the good sense of the fair author.

The work does not pretend to be a serious commentary upon men and manners in America; and, indeed, for want of a preface, it is difficult to ascertain whether or not it has any precise object. It is rather loosely bound, and, in the latter part, the distance between the lines is increased, to make it reach to the customary limits. But not to mention the price of the book, which is unreasonably high, a considerable portion of it is devoted to book advertisements, we presume, for the benefit of the publishers. This practice has increased to such a degree, that it has become a grievous imposition upon purchasers. The style, of which several instances have been given, is frequently vulgar, and the whole character of the book such as will, probably, expel her from respectable society. She manifests the most consummate vanity, and, while she finds fault with American girls for being "hoydenish," she displays more unruliness than any of them, and, in fact, proves herself to be, literally and completely, a spoilt child. In the remarks she does chance to make

upon our habits, she shows, by her own statement, that she is not to be considered an impartial judge.

"How we English folks do cling to our own habits, our own views, our own things, our own people; how, in spite of all our wanderings and scatterings over the whole face of the earth, like so many Jews, we never lose our distinct and national individuality; nor fail to lay hold of one another's skirts, to laugh at and depreciate all that differs from that country, which we delight in forsaking for any and all others."

After this direct confession of prejudice, we shall not concern ourselves to give a serious answer to her objections to our customs. The woman who expects to be credited in saying that, at American dinner parties, it is the custom "to press the guests to drink claret, madeira, sherry, hock, champagne," and afterwards "effectually to *finish* their wits with *strong whiskey-punch*," has overstepped the limits of common sense, and is beyond the reach of argument. In stating her inclination to believe the assertion that the women in this country drink, from the mere circumstance of seeing a girl, one day at the baths in New York, carry mint julaps into three of them, she brings a more weighty accusation, an accusation, which argues egregious credulity in the author, or a malicious disposition to sully the fair fame of the most exemplary females in the world, by an imputation that is supported upon the slightest grounds.

We shall not weary the patience of the reader by a formal refutation of these and similar allegations, which no person of intelligence can credit. We will, however, candidly admit the truth of some remarks, as for instance, those upon the impertinent curiosity of certain of her visitors, in examining her cards and books, and in asking unceremonious questions. The habit of inquiring into the concerns of others, is a fault of which the inhabitants of the northern states cannot too often or too emphati-

cally be reminded. Tobacco also is used to an extent which is offensive not only to foreigners, but to many Americans.

In perusing the strictures of the English upon America, we have been led to the conviction, that most of their harshness is to be attributed to English *pride*, not to English *jealousy*, as Mrs. Butler imagines. John Bull is a good-natured, blunt old gentleman, who is perfectly willing that others should rise in the world, provided all due reverence is, at the same time, paid to his dignity. The Englishman does not envy the power or the glory of France; the idea of supposing her a rival is, in his opinion, too contemptible to be entertained. What galls him most is, that a lean and grimacing Frenchman should condemn a stout son of the "fast anchored isle." The case is similar with regard to our own country. The English travellers that have visited us, have been more deeply wounded by what they termed our "republican insolence," than vexed by our prosperity. Instances of this irritation may be easily produced, and it is amusing to notice the unnecessary mortification to which the strangers sometimes subjected themselves.

For example, when Mrs. Trollope was in Cincinnati, she says her general appellation was the "old woman." With what indignation must a female, who prided herself upon her aristocratic gentility, have listened to such a title from the vile mouths of plebeian children, and how much may it have effected towards exciting a spirit of hostility to our institutions?

Again; Mr. Hamilton's self-esteem induced him to think he was grievously insulted the very day of his arrival in New York. He entered a grocer's shop, and inquired the way to Niblo's garden. The person he addressed, before answering, very naturally looked him in the face, which act the British captain thought fit to

regard as an *ebullition of republican insolence*, and would have gone away with the idea that the grocer was a *brutal barbarian*, had not the man obligingly given him the most minute directions for his guidance. We suspect that Mrs. Butler's complaint of the incivility of the New York shopkeepers, has no better foundation.

We perceive she has not, at least, in the American edition of her work, honored editors, for whom she appears to have an innate detestation, with the insupportable cognomen of "*bugs*." Perhaps she thought, with Petruchio, it would be idle to "fear boys with bugs."

The manner in which British attacks upon this country have been answered, is almost as ludicrous as many of the attacks themselves. The mode, of late, has been to show that the faults and indecencies attributed to us, may be found in the same, or in a greater degree, in England. For instance, if an English writer says that the knives and forks at the hotel where he lodged, were not clean; dirty plates and table cloths are brought over in abundance from a London Tavern to silence him. Is it asserted that the most unbecoming haste prevails at American eating-houses; the offended Yankee hurries to the mother-country, and establishes, on good authority, the fact that there, in crowding to the table, the "*backs of new surtouts are sometimes split from the collar downwards*," or, in crossing it, the "*black print of a boot is left on the pure damask beside your plate*." Do they crowd at American parties; we are seriously assured that there is great danger of being compressed into a jelly at English routs. Are the American ladies destitute of "*Pair noble*;" so are the English of a graceful "*tournure*." Do pretty girls, in our camp meetings, exclaim "Glory! Glory!! Oh, I backslided! Oh, John Mitchel! Oh, John Mitchel!!" they do far worse in London; for there, in Mr. Irving's chapel, old women vociferated "O netention a honos kolo O do nomas

kahelion O mano Terdeos Kalion." Thus do the two countries engage in crimination and recrimination, to their own great annoyance, and to the amusement of whatever other nations may condescend to notice the altercation. This exquisite sensitiveness to censure, is a defect in our character, as troublesome to ourselves, as it is gratifying to our opponents. It is mortifying that any itinerant, whether obscure and uninformed, or not, can, by publishing a book, and condemning, or ridiculing our manners, throw this mighty republic into a state of fermentation. Uneasiness under the reproofs of strangers, whose opinions we should, for the most part, utterly disregard, is, perhaps, as natural to a young people, as to a young person, and we shall probably get rid of it, after we have a little longer borne "the whips and scorns of time." If we wish ever to fill our part with dignity in the assembly of nations, we must resolutely correct our manifest faults, and, at the same time, follow Mrs. Butler's advice, by imbibing a little of that English spirit which considers "all foreigners fools," even though, by so doing, we should include her in that respectable class.

We would not close our imperfect review of the "Journal," without awarding it that praise which is justly its due. Our principal objections to it relate to the vulgarity of its style, and of some of the ideas, as also to certain statements pertaining to this country. It is an amusing book, but we are confident her sincere friends must regret its publication. Parts of it, however, are eminently beautiful and eloquent, particularly her discriminating comparison between Kean and her father, and her remarks upon the character of Hamlet. But the most touching portion of the work, that which most discovers to us the true nobleness and elevated susceptibility of Mrs. Butler's nature, is her vivid description of the impression produced upon her by the scenery around West Point. The common fault of travellers is, that

they are anxious to give descriptions which they *think* may be interesting to their readers, instead of favoring them with an exact transcript of their feelings at the time. In these days of dread of affectation on one side, and of freezing criticism on the other, how refreshing it is to drink in the outpourings of a spirit that is not afraid to reveal its strongest emotions, and that carries us away by its artless enthusiasm.

"I had thought that I was tired and could not stir, but tangled brake and woodland path soon roused my curiosity, and I presently outstripped our party, and began pursuing my upward path, through close growing trees and shrubs, over pale, shining ledges of granite, over which the trickling mountain streams had taken their silvery course, through swampy grounds, where the fallen leaves lay like gems under the still pools that here and there shone dimly in little hollow glens. Alone, alone, I was alone and happy, and went on my way rejoicing, climbing and climbing still, till the ruined rampart of the fort arrested my progress. I coasted the broken wall, and lighting down on a broad, smooth table of granite, — I looked down, and, for a moment, my breath seemed to stop, the pulsation of my heart to cease, — I was filled with awe. The beauty and wild sublimity of what I beheld, seemed almost to crush my faculties, — I felt dizzy, as though my senses were drowning, — I felt as though I had been carried into the immediate presence of God. Though I were to live a thousand years, I never can forget it. The first thing I distinctly saw, was the shadow of a large cloud, which rolled slowly down the side of a huge mountain, frowning over the height where I stood. The shadow moved down its steep, sunny side, threw a deep blackness over the sparkling river, and then passed off and climbed the opposite mountain on the other shore, leaving the world in the full blaze of noon. I could have stretched out my arms, and shouted aloud — I could have fallen on my knees and worshipped — I could have committed any extravagance that ecstasy could suggest: I stood, filled with amazement and delight, till the footsteps and voices of my companions roused me. I darted away, unwilling to be interrupted, and found out for myself a grassy knoll, commanding a full view of the scene; and here I lay down and cried most abundantly, by which means I recovered my senses, which else, I think, must have forsaken me. How full of thoughts I was! of God's great might, and gracious goodness, of the beauty of this earth, of the apparent nothingness of man, when compared with this huge, inanimate creation, of his wondrous value, for whose delight and use all these fair things were created."

Who that has kept his heart open to the beauties of nature, can look upon an extensive and beautiful prospect, and not respond to the truth of these sentiments? When we are in the sublime and sacred recesses of nature, all other company is intolerable to us. We look till the "sense aches with gazing;" the heaving breast denotes the thoughts that swell it; we seem to be transformed into other beings; ideas from the past, the present, and the future rush into our minds, until the earthly tabernacle becomes too weak for the immortal spirit within; and no relief is found, till gushing tears pay to nature the heart-felt tribute of our admiration and our sympathy. This single description is sufficient, in our minds, to prove Mrs. Butler a woman endowed with some of the highest attributes of genius.

To her observations upon the importance of establishing harmony of feeling between England and America, we cordially respond, and, notwithstanding the causes that have tended to prevent this happy result, we think there are good reasons for expecting it. We can never cease to be proud of the thought, that our ancestors were, so to speak, among the "princes of the earth;" that they were educated under influences exerted by the greatest geniuses, and that the virtues for which we love the daughter, are inherited from the mother, and still constitute her greatest charm. Our affection for England is founded on the gratitude and reverence we feel to be the due of her illustrious men. Let us trust that in time the beautiful and magnificent scenery of America, may, in the estimation of foreigners, transfer some of the attachment which is felt for it, to the people among whom it is found.

M.

1790

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JUNE.

HARVARDIANA.

No. X.



"Juvenis tentat Ulysssei flectere arcum."

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ANALYTICAL

HARVARDIANA.

No. X.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MISTAKEN MAN.

"Best safety lies in fear,
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near."

Hamlet.

EVERY one who has passed four years of his life within the walls of an University, knows full well the numberless and powerful influences which there operate upon the character, bending it to good or ill, and giving it a direction which is to last through life. The larva, from the time of its entombment until it appears a winged, glittering inhabitant of air, undergoes not more striking changes, than does the student from the time of his admission as Freshman till that of his emission as Bachelor. Instead of the wholesome restraint of parental authority and the equally wholesome discipline of the birch, the Freshman finds himself *free* as a bird let loose and *equal* to any body; enjoying all the rights, privileges, and immunities which belong to the member of an independent, organized community, and living under a government of laws. The sources from which he was wont to draw his opinions and rules of conduct have failed, nor

do the principles and opinions themselves long survive. He is *free*—free to think as he pleases, and to act accordingly; and why should he not avail himself of the noble privilege? He does do so, and, for a time, acts the fool to admiration. But tired of this, he assumes some other character, till, change succeeding change, no one but himself could at last be assured of his personal identity. Like soldiers after a battle, each wounded man has suffered in a different part. One has lost his love of study, another his conscience, another his reputation, another his health, and another has had his individuality shot entirely away. Some are disabled for life, and compelled to be pensioners upon the bounty of society; others can do something for themselves in a small way; and a few go off with a noisy, vapory something called *glory*, of no use to any one but the owner, and of but very little even to him. Having passed through this ordeal, which I have likened to a battle, I am in some measure qualified to describe it, so far, at least, as it has operated upon myself; and I assure the reader that nothing short of a disinterested regard for his welfare could induce me thus to make a gratuitous exposure of my own folly. I am happy, however, that I can quote, by way of precedent, the example of that most distinguished of experimentalists, Solomon.

In the first place, then, let me inform the reader that at my admission into College, I was, like himself, a pure, unadulterated Freshman. I ran to breakfast at the half hour bell, applied to several officers to have my first prayer excused, fastened my door as soon as it was dark, opened my books at the sound of the study bell, and, in short, demeaned myself in all points as became the uncontaminated freshness of my condition. Experience, however, soon showed me the uselessness of many of these innocent habits, and periodical application to study

becoming every day more and more irksome, I was at last completely cured of this by a visit to the Library, and by a train of thought which it suggested. I shall never forget that visit. I was completely amazed by the sight of such multitudes of books, and danced about from alcove to alcove, and shelf to shelf, looking at the title of this book, surveying the dimensions of that, and inspecting the pictures in a third,

“Till the sense ached with gazing to behold,
The scenes my earliest dreams had dwelt upon.”

Overpowered by my sensations, I threw myself into a chair and fell into a reverie, which lasted upwards of an hour. Not to trouble you with the exact course of my reflections, it is sufficient to state that my first thought or sensation was of the immensity of the field of literature, or rather of the College Library, which I sagely concluded I should not read through even in *four years*, without deducting some time from the regular exercises required of me. This was a difficulty which it took me some time to get over; but I at last succeeded by stating the argument to myself in the following convenient shape. There is a difference in soils, and a corresponding difference in the mode of cultivation; there is a difference in minds, and it is impossible for any course of education to be equally well suited to all. Every system of education fails to recognise those intellectual disparities which nature has established, and is therefore unnatural and absurd. Having thus demonstrated the college course to be absurd, I was not long in determining to abandon it; and when I arose from my chair, it was with a deep resolve to mark out a course for myself.

To mark out a course for myself! I know not whether in writing these words I am more shocked at the ignorance, the folly, or the arrogance which they convey. But certain I am, that as there is no more natural or common

error of enthusiastic minds than that which manifests itself in this desire for originality, so there is none more preposterous. It is as if the voyager upon untried and dangerous seas, should reject the counsel of experienced navigators, and throw his charts into the deep; should trust to the guidance of his own judgment, and peril his life for the paltry satisfaction of being self-dependent, while the odds are a thousand to one that he will be wrecked and ruined for his presumption. Yet presumptuous as was the idea, it was one which I had firmly adopted, and which I now proceeded to put in execution by selecting a book suitable for the commencement of a course of reading, which was in the end to master the whole library. But this was a matter of not a little perplexity. I was not sufficiently conversant with books to know by their titles what they were, and so I roamed about, looking sad and perplexed enough, till at last a good-natured senior, observing my confusion, handed me one which he said he would "*venture to recommend*," and which upon opening I discovered to be *Webster's Spelling-book*! My mind was now "confusion worse confounded," but the approaching hour of *one* compelled me to make my choice quickly; and when I retired from the library, it was with a volume of Byron in my hand. Don Juan therefore was the foundation of my self-created system of education.

A course thus auspiciously begun could not but go on well. And it did succeed perfectly for a time, and gained me the admiration of some, who, while they applauded my plan, had too much sense to adopt it as their own. But after a while I began to be unhappy, and to find it difficult to get the time off my hands. It was wearisome at the best, not to say impossible, to read from morning to night, and I sought relief in the society of a few individuals equally *original*, and equally discontented with

myself. To recount the various expedients we had recourse to, to detail the frivolous and even harmful pursuits in which we engaged, and to trace their eventual consequences, would be a painful task ; suffice it to say, we "sowed the wind to reap the whirlwind." Circumstances at length dissolved an union thus prolific of mischief, and scattered its elements beyond the sphere of each other's attraction.

But I am digressing, and must turn to the exhibition of the transcendant merits of my original system of study. There are in every class, those who declaim loudly and frequently about theory and practice, — two words, upon which I have heard the changes rung by persons whose comprehensive minds could rarely attend to matters of less importance than worlds and systems. Theory, under which term are comprehended the languages, the mathematics, logic, rhetoric, &c., is loaded with vituperation, while practice, or *practical studies*, receive unqualified praise. But in the mean time the philosophical prater blindly contents himself with a *theory of study*, forgetting that it can never avail him till reduced to practice. But of this folly I was not guilty, for I religiously tested the system I had devised, and realized all its practical advantages ; the first of which was the total loss of interest in every thing going on around me. This insulation is the unavoidable fate of every individual who undertakes to mark out a course for himself, as it is impossible to pursue at the same time his own path and that prescribed for him by others. Illiberality is the natural result of isolation. No man can feel that literary enthusiasm which discovers charms in every department of knowledge, and rejoices in the success of every inquirer, though he be a rival, so long as he continues a solitary plodder. Companionship softens every obstacle, effaces every impression of weariness, renders disappointment

supportable, and infinitely enhances success. It collects upon one point, as it were, those mighty forces, which, operating singly and diversely, would effect but little, while their combination is irresistible. From all such advantages of literary fellowship I was debarred, and that too by my own act; but I still held on my way, supported by that stubborn pride, which, though baffled, will not yield.

The loss of interest in my own pursuits quickly followed the decay of sympathy with those of others. The man, who so far perverts the purposes of nature, as to make pleasure the business of life instead of its occasional refreshment, is punished by the deadened susceptibility to enjoyment which such a course unavoidably induces. It is thus with him who engages in literary pursuits from no higher motive than that of mere amusement. The effect of one novel, play, or poem is so much like that of another, that he, who makes such reading his only occupation, soon finds satiety take the place of interest, and disgust of delight. But besides this invariable decay of interest, the reader for amusement will find that, owing to the habits of mind he has acquired, or perhaps I should say, failed to acquire, he does not gain so full and accurate a knowledge even of his own particular line of study, as those do who enter upon it but occasionally and for recreation. It may seem paradoxical, but I write it as my deliberate opinion, and an opinion, "which fire will not melt out of me," that those who principally devote their time and efforts to serious and difficult studies, not only may be, but actually are, better acquainted in general with those of a lighter sort, than the men who make light and trivial subjects their "all in all."

Dissatisfied with myself, and convinced that the course I had adopted was neither pleasant in prosecution nor promising in prospect, I would gladly have abandoned it,

but for a principle, which now presented itself as an insurmountable obstacle, and this principle was *consistency*. By this, perhaps more than by any other, do men govern their words and actions; considering it more to their discredit to be *inconsistent*, that to be false, or foolish, or profligate. But I do not hesitate to condemn utterly a rule of conduct, which, like this, can never be praiseworthy. The man, who does rightly or nobly because he fears to be inconsistent, annihilates all merit, which right action may claim; and he who continues in a course, which reason and conscience forbid, that he may preserve the beggarly principle of consistency, superadds folly to sin. Who then will vindicate a principle, which cannot ally itself to virtue without tainting it; or to vice without increasing it? Who will madly choose to do wrong for ever because he has done so once, rather than incur the pitiful charge of *inconsistency*?

But this principle, contemptible as it is, did eventually prevail in my mind over all the higher and better motives, which urged me to desert the side I had taken and to join the opposite ranks. It swept away every antagonist power, and made me its very bond-slave. It impelled me upon a course, barren both of pleasure and of profit, and one whose remote consequences of evil I neither can nor would foresee. If experience therefore may qualify me to advise, I would say, let no one, destitute both of knowledge and judgment, hope to mark out a course for himself, which will be either satisfactory or commendable. It is the part of wisdom to submit to the guidance of others at a time when we lack the skill to direct ourselves. The traveller on the Alps takes counsel of him to whom their paths and precipices are familiar; on a rocky and dangerous coast, the seaman entrusts his fate to the skilful pilot; and the tyro in literature would do well to abandon his lofty ideas of originality, and imitate

their example. But if he still chooses to take his own way, let him beware how he surrenders himself to the downhill principle of consistency, and should he find he has erred in judgment, let him dare to acknowledge it, and be not too proud to avail himself of the wisdom of others. If the scholar is to wait for the discovery of a system of education without fault or blemish, he will wait for ever. It is the miserable condition of human nature to be imperfect, and the wise man will not look for completeness in any human system, but will submissively make the best of the world as he finds it, and do what he can that it may be found better by those who come after him.

MONEY.

EVER since the creation of the world there have been croakers, who are continually bemoaning the degeneracy of their fellow creatures, and complain that their own age is much inferior to that which went before. Even so long ago as old Homer's time, we find him comparing his contemporaries with his heroes of the Trojan war, lauding the strength of the latter, who could lift and cast "no small part of a mountain, which scarce twelve men of our degenerate day could move." But this is not the sole instance in which men show how much of the strength of their fathers they have lost.

The kind of money, or circulating medium, which different ages have used, comes in as an additional proof. First, we observe men used cattle, sheep, &c., as a me-

dium of exchange. The old patriarchs were said to have so many sheep, asses, oxen, camels, &c. Now this is only in the same way as we say a man is worth so much money; that was their peculiar phraseology. So it was in the very early times of the Greeks. Homer says the armor of Diomedes cost only nine oxen, but that of Glaucus cost an hundred oxen. In this sense we ought to take the story of Hercules' being robbed by that noted prince of highway-men, Cacus. That is, while Hercules was travelling, being oppressed by the noon-day heat, he laid himself on the cool bank of a river, and during his slumbers Cacus stole his oxen, that is, filched his purse.

There is another famous story to the same purpose, which we read while under the thrall of the birchen rod. That I refer to is where a certain Grecian lady, who wished to carry her money about her when she went a shopping, (for we may suppose ladies did then somewhat as they do now,) in order to habituate herself to it, she being one of those who were called in those days sick and weakly, took up her calf every day, and by carrying it some distance, managed to bear a large cow, viz. to carry a large piece of money.

The following is another proof that tame animals of some sort were then used for money, and that the people meant money when they said flocks or herds. We find that when a new sort of exchange is used, it still retains its old name; and this is the reason why the Romans called their money pecunia, from pecus; that is, because they used cattle or sheep before, and not, as other wordsifters would say, because the figure of a sheep was stamped upon the coin. Moreover, when they afterwards came to use gold, they still called their money from the metal which they used before, as the words "aes alienum" show.

Next comes the Lacædemonian money. The Spartans were so degraded as not to be able to lug more than five hundred pounds, and therefore when they wished to buy any little article, they were obliged to pile in a cart whatever was wanted more than the above-named weight. This money was moreover made of iron, which required a great quantity to purchase any trifle. As we come farther down in the order of time, we find that men became weaker and weaker; for they endeavoured to make as little as possible answer to buy a great deal. Thus the Romans made use of brass in their days of primitive simplicity; but finally became so degraded and corrupt, as to make a small piece of silver worth a large piece of brass. That gave them much less fatigue in its portage. Gold was afterwards added to the metals submitted to the mint; and these kinds of circulation kept their hold until a few centuries ago, when a certain light, tender substance, newly discovered, was thought expedient to be added to the list. I refer to the article called "paper."

Nobody, in these profligate times, feels himself able to lug either gold or silver, but stuffs his pockets and purse with little bits of paper. "O tempora! O mores!" If the human race proceed in this course, they must at last arrive at something which has no weight at all. If they happen to take a piece of money one jot heavier than the air, they will sink under the enormous burden.

Thus we see that man, instead of improving, as some of his panegyrists would contend, or even keeping in the same rank as when he came from the hands of his Creator, has fallen below it, and become worse than other animals, which, as is confessed by all, continue in the same *habits*, at least do not become worse than their progenitors.

MONETA.

SIX DAYS IN A DISTRICT SCHOOL.

I.

EXPERIENCE saith, that life hath much of sorrow
 Blended with bliss; I know the tale is true,
 And from my heart's secluded griefs could borrow
 Unnumbered proofs, and spread them to the view;
 To-day's false dreams, the blighting of the morrow
 Which steals from hope its last decaying hue,
 Affection spurned, the loss and want of self,
 Are ills which all have fallen on myself.

II.

And now—yet not for fame, or this world's glory,
 Those meteors dim, those momentary tapers,
 I will unfold a brief but mournful story,
 Worthy to be recorded in the papers,
 With dire mishaps, pests, mad dogs, murders gory,
 Elections, scandal, mobocratic capers—
 A tale more meet to make the bosom bleed,
 Than e'en the woes of Saint Rebecca Reed.

III.

In the first month of winter—old December—
 Of thirty-three—to me a year of fates;
 No, I am out—if rightly I remember,
 ('T is well to be particular in dates)
 'T was on 'Thanksgiving day, in sere November,
 That honored feast, when murder foul awaits
 The barn-yard host, and people go to meeting,
 But chiefly show their gratitude by eating

IV.

The varied bounties of the dying year,
 As if they meant to keep a six months' fast,
 That I commenced in trembling and in fear,
 To tread life's stage—by fickle fortune cast
 To a new part—in pedagogic gear,
 (My first appearance, and I trust my last)
 In —, but I must not, dare not, name the town—
 The mob would certainly go burn it down.

V.

The town, the county, state—no matter where—
 Nor boots it much that dangerous was the way,
 That storms around me, as I journeyed there,
 In fury howled to wake the sleeping spray,
 That heavy snow-clouds fringed the upper air,
 And hid from sight the radiance of the day;
 But being there, the Muse will deign to tell
 Of all the sorrows which my lot befell.

VI.

Upon the side of an o'ertowering hill,
 Crowned at its summit by a birchen wood,
 Laved by the waters of a tiny rill,
 Which there commenced its journey to the flood
 Of mighty ocean, framed with little skill,
 And gray with years, the village school house stood,
 Where I the teacher's duties first essayed,
 And then (heaven grant!) for ever left the trade.

VII.

Alas for memory! if I e'er forget.
 The bitter trials of that opening hour,
 Whose phantom horrors hover round me yet,
 When I assumed the village teacher's power;

A power which vanished when six suns had set,
 As frail and fragile as the vernal flower,
 Type of the lordliest monarch's potent sway
 Which nourishes, by its own growth, decay.

VIII.

My throne, my empire, and my subjects, all
 In blended visions fill the mental eye—
 Some *lengthy* pupils, as a steeple tall,
 Some little shavers, hardly two feet high—
 Sad, noisy urchins, fated to appal
 My timid nerves, and patience eke to try ;
 And some fair maidens—messengers of light,
 My only consolations and delight.

IX.

All these I taught ; the young in childish lore,
 To say their letters, spell, and read, and see
 The pictured wonders which the primer bore—
 Deep source of joy to lisping infancy !
 The old I bade to loftier themes to soar,
 Or scan the mazes of the rule of three ;
 And once I set a copy—made a pen—
 Tasks which I never had to do again.

X.

These too I governed ; but a kindlier reign,
 Or gentler ruler had they never known ;
 The urchins sported free from every chain,
 Nor dreading that, which erst in moments flown,
 Had awed their hearts, and changed the merry strain
 Of happy voices into sob and groan ;
 And so 't was whispered that my temper mild,
 Would spare the rod, and truly spoil the child.

XI.

This may be true, but in a world where joy
 Is but a shade which cometh and is not ;
 I ne'er — despite all proverbs — will destroy
 'The little meted to our bitter lot ;
 Or of the fleeting pleasures of the boy
 Which soon must fade, abate a single jot ;
 In merry humor let him sport to-day,
 Long ere the morrow all must flit away.

XII.

The people of the town of —, stupid blocks !
 In anger I had almost told the name,
 Rated at me as lax and heterodox,
 And all unfit man's restless soul to tame,
 Since loth to load its fleshly shell with knocks,
 Then heaped a brother pedagogue with blame,
 Who spurning ferule, birch, or leathern thongs,
 Chastised a rebel truant with the tongs.

XIII.

Indignant at their treatment, I resigned,
 And to my pupils sighed a parting speech,
 By art well fitted to convince the mind,
 Or the deep chambers of the heart to reach ;
 And one it touched — a little maiden kind,
 (That little maid I always loved — to teach)
 Started and pallid grew the tale to hear,
 And from her eyelid brushed away a tear.

XIV.

Dear little maid, with eye of heavenly hue,
 That parting tear my memory treasures yet,
 Which gently falling like a drop of dew,
 The dusty paths of life's bleak road to wet ;

To me was given a sign of sorrow true,
 A token kind, I shall not soon forget,
 That and some pelf—vile trash! were all the gains
 Proffered to soothe my sorrows and my pains.

XV.

The Man of Uz *had trials* — but I doubt,
 If e'er a school Job's gentle temper tried;
 Or being tried, if e'er his patience stout,
 This fell assault, this tempest could abide;
 Or if commencing, he would keep one out;
 But points like these no mortal can decide —
 Enough to know, of all the ills accurst,
 That haunt poor man — school keeping is the worst.

XVI.

"To teach the young idea how to shoot,"
 For those who like it, most delightful task!
 Theirs be the labor and the well-earned fruit!
 But for myself a different fate I ask;
 Yea I would rather live for ever mute,
 Do direst penance, wear the Iron Mask,
 Or be some silly monarch's sillier fool,
 Than keep six days another district school.

XVII.

'T is well to end a poem with a saw
 Or musty proverb, and to bend the case
 To prove and illustrate some general law,
 Or mooted point in clearer light to place,
 Or sage conclusion happily to draw,
 And thus the previous blemishes erase;
 The which a very proper rule I deem,
 And thus apply it to my present theme.

XVIII.

All power is transient ; time's destroying wand
 Dissolves the mightiest empires into dust ;
 Wrests the stern sceptre from the proudest hand,
 And dims the jewelled coronet with rust,
 Sweeps lordliest cities from the fairest land,
 Showing to man, how frail all mortal trust ;
 The monarch's reign, the humblest ruler's sway,
 Alike are but the pageants of a day.

W.

OUTRE-MER ; *a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea.* New York.
 Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE above is the title given to a collection of tales and sketches, a part of which have already been, for a considerable time, before the public. Two numbers, comprising nearly the whole of the first volume, were published, the first in 1833 and the second in 1834 ; and were greeted as being obviously the production of a writer of talent and of refined taste. We are happy to be at length able to present the entire work to the notice of our readers.

The general character of the book, as also the meaning and application of the title it bears, will be sufficiently explained by the following extracts from the introductory chapter.

“Lystenyth, ye godely gentylmen, and all that ben hereyn!’ I am a pilgrim benighted on my way, and crave a shelter till the storm is over, and a seat by the

fireside in this honorable company. As a stranger I claim this courtesy at your hands; and will repay your hospitable welcome with tales of the countries I have passed through in my pilgrimage."

"The Pays d'Outre-Mer, or the Land beyond the Sea, is a name by which the pilgrims and crusaders of old usually designated the Holy Land. I, too, in a certain sense, have been a pilgrim of Outre-Mer; for to my youthful imagination the old world was a kind of Holy Land, lying afar off beyond the blue horizon of the ocean; and when its shores first rose upon my sight, looming through the hazy atmosphere of the sea, my heart swelled with the deep emotions of the pilgrim, when he sees afar the spire which rises above the shrine of his devotion."

"The recollection of many of the scenes I have passed through is still fresh in my mind; while the memory of others is fast fading away, or is blotted out for ever. But now I will stay the too busy hand of time and call back the shadowy past."

"And now, fair dames and courteous gentlemen, give me attentive audience:—

‘Lordyng lystnith to my tale,
That is meryer than the nightingale.’”

Vol. I. pp. 7–10.

The “Tales” of the pilgrim are not woven together into one continuous, unbroken narrative,—the form in which most modern travellers have thought proper to give their observations to the public,—but consists entirely of short, and, for the most part, disconnected sketches. The author does not appear to consider himself bound to relate the history of every sleepless night or fatiguing day, passed upon the hardest bed of a miserable inn, or in a bone-breaking diligence,—he does not give us the bill of fare of every dinner of which he partook,

from the commencement to the end of his travels, nor has he seen fit to enlighten us as to the exact manner in which every moment of his time was spent. He has only selected from "the scenes and musings of his pilgrimage," such as appeared calculated either to amuse or instruct his readers. In this he is supported, as every one knows, by the example of Irving; and we are inclined to believe, that the writings of this delightful author owe no inconsiderable part of their attraction to this very circumstance. It is to be regretted, that this mode of writing has not been more generally adopted by those travellers, who have thought their "experiences" of sufficient importance to claim the public attention. For it will not be denied, that the productions of writers of this class often contain much that is really valuable and interesting, which yet will not repay the labor of winnowing its scanty kernels from the immense superfluity of chaff, in which they are buried. If any one should require an illustration of our meaning, we would merely ask him to compare "Ostre-Mer" with the recently published "Journal" of Mrs. Butler, or almost any other work of the same class.

The contents of the volumes before us are very various in their character, and evince a remarkable versatility of talent on the part of their author. The most opposite and discordant tastes may find in them something with which to be pleased. There are a few humorous tales and sketches, such as "The Notary of Périgueux," and "Martin Franc and the Monk of St. Anthony," which we commend to the especial notice of all such as are fond of that quiet laugh, which Smellie informs us is so conducive to health. "Jacqueline," "The Baptism of Fire," and the story of the sick monk in "The Village of La Riccia," are of a directly opposite character; and their simple and natural pathos is such as we have seldom seen

surpassed. The admirers of whatever is grand or beautiful, in nature or art, cannot but be pleased with the exquisite descriptions of such objects, in which this work abounds; and those who make man their study, whose delight it is to observe him under various circumstances and in different situations, will find much to gratify their peculiar taste. Upon whatever field the author enters, he appears equally at home; and in his labors in each we recognise alike the hand of the master.

There is one portion of the work which merits particular notice:—we refer to those articles which are of a more purely literary character. “The Defence of Poetry” is an excellent essay, well worth the attention of all those who hold the “sacred mysteries of poesy” in trifling estimation. The remarks on “The Trouvères,” “Ancient Spanish Ballads,” and “The Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain,” also contain, in a pleasing form, much interesting and valuable information. Among these last may be found several translations from the early poetry of France and Spain. Of the merits of these we are not qualified to speak, being unacquainted with the originals from which most of them are taken. The longest of them, however, the translation of the beautiful “Coplas” of Manrique, we have compared with the original; and we do not hesitate to say, that we have rarely seen the difficult task of translating poetry more skilfully executed. The most literal prose version could scarcely have represented the ideas of the original with greater fidelity: and at the same time the author has transferred to his work, without in the least impairing the smoothness and harmony of its versification, so much of the force and spirit of the original, that, as a mere English poem, it would be considered a beautiful production.

The author is a gentleman well known to the public in a literary way, and particularly as one deeply versed in the

languages and literature of modern Europe. He has recently been appointed to the professorship of this department in our University ; and is at present absent on another visit to the "Pays d'Outre-Mer." We presume that the "scenes and musings" of his present "pilgrimage" cannot be less interesting or instructive than those before us : and we trust he will find leisure on his return to give them to the public.

Before leaving the work, we wish to say a few words as to the style in which it is written ; which appears to us to be uncommonly beautiful. It is alike remarkable for its manly vigor and its chaste and simple elegance ; such as we might expect to find in one who has evidently drunk deep at those "pure wells of English undefiled," which, at the present day, are too often forsaken for the "broken cisterns" and shallow pools of our own times. This it is, no doubt, in a great measure, that gives such peculiar beauty to the *descriptive* parts of the book. Much of this, indeed, should be attributed to the character of mind of the author. He appears evidently to have looked upon the scenes and objects he describes with a poet's eye, and to have written only what he *felt*. And it must be allowed, that to convey his own impressions to the minds and hearts of his readers, the language he employs is a most noble instrument. Not a word is redundant ; scarce one but appears to have been selected, with the nicest care, to express the exact shade of meaning intended. Take as an instance the following passage, which we have selected almost at random, but which furnishes a good illustration of the graphic power of the style.

"The sultry day was closing, and I had reached, in my accustomed evening's walk, the woodland gallery that looks down upon the Alban Lake. The setting sun seemed to melt away in the sky, dissolving into a golden rain, that bathed the whole Campagna with unearthly

splendor, while Rome in the distance, half-hidden; half revealed, lay floating like a mote in the broad and misty sunbeam. The woodland walk before me seemed roofed with gold and emerald; and at intervals across its leafy arches shot the level rays of the sun, kindling as they passed, like the burning shaft of Acestes. Beneath me the lake slept quietly. A blue, smoky vapor floated around its overhanging cliffs; the tapering cone of Monte Cavo hung reflected in the water; a little boat skimmed along its glassy surface, and I could even hear the sound of the laboring oar, so motionless and silent was the air around me." Vol. II. pp. 187, 188.

The sketch from which the following extracts are taken appears to us so exquisitely beautiful, that we regret that we cannot give it entire.

"Ave Maria purissima! It is midnight. The bell has tolled the hour from the watch-tower of the Alhambra; and the silent street echoes only to the watchman's cry, Ave Maria purissima! I am alone in my chamber—sleepless—spell-bound by the genius of the place—entranced by the beauty of the star-lit night. As I gaze from my window, a sudden radiance brightens in the east. It is the moon, rising behind the Alhambra. I can faintly discern the dusky and indistinct outline of a massive tower, standing amid the uncertain twilight, like a gigantic shadow. It changes with the rising moon, as a palace in the clouds, and other towers and battlements arise—every moment more distinct—more palpable, till now they stand between me and the sky, with a sharp outline, distant, and yet so near, that I seem to sit within their shadow."

"This morning I visited the Alhambra; an enchanted palace, whose exquisite beauty baffles the power of language to describe. Its outlines may be drawn,—its halls and galleries, its court-yards and its fountains number-

ed ; but what skilful limner shall portray in words its curious architecture, the grotesque ornaments, the quaint devices, the rich tracery of the walls, the ceilings inlaid with pearl and tortoise-shell ? What language paint the magic hues of light and shade, the shimmer of the sun-beam as it falls upon the marble pavement, and the brilliant pannels inlaid with many-colored stones ? Vague recollections fill my mind, — images dazzling, but undefined, like the memory of a gorgeous dream. They crowd my brain confusedly, but they will not stay ; they change and mingle, like the tremulous sunshine on the wave, till imagination itself is dazzled — bewildered — overpowered ! ” Vol. II. p. 126 et seq.

We are of opinion, that a class of works in some respects like the one of which we have been speaking, is at present greatly needed. Whatever may be thought of novel-reading, in general, it is, we believe, admitted by almost every one, whose opinion is worthy of consideration, that the fictions, which constitute so large a proportion of the literature of the day, are, as a class, much worse than useless. On the other hand, it seems to be pretty generally agreed, that the taste of the reading community has, by constant familiarity with these ephemeral productions, become disordered and corrupted to such an extent, that it will scarcely endure any thing of a more grave and substantial character. If then, instead of the immense mass of literary trash, which our presses are daily pouring forth, we could have more works like the one before us, which, while they are such that the merest novel-reader could scarce peruse them without pleasure, have a tendency to correct and refine the taste, and direct the attention to those rich treasures which have come down to us from past ages, in our own or other languages, the result could not, we think, be otherwise than salutary.

In conclusion, we commend "Outre-Mer" to the attention of our readers, one and all; confident that when they have read it, our commendations will not be thought exaggerated, and that they will, to borrow the author's own expression, say to him, "in the words of Nick Bottom, the weaver, 'I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb.'"

HOLWORTHY.

LIGHT-HEARTED LOVE.

I do not love, as others love,
 To mourn, look sad, and sigh;
 To tell a thousand thousand griefs,
 And wipe the moistened eye;
 And yet I love a bright-eyed girl,
 Pure as an angel's prayer,
 Whose smile is like a summer's sky
 When not a cloud is there.

I gaily talk and laugh and sing
 With merry, blithesome glee;
 A light and joyous heart is mine
 Wherever I may be;
 For I am loved with a holy love
 By her whom I adore,
 Our thoughts and feelings all are one,
 We do not ask for more.

I seldom write in measured verse,
 To tell how much I love,
 How warm my passion, bright her charms,
 How constant I will prove;
 But breathe it softly when at eve
 I gaze in her eyes divine,
 Which, as I tell the oft-told tale,
 With sparkling pleasure shine.

I seek my honest, well-tried friends
 With a warm and gladsome heart,
 And as I grasp their faithful hands,
 To them my joys impart;
 And when around the festive board
 We crown the sparkling glass,
 They share my rapture when I rise
 To toast my own dear lass.

And we are happy; for we know
 Each other's love we share;
 And in that knowledge we are blest,
 And gaily laugh at care.
 Why should I mourn and sigh and weep,
 When such a lot is mine?
 When fortune smiles, as she does now,
 'T were folly to repine.

And soon the priest will make us one,
 In wedlock's holy ties;
 And then a joyous life we'll lead,
 Whatever storms may rise.
 And when that happy hour arrives,
 If you will but come here,
 A hearty welcome you shall have,
 And taste the wedding cheer.

SUPERNUMERUS.

EIGHT PAGES.

THE labors of a college Editor are, we believe, but little known and little appreciated. Nay, start not, most tasteful reader, we have no intention of drawing upon thy compassion or demanding thy sympathy. On the contrary, we disdain to be the object of such a whimpering sentiment as compassion, and only intend to lay before thee a cool, dispassionate statement of facts, to inform thy understanding, not move thy feelings. And our motive for thus gratifying thy curiosity is not so much that thy curiosity may be gratified, as that the remaining pages of this same No. X. may be filled,—a purpose which you will at once perceive is not the offspring of weakness or vanity, but of a principle to which both gods and men, editors and readers, must yield,—necessity.

Be it known then, that with infinite toil and trouble the preceding pages of this number were extorted from one and another and committed to type, when the pleasing annunciation was made to us that eight pages remained to be filled. Our own prolific brain being completely exhausted, we set forth upon a peregrination, whose success we will now proceed to detail.

The first person we met was our good friend ———. With a long face and a wo-begone tone we bemoaned to him the desperate state of our file, and having wound up his sympathy to the highest pitch, proceeded to request him to write. But he answered the pressing earnestness of our solicitations with that everlasting "I can't," which comes nearer than any other word to driving a petitioner to despair, whether the object of his entreaties be money, a place, or an article. "He couldn't think of it; he knew of no book to review, and if he did, twenty-four hours

was not time enough to do it justice ; and as to writing an essay out of whole cloth, this would cost too much wear and tear of the thinking faculties. Besides, the weather was too warm for thought to be up and doing, and the multiplicity of May-bugs, beetles, dragon-flies, and mosquitoes rendered writing by candle-light highly inconvenient."

Reader, excuse the digression, but I must take the liberty to remark, that nothing can be more disagreeable to me than the constant use I am obliged to make of the first and third person plural, nor could any thing reconcile me to it, save immemorial usage. It was adopted originally, I presume, to prevent the too frequent recurrence of the first person singular ; but the substitution of *we* for *I* is giving, as far as I can see, only a double quantity of *egotism* to the reader.

Having satisfied ourselves that no hopes could be entertained of any aid from this quarter, we saw one of our quondam correspondents approaching towards us with a dignified step and a calm air of thoughtful self-possession. We gazed at him with a look of complacency like that which the spider may be supposed to cast upon the unwitting fly over whom he is about to throw his net, and advancing hastily up to him, seized him by the button-hole, and proceeded to state the pitiful vacuity of our number, leaving him, as a man of sense, to take the hint, and not doubting that he would have the generosity to do so. But with a wariness more like the spider than the fly, to whom we compared him above, he entirely neglected to perceive the application of our remarks to himself, and innocently supposing his advice would be acceptable, immediately suggested half a dozen ways of filling the waiting pages, different indeed, but yet alike in this very important respect, that we were in every instance to draw the material entirely from our own exhausted stock.

"Eight pages," said he, "why, you can review the Biography of your old friend, the Bottle, which I see is just out, and pay a tribute of respect to his memory; or you can severely criticise Willis's *unwritten* poems, and compare them with those which might as well have been unwritten; or you can" — "turn about and be off," said we, and thanking our friend for his kind counsel, continued our perambulations, which, in their aim and object, bore no slight resemblance to those of the "roaring lion," mentioned in the Scriptures.

The next person we saw was an exceedingly rectitudinous and respectable individual, upon whom we had seldom fastened our clutches, and on that account could, with the more propriety, claim his assistance. He could do nothing himself, but "begged leave to insinuate that a highly instructive and elaborate article might be composed upon cosmical arrangements and terrestrial adaptations considered objectively with reference to their bearing upon polar explorations, and the eventual completion of the mundane-pacific rail-road, and the consequent erection of the sun-banner of peace."

We assured him that our learning was insufficient adequately to treat of so profound and magnificent a subject at so short a notice; but that at some future period we intended to make it a topic of reflection, and to leave an essay upon it for publication among our posthumous works. With this we left him, involved, to all appearance, in that cloud of thoughts with which the bare repetition of the above subject had caused his mind to teem, and pursued our own course gloomily and in doubt.

We next called upon an acquaintance of ours, possessed of the real "*cacoëthes scribendi*" — a man who turns out annually from his poetical mill a handsome cart-load of effusions. He was seated in his study, and his coat, vest,

and cravat thrown negligently upon the floor, seemed to have parted company altogether. Before him was outspread a manuscript volume, composed of sheets of various dimensions and colors, thickly bespattered with ink, and stitched together, some at the ends and some in the middle, with thread, yarn, and silk of all possible hues. At our entrance he held in his hand a pen, covered to the feather with ink, and split in such a manner as to write every letter and word double, probably designed to save the trouble of copying. His upturned and rolling eye now told that the divinity was breathing inspiration upon him, and now the frequent dipping of the pen into the tumbler of ink before him, and the rapid passage which it made over the pale sheet, showed that he was giving "to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name."

At a single glance he perceived the purpose of our visit, and signing us to a seat, reached forth the manuscript volume for our inspection, with the assurance that if any thing it contained would avail us, it was at our service. We skimmed over its pages with that air of restless curiosity with which the school-boy turns from picture to picture in a book he cannot comprehend, and among the many illegible titles were able to decipher the following:—"Lines on the Death of a favorite Puppy," written in the Spenserian stanza, and abounding with ohs, ahs, and marks of admiration. "To my Pantaloons"—a somewhat lengthy performance, filling not less than thirty manuscript pages of the loftiest hexameters. "The Woodsawyer," a tragi-comedy, in three acts. "The Temperance Reform," an epic, in twelve books. "On finding a Pin without a Head," from which last we extract the following opening stanza, the whole being too long for insertion.

"O headless pin! there is in thee
 Unutterable mystery,
 Dark, deep, and dread;
 For who can tell the direful fate,
 That from thy shoulders pulled thy pate,
Alias, thy head."

This was all we gained by our visit to the poet, and surely this was enough. Nay, to witness the scene which his study exhibited "were worth ten years of peaceful life," not to mention the space which its description has enabled us so agreeably to fill.

Leaving our friend the poet to woo the visitations of the muse unmolested, we directed our steps to the residence of an old contributor, a real "laudator temporis acti." We found him stretched at ease upon an old fashioned sofa, busily engaged in reading Tom Jones. He threw down the book and raising himself upon his left arm, while he gesticulated with his right, commenced in the following strain. "Never read it, eh? Well, you've a treat in reserve, for of all works of fiction I consider this the 'nonpareil.' Talk about your Bulwer, your D'Israeli, your Lady Blessington, and your nobody knows who; why, Sir, they are no more comparable to Fielding and Smollett, and latterly to Scott and Marryatt, than a rush light is to the sun. As for Bulwer, he never drew a human character in his life, and he never can; he lacks that liberal knowledge of man in the various stations of society, which is indispensable to the novelist; or if he has the knowledge, he wants skill to avail himself of it. And then consider the cold and dark and affected sentimentality, which he ever summons to supply that place in the soul destined to morality and religious principle, does it not evince a sadly corrupt heart? His novels are libels upon mankind, their principles of action and their institutions, and tend to chill the affections, deprave the mind, and check its admiration for truth and virtue. They

are enemies to cheerfulness, and you rise from them with a poorer opinion of human nature, and go forth to meet your fellow-man with suspicion and distrust, than which nothing can more directly tend to narrow the soul to selfishness. Now I believe, that in spite of yourself, you will find examples enough of the hateful and the repulsive in human character, greatly to diminish your sympathy for man and your interest in his welfare, without going to fiction for them; and you may well conclude, that your heart has not been improved, when you rise from a book dissatisfied with yourself and with the world around you. I can never take this view of the matter without surprise that so many readers of these books should be found; and I am inclined to believe, for their sake, that they read so negligently as not to realize the effect I have mentioned. But if they actually do experience it, and still continue to drink from these turbid and unhealthy fountains, while the pure and refreshing streams of other days are courting them to 'taste and live,' no better verdict can be given of them, than in the words of Scripture, 'they are joined to their idols, let them alone.'

"Now turn to the old novels, to Tom Jones, for example, and how different is the effect upon your mind! In every character you see before you a human being, not a monster, and in his adventures and feelings and fortune you can, nay, you must sympathise. Can there be a juster picture of a good man than is presented in Squire Allworthy? Will you ask a better illustration of the lifelessness of theory than is exhibited in Thwackem and Square? Can you imagine a profounder or more natural hypocrite than Blifil? In short, not to weary you with particulars, you will find in every chapter of this masterly work some kind exposure of the secret foibles of mankind, some new insight into their characters, or some just

and profound remark upon society, which is more valuable than all the swelling tinsel and false sentiment of a hundred modern novels; and which not one of their authors could have written for his life. If then you would be delighted, and at the same time improved in mind, in heart, and in character, you must give yourself to the old masters, to the old masters, I say."

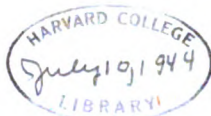
There was an enthusiasm in his eye at the close of this lengthy harangue, which assured you, that, though he had spoken perhaps too vehemently, he had expressed the real sentiments of his heart. After a pause, during which, we gazed steadily upon the floor, as if absorbed in contemplating what he had just said, we at length dared to look up, and request the assistance of his pen. A slight smile showed that he had expected a different reply to his argument; but he answered very good humoredly, that his head was so full of Tom Jones, it would be impossible to write for the present number, but that he would be ready with something for the next.

We were now pretty well assured that our only remaining hope was in ourselves; we determined to put shoulder to the wheel and produce something, which, though it should result in the displeasure of our readers, would at least save us from the disgrace of sending them a number but three quarters filled. Having come to this conclusion, the next difficulty was the want of a subject. This is a difficulty which few, except periodical writers, have the good fortune to know, but it is one of the most perplexing in the world. It is often hard and disagreeable to cogitate upon a subject suggested by another; but still it is a thing possible, as all students very well understand, and as well demonstrate once in a fortnight or so. But to feel that you must write, and write a certain definite quantity, and that too within a certain limited time, when, in the whole range of subjects, there is not one for

which you care a straw, or about which you have any decent idea, is to realize what is meant by the coarse but expressive word, "dumb-founded." Well, this was precisely the predicament in which we found ourselves placed, and all we could do was to hunt up a subject and make the most of it. So we thought and thought, traversed the room to and fro, turned over the table of contents to three or four volumes in search of a hint, consulted the Shaksperian Dictionary to find a motto, and at last, in pure despair, walked off alone towards Mount Auburn, with a faint hope that something would suggest itself, which might furnish "food for meditation."

We did get a glimpse of one or too ideas and had a tantalizing sight of a simile, but all our efforts to detain them proved unavailing, and we returned, with the words of the fishermen of Galilee in our mouth, "we have toiled all day and caught nothing."

Our next thought was to convey to our readers an exact and literal account of our condition; and now that we have done so without equivocation or mental reservation, we do not hesitate to challenge them to find fault, if they can, with our exemplification of "nothing out of nothing."



*Bridgman Curtis
New York City*

NOTICE.

It has been determined to continue the publication of *Harvardiana* another year. The first number of Vol. II. will, accordingly, be issued in September, and sent to all subscribers who do not previously signify their wish to discontinue their subscription. It will be published monthly, as heretofore, and will in general be conducted according to the plan of the past year.

MEDICAL INSTRUCTION.

THE subscribers are associated for the purpose of giving a complete course of MEDICAL INSTRUCTION, and will receive pupils on the following terms:—

The pupils will be admitted to the practice of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and will receive Clinical Lectures on the cases which they witness there.

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On Midwifery, and the Diseases of Women and Children, and on Chemistry, by DR. CHANNING.

On Physiology, Pathology, Therapeutics, and Materia Medica, by DR. WARE.

On the Principles and Practice of Surgery, by DR. OTIS.

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For the greater accommodation of the Class, a room is provided in the house of one of the instructors, having in it a large library, and furnished with lights and fuel, without charge to the students.

The Fees will be, for one year, \$100. Six months, \$50. Three months, \$25.

The Fees are to be paid in advance. No credit will be given, except on sufficient security of some person in Boston, nor for a longer period than six months.

Applications are to be made to DR. WALTER CHANNING, Tremont Street, opposite the Tremont House, Boston.

WALTER CHANNING,
JOHN WARE,
GEORGE W. OTIS, JR.,
WINSLOW LEWIS, JR.

Boston, April 1, 1835.

HARVARDIANA.

No. XI.

THE FRUITS OF EXPERIENCE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

I NOTICED, in your last number, "the auto-biography of a mistaken man." It appeared to be written by one who had learned some important truths from experience, attended, indeed, with many bad consequences to himself, and I trust that any who may read it before it is too late, may profit by it. Such pieces as those cannot be out of place in a College periodical, and if they may serve to keep any one from falling into like quicksands, a great end will be answered. The mistake, which the writer of that article made upon his first introduction to Alma Mater, is one that is often fallen into, particularly by those, who, if they had taken the right course, would undoubtedly have arrived among the first at the goal, and obtained some worthy prize. Perhaps it may not yet be too late for some to derive advantage from the experience of one who has lived four years in College, and can bear witness to the sad truths which he is about to relate.

Walking out a few evenings since, I met one of my classmates. No one who knew him could refrain from re-

specting his powers of mind, or admiring his quiet good humor and generous heart. After the usual salutation, I said to him, "Well might we exclaim,

'The jocund air a solemn stillness holds.'

Such stillness always appeared to me a type of that 'peace which passeth all understanding,' that peace which is the good man's portion." "It may be so," he answered, "but it suggests to me a wholly different train of associations. It seems to mock at my unquiet breast. Instead of feeling a sensation of joy as I inhale the air, I cannot but think that this same air will soon burst upon us with a tempest's fury. It is the remembrance of my past life that makes me give this gloomy coloring to every thing that is beautiful and glorious in nature ;—all my thoughts seem by an invisible necessity to centre, not on the gay visions of hope, the prospects of reward for pain and self-denial, but on the wrath that is to come—the fearful certainty that I grasped the apple of Sodom which is already crumbling in my hands. I may seem merry to the thoughtless, but I cannot be merry in my heart, when I think of four years—one great portion of my life—completely erased from my life's-log ; ay ! and some parts worse than erased, for there are many foul blots that 'will never out.' Hear the history of my College life, and then judge for yourself !

"While yet very young, I was sent to an Academy, out of my native town, to 'fit' for College. Having gone there for this express purpose, I did no more nor less than what I thought was necessary to attain this most advisable of ends. This I was taught to consider the summit of ambition. Thus I toiled along a few years, and gained a little Latin and Greek, but lost all love of study and all ambition. It is to this early sending of me from the paternal roof that I owe all my present unhappiness. And I do not stand alone in this. I was carried from the view of

those whom God has appointed should be the overseers of their children, until they are armed for the conflict of the world—more armed than a boy of ten or twelve years can be. Because I loved the home of my childhood, and would have returned to it immediately after my first entrance into the new scene,—I was scoffed at, and taunted by those who were already hardened to the genuine, fresh feelings of the heart. Would that my parents could have rightly understood the yearnings of my heart! Would that I could still possess what was then called childishness. But I became ashamed of these natural kindly affections, and too soon succeeded in forgetting that home which I had always loved, together with many homely and sincere feelings, and became familiar with those scenes and faces that I shrunk from at first, together with many deceits and forbidden pleasures.

“I entered upon College life with the idea, that it was one continued scene of enjoyment,—a complete fairy land of flowers and delights, where generous hearts were open to receive into their communion others of like spirit, where the friendly hand was ever ready to be extended, where selfishness was asleep, and harmony reigned triumphant. It is needless to say that my expectations were not realized. The endless round of duties soon grew irksome,—the chase for petty distinctions soon disgusted me with many of my class, and thus from a merry, careless, social youth, I became dejected and melancholy—displeased with myself—displeased with the Government—displeased with every one around me. Would that some friend could then have understood my situation! Had there been such an one, to show me where I had erred, place things in their right view, and rouse the better feelings of my nature, my mind would soon have recovered its natural tone, and would not now be the sport of wretched fancies, dark recollections, sad misgivings for

the future, and sullen discontent with the present. But it is all in vain. The evil star of my destiny rolls onward; I am hurried to an early grave, where there is no vexation or disappointment."

This is no exaggerated statement. It was in vain that I suggested more cheering views of the future — that life was but just commenced — that the road to honor, happiness, and renown was yet open, — that he could yet stretch forth his hand, and pluck the fruit of life. He walked silently along until we passed one, of whom he spoke thus. "He entered College, knowing that it was a place for study and for improvement. But he was so unfortunate as to have for a *chum* one who was fond of company, who came here to pass away four years, and amuse himself, while he picked up such knowledge, as he could obtain without any trouble to himself. In vain he strove to be faithful among the faithless. In a short time, he adopted the manner of life of his room-mate, and all his plans of improvement, all his dreams of honor were banished from his mind. And what youth, unless he were fortified with more than common strength of mind and moral principle, could withstand the continual force of example, the continual interruption of his solitary studies and musings by a crowd of noisy, thoughtless boys of his own age, who would naturally ridicule what they esteemed unnecessary, and unbecoming the free, hearty character of youth! Such is one of the evils of *chumming*. And no notions of economy ought to enter into consideration with the loss of morals and the hindrance of improvement. Yet a youth, on first entering College, is often assigned the same room with one about whose character nothing is known. Hence he becomes an immediate intimate with one, with whom he never would have associated, had he not thus been forced upon him, since he may have opposite taste, character, and aims.

"The great rock, upon which most of those founder who enter College, is the want of fixed principles of action and of duty. With these, scarcely any temptation will avail, but without them, the least wind will make shipwreck of our hopes. Not only will this apply to students in the regulation of the general tenor of their lives, in the choice of the main roads which they may make, but also in the trifling events which tend so much to make us happy or miserable. He who is known from the first to proceed on the ground of duty, to appeal to his conscience and obey its dictates, will always be respected and never be required or asked to swerve from the straight path. The course of such an one is indeed smooth, and his path crowned with flowers. After the first step has been made to the right hand or the left, it is difficult, almost impossible, to recover the right path. And it is equally difficult to gain it, if having taken the wrong road at first, we have to wander through bogs and over hills—or in plain terms, it is almost impossible for one, who has at times yielded to solicitation, threats, or ridicule, to gain a character for conscientious rectitude. Hence his motives are suspected, and perhaps an undeserved odium becomes fixed upon him, which he bears through his College course.

"A great mistake is often made by some who think that *popularity* is to be gained by humoring the caprices and obeying the nod of the class, in whatever they may please to do. The popularity gained in this way is hollow and despicable. But it is to be doubted whether much even of this kind can be gained by the time-server. For all have the good sense to discern the flimsy object of desire, and despise him who entertains it. But that respect which is the only true popularity—which results from moral and intellectual distinction—can be gained by him who, through his whole course, shows that he

is actuated by a sense of duty in all his operations. Such a character is looked upon with respect and admiration. Instead of following, he may himself lead others. Such an one may be regarded as fitted for the contest of the world, and may be insured against the lures of ambition, the inordinate lust of power, the temptations of pleasure, or the love of gain. If he has withstood, through four years of trial, the many winds which have beaten against him, he will be likely to stand unmoved in the future scenes of life. For though the temptations then may be greater, yet his power of resistance is also greater. There is more to be feared for those who are governed by impulse rather than principle. They would not do probably what they considered wrong, if they should reflect beforehand upon what they are about to do. They would spurn to be actuated by base motives or low desires. Yet they may unconsciously be drawn into almost any excess, and commit almost any folly or vice."

My friend, after this, pointing to one who was slowly pacing the College walk, with his head cast down, and his whole features bearing evident marks of discontent and anxiety, said to me, "There you see one who has studied without profit, lived without gratification; who has gained honors from the government, but there is no one who loves or even respects him. His whole object has plainly been to arrive at College distinction, through rain or through shine, and he has not hesitated to employ any means, however despicable they may be, to attain this end. He leaves College without having formed any character or any habits of mind, which will enable him to meet the conflict of life. He has seated himself to his books from compulsion, and when the motive is withdrawn which now chains him to the table, he will bid adieu to the sweets of literature, for they have been no sweets to him. The little knowledge, which he has thus gained, can be

of no substantial benefit. How much better would it be for him, had he looked at the means and not at the end. Eaten up with malice and envy, he is more to be pitied, than he, who though he have attained to no honors, has yet preserved the honorable feelings of the heart, and is not dead to every passion but morbid ambition." Saying this, he left me ; and that some may profit by his observations is the wish of a

SENIOR.

A WORD AT PARTING.

Ad Amicum.

Two streams of kindred source
 Together, side by side,
 Begin their onward couræ
 To ocean's foaming tide;
 Yet mountains intervene,
 Or far extending plain
 Their waters spreads between,
 Which never blend again.

But ocean idly rolls,
 And mountains vainly rise
 Between two kindred souls
 Knit in affection's ties :
 Since distance cannot sever
 Heart from its brother heart,
 Though words be mingled — never,
 And forms be wide apart.

We part, long cherished friend !
 Perchance to meet no more ;
 Yet parting will not rend
 The ties which bound of yore —
 The ties which still shall bind
 This soul with influence blest,
 While words of love can find
 One echo in my breast.

We will be joined together
 In friendship tried and warm,
 Through all life's changing weather,
 Its sunshine and its storm ;
 And light itself shall fade,
 The stars for ever set,
 Earth vanish as a shade,
 Ere thou or I forget.

My spirit's chosen brother !
 Whatever fate be mine,
 I ne'er shall find another,
 With heart as true as thine ;
 And trust, that though we part,
 Time, on his weary wing,
 Will leave that noble heart,
 At least, an unchanged thing.

W.

MY FRIEND AND, HIS HAT.

ἄττ' ἂν διαβόλοι τις ἀντὶ ταῦτ' ἂν ἤδιστ' ἦσθα.

Aristoph., Eclm., 648.

I HAD a friend once who loved a hat, aye, deeply and devotedly. But let not the foible of my friend, and the tale which I shall append thereto, excite a smile in the reader. The love bestowed upon animate creatures, whether dumb or talkative, is always of an interested nature, and meeting no return, it languishes and dies; but the affection lavished upon inanimate objects is of a higher, a nobler character. It is an outpouring of the spirit of general philanthropy, which is bounded by no limits of chance or self-interest, but extends over all nature, beautifying and exalting whatever is subject to its influence.

Such was the attachment of my friend Little (for that was his name, — Maximus Little) to his hat, or rather hats, — for his affection, as I said before, was general, and embraced the whole tribe of head-pieces, from the little chip affair, the bantling of a day, to the resplendent chapeau which decorated his pericranium at reviews, public dinners, and other occasions of a warlike nature; for the zeal and activity, which he had early displayed in the service of Mars, had procured him the high and responsible office of Major in the Militia.

Like all other antiphrenologists, he firmly believed that the head was merely “a bulbous excrescence to hang the hat on,” and on this principle he acted. Indeed, the little knob of a cranium, which surmounted the dapper body and spindle legs of Maximus, was precisely adapted to this purpose; but as for containing his mind, — pshaw! — it would not have held a tithe of the quips and quirks

and bright ideas which the Major was accustomed to scatter about in profusion, every day of his life,—not even had they been packed as close as a load of Vermont cheeses, or the animalculæ in a drop of water,—which is said by the most exact naturalists to contain from 16, 758, 920 to 16, 758, 921, alive and kicking.

But though the attachment of my friend to the whole hat family was so universal, his affections, I fear, were centred in a huge helmet of glistening leather, surmounted by a stiff fiery plume, which he was wont to wear only on the most important occasions. Oh, it was a soul-inspiring sight to see the gallant Major Maximus Little, perched on the back of a fiery war-steed, prancing about the field, his tall plume quivering with the involuntary bobbing motions of the rider, for all the world like a militia gun-house, with an aspiring flag-staff, capering about in an earthquake.

And here, for the benefit of those physiologists who believe in the hereditary descent of mental, as well as bodily peculiarities, I will remark, that the same hat-hobby distinguished Abraham, the eldest son of my friend. As a proof of this, he early adopted the trade of a hatter, and rose rapidly to great eminence in the art, surpassing all others in his native city, where his sign-board may still be seen, to the confusion of all who shall have the audacity to doubt this veritable relation, having his name inscribed in staring gold letters, with a block-head on one side and a hat on the other, as emblems of himself and his profession, thus:—

■ A. LITTLE, HATTER. ■

But to return to my friend. It must be allowed that his devoted attachment to his head-pieces and his assiduous care thereof, were deserving of some reward, though,

in truth, none was expected by his purely disinterested heart. And a reward he did receive. Listen, ye who think slightly of the decoration of the outside of your crania, — who would discard an old and faithful hat, as ye would a mistress who had jilted you, — listen, and be wise.

It was on a bright morning of the 5th of July, that a number of us roysterers set off on a fishing excursion of pleasure in the jolly-boat of the good ship Alligator. The Major, then a young blood of forty, was there, with his favorite helmet, as a memorial of the glories of the preceding 4th. The weather was beautiful, — mild as the voice of a pretty woman, when not speaking to her *husband*, and soft as the nap of my friend's best beaver. The sport was glorious. Our boat was soon heavy with fine cod, (tom), delicate halibut, and epicurean tautaug. The pleasure was intense, the felicity perfect.

But, alas for the evanescency of human happiness! On a sudden the complexion of affairs was changed; the skies became black, the waves rose, and the winds blew. The sea tossed madly its challenge to the heavens, and the heavens scowled darkly in defiance on the sea. Nature was in hysterics. Through the gloom the imaginary demoness of the storm was seen, in the shape of a mermaid, who seemed to chant an inaudible song, the words of which arranged themselves somewhat as follows —

“Thanks to the halibut
That squirm in your prow,
You in the jolly-boat
Are dished for it now.” *

* Malicious carpers may assert, that these words bear a surprising resemblance to a speech of the White Lady, in the Monastery, — meaning thereby to insinuate neither more nor less than that they are stolen. Now, in reply, I may say, that spirits of all kinds would be apt to speak pretty much alike. At any rate, to accuse a water-sprite of plagiarism would be preposterous.

Suddenly a side blast struck the boat, and it upset. The fish were delighted at their escape, and darted off in triumph, turning up their tails at us, as they went, with a most impudent and contemptuous motion.

And what, it may be asked, were our emotions, when thus struggling in the dark and heaving waves? Did our numberless sins, long since forgotten, come thronging back upon the mind with stifling weight, and did bitter tears mingle with the bitter brine, telling of repentance, and beseeching pardon? Did we turn from the vanities of this world to the awful realities of the next? Ah no! The tendrils of the heart do not so easily quit their hold on the things of earth, round which they have been taught to twine; the affections cling with closer tenacity to the beloved object, as the moment approaches when they are to lose it for ever. Then, Mary, in that awful hour, when buffeting the furious sea, my arm was wearied with the unavailing labor, — when the lightning blinded my eyes, and the thunder stunned my ears, — when the whole head was sick and the whole heart faint, it was the thought of thee which reanimated my sinking soul, and gave me new life, and strength, and hope. It was to thee I called, when all human aid seemed hopeless.

And now, when in the solitude of my chamber, I seek in vain, by the remembrance of things long past, to revive the embers of an extinguished happiness in this desolate heart, is it to thee, loved and lost one, that my thoughts instinctively turn; it is thy image which breaks through the troubled skies of affliction, like the star of the pole to the bewildered mariner, ushering to a haven of quietness and joy.

But bless me! is this a time to sentimentalize, when the whole company are swimming for their lives? It will be by the greatest good luck if we are not all drowned

before yonder vessel comes up. Hilloa! ho! Schooner, ahoy! hilloa! She hears us,—she turns,—she nears,—hurra! She is close by, boats are lowered,—life-buoys are thrown out,—half-dead boys hoisted in,—hurra, we are safe! Thank God!

The storm subsided as rapidly as it rose; the rain ceased; the thunder rolled off, rumbling and growling in the distance, like a lion disappointed of his prey; the sun emerged from his veil, glowing with indignation at having been so long shorn of his beams, and the clouds slunk away before his fiery wrath, like serpents who had spent their venom; of the furious tossing of the sea remained only a long and regular swell, like the slow breathing of a sleeper; and Nature, recovering from her fright (not merely smiled, but) fairly laughed outright with joy, and in the excess of her delight hung out a very superfluous rainbow to tell us what we all knew before, namely, that the storm was over.

But lo! what is it that blanches every cheek and freezes every heart? For whom does the eager eye roam, vainly over the deck?

Alas! it was too true. One of our band was missing,—and he was—need I name him? Already does the startled thought anticipate the beloved cognomen. **LITTLE** was not to be seen! Little had he been thought of until our exhaustion and terror were over, and then much was he lamented. We felt that we could *not* have spared a better man, for there was no better man to spare. Again the boat was lowered; again we rowed forth in search of the lost one. At last, in the distance, we espied something black floating on the surface. As we approached, it proved to be, not the Major himself, but that which the major loved next to himself,—his hat.

Sadly and mournfully did we approach the relic of our departed friend,—*this*, at least, thought we, we can save,

and make, as is meet, chief mourner at his funeral. Mournfully did we smile at the sadly jocose idea. I stretched my hand to the plume, which, though drenched and battered by the storm, still proudly pointed to heaven, as if to index the way by which its master's spirit had ascended. I grasped it, but oh, joy unutterable ! the hat refused to rise, for within it, was enclosed a head, and to the head was attached a body, in whose recesses yet lingered the trembling spirit, ready to take its flight. The air contained in the Major's tight-fitting helmet had buoyed him up, when other aid was hopeless ! Thus was my friend's disinterested attachment rewarded.

And the life thus preserved was long and happy. I have done my friend some wrong, by the manner in which I have hitherto spoken of him. His head may have been weak, but his heart was sound ; foibles he had, but they were harmless ; his feelings were ever warm, ever active, ever beneficent. And when, in the fulness of his days, the good old man slept with his fathers, a long train of mourning children and neighbours — mourners from the heart — followed him to the grave. They wept not, indeed, for he died not till the completion of his pilgrimage, — the grain fell not till it was ripe for the sickle ; but each thought of the many kindnesses he had experienced from his departed friend, and mourned, that a good man had fallen in Israel.

S. P. Q. R.

The Crayon Miscellany, by the Author of the Sketch-Book. No 1. *A Tour on the Prairies*. No. 2. *Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey*. 12mo. pp. 274 and 230. Philadelphia. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

To reiterate the stale common-places of praise, which have been bestowed upon these latter labors of Mr. Irving, may seem in us a task equally needless and gratuitous: if so, we can only say in vindication, that, while every voice is eloquent on this theme, we cannot withhold from ourselves the pleasure of joining in the general chorus.

The *Crayon Miscellany* is a striking exemplification of the power of genius to invest, with a charm, the most barren subjects. We feel at every page, that it is to the magic power of mind we owe the lively interest we take, in events and characters of the most ordinary description. We are with the author in the desert, the prairie, the tent, the chase — we accompany him in his rambles with Scott, and roam with him through the haunted halls and among the grim and ghostly portraits of Newstead. We tremble for our safety in fording the broad rivers of the west, we feel our appetite quickened by the toilsome and rugged march, we contemplate, with lofty emotions, the glory of the midnight sky, overarching untrodden solitudes, we sit with Beatte over the dying embers of the camp fire, and listen with a strange, indefinable feeling to the low murmuring of his voice as he bemoans the departed strength of his youth, and we return with regret, at last, to the artificial habits of society and the painful luxury of sleeping within doors.

Now we do not mean to say that this is a work of genius comparable with the epics and the tragedies of mighty minds, but that, such as it is, its whole merit arises from

anything rather than the materials. These are such as in the hands of another might have furnished no food for thought or description. A man of business might roam over the untravelled forests and mountains and streams of the west, and think of nothing but timber, and quarries, and mill-privileges; and a man of pleasure might journey through the same tract, lamenting at every step the badness of roads, the absence of taverns and cook-shops, and the rude dress and manners of his companions. A right-down proser might fathom every puddle, take the altitude of every hillock, the girth of every tree, and carefully note down the progress made at every hour, while a new-fledged philosopher would discover, in the geological structure, the mounds and the bones, inexhaustible themes for speculation upon the antediluvian world and the paulo-post diluvian races. The poet, and such we deem Mr. Irving in an eminent degree to be, views every thing in the light of his own mind. Every circumstance and every object becomes important, not for what it is, but for what it suggests. The veriest trifle, in itself considered, touches some secret cord of inspiration in the poet's heart, and gives rise to thoughts pregnant with beauty and truth. His genius irradiates, with a light not its own, every object to which it turns, and like the prayer of the prophet in the valley of desolation, makes even the dry bones awake from the dust and start into glowing life.

It is, perhaps, impossible to tell in what Mr. Irving's unequalled powers of description consist, or to analyze the process by which every event and personage is brought vividly before the reader. It may come from the minuteness with which every little circumstance is detailed, or the judgment with which his epithets are selected, or the free scope which he gives to his own thoughts; or it may, and probably does result from all of these happily com-

bined. And thus to be minute without being tedious as a catalogue, to apply appropriate epithets without encumbering the style, to give reins to fancy without being prosy or sentimental, is one of the most difficult things in the world, and demands a combination of talents as rare as it is delightful.

The "Tour on the Prairies" is remarkable throughout for this vividness or lifeness of description. Take as an illustration of this point, and indeed as a specimen of the author's skill in seizing upon every particular which may give distinctness to his pictures, the following passage selected entirely at random. "The bugle sounded the signal to mount and march. The troop filed off in an irregular line down the glen, and through the open forest, winding and gradually disappearing among the trees, though the clamor of voices and the notes of the bugle could be heard for some time afterwards. The rear guard remained under the trees in the lower part of the dell, some on horseback, with their rifles upon their shoulders; others seated by the fire or lying on the ground, gossiping in a low, lazy tone of voice, their horses unsaddled, standing and dozing around; while one of the rangers, profiting by this interval of leisure, *was shaving himself before a pocket mirror stuck against the trunk of a tree.*"

"The clamor of voices and the notes of the bugle at length died away, and the glen relapsed into quiet and silence, broken occasionally by the low murmuring tone of the group around the fire, or the *pensive whistle of some laggard among the trees*; or the rustling of the yellow leaves which the lightest breath of air brought down in wavering showers, a sign of the departing glories of the year." Vol. I. pp. 99, 100.

Hitherto in our remarks, we have had the "Tour on the Prairies" principally in view, and we now turn to

"Abbottsford and Newstead Abbey." They are both delightful sketches, though in point of interest the first has a decided advantage. It introduces us at once to the society of Scott, and we feel as much at ease from the moment of our introduction, as if we had known him for years. His frank, manly, generous, and hearty character irresistibly wins our affections. Instead of the rigid seclusion, the cold formality, the proud disdain for the world, and the bitter enmity towards rivals, which too often render the literary character abhorrent, we find in him the most winning affability, the warmest philanthropy, and the truest admiration for genius wherever found. Even fiction, liberally as it endows its favorites with noble and worthy qualities, has not presented us with the model of a truer heart, than that which glowed and beat to every generous sentiment in the bosom of Scott. Without presuming to dwell upon a character in whose praise every pen delights to labor, we cannot forbear remarking upon the lofty example, or more strictly, the severe rebuke which it affords to the noisy, envious, quarrelling tribe of scribblers, that numerous race of restless croakers, who write themselves into a contemptible notoriety by abusing a world, to whose happiness and well-being they are of no more consequence than so many drops to the ocean. The only thing we have to regret in "Abbottsford" is its brevity—for in the delightful company of such consenting characters as Scott and Irving we never grow weary.

"Newstead Abbey," highly entertaining though it is, would have been far more so had the genius of the place, by whose spell it has been enchanted, cheered it with his bodily presence. But in spite of this untoward circumstance, it is no paltry pleasure to visit the haunts where "lived and loved" that master of the mysteries of the heart. Every thing here is in perfect contrast with the

scenes, and sentiments, and feelings which invest "Abbotsford" with interest. We tread the long, dreary, echoing halls; we survey the shadowy forms of mailed knights and fair dames of old; we gaze on the lake, the forest, and the hills, rendered immortal by the song of the bard, and visit the deserted mansion of Mary Chaworth, upon whose unyielding heart the poet poured forth the deep, fiery, quenchless love of youth, with feelings of solemn, and almost superstitious awe. Every thing here is dark, and ghostly, and majestic. Cheerfulness is banished as unfitting—mirth is repressed as too light a visitant, while the heart trembles almost with deep, and strange, and indefinable emotions. Such is the wizard power of whatever has the slightest connexion with the life and the memory of Byron.

This sketch is no less valuable than interesting, as identifying many a thought and feeling, that might otherwise seem merely ideal, with those which really animated the living breast of the poet. The scenes and events of his youth never lost their impression upon his mind, but still recurred at every subsequent period of life with undiminished freshness and strength. The same fervor which distinguished his earliest passion, the same restlessness of spirit, which, in the halls of Newstead, found its delights in fancied visions of ghostly visitants, the same lightning glance and power of thought, marked his character and his works to the end. Some of the circumstances, which developed and fostered the strange elements of this wonderful and contradictory mind, Mr. Irving has vividly detailed. He has taken us with him, as it were, into the castle of a mightier enchanter than Merlin, and initiated us into the mysteries of some of his most potent and terrific spells. We enter with fear, we behold with wonder, we return with a deeper insight into the penetralia of genius.

There is perhaps no writer of the present day who possesses such wealth of language as Irving. His style has a facility and grace, which, however easily attainable it may seem, is proved not to be so by the very few who succeed in approaching it. It is rich almost to superfluity, but yet has no flash nor tinsel, and is always fluent without being flippant. By what means he has acquired such a mastery over the language, or by what studies his taste has been so highly cultivated and refined, it would, perhaps, be impossible even for himself to tell. For our own part we cannot but think he is in some measure indebted to the sedulous care, and enthusiastic admiration with which he has evidently studied the old authors, the fathers of the language. This "good-for-nothing literature," as he somewhere jocosely terms it, is a mine of wealth to every one who would avail himself of the whole strength, compass, and beauty of his native tongue. And if, instead of imitating the popular authors of our own day, and introducing the new-fangled jargon of the beau monde or of billingsgate, they would content themselves with drawing their language from these ancient and uncorrupted fountains, it would do much to restore a better taste, and to give additional perpetuity to their own productions.

In closing this article we cannot forbear to express our gratitude to Mr. Irving for the pure pleasure which his works have ever afforded us, and to hail with delight these latter emanations from his pen, which come like drops of rain upon a thirsty soil. And we are sure that every reader will recognise, as the expression of his own sentiments, the words with which he himself concludes his notice of Scott. "When I consider how much he has contributed to the better hours of my past existence, and how independent his works still make me, at times,

of all the world for my enjoyment, I bless my stars that cast my lot in his days, to be thus cheered and gladdened by the outpourings of his genius."

THE FEAST OF DEATH.

THE morning sun arose!
 Night's canopy is furled,
 And while the matin bells are ringing,
 That sun his welcome smiles is flinging
 Around the waking world!
 But dark his beams to those,
 Whose eyelids through the live-long night
 Have known no sweets of slumber light,
 No joys of soft repose;
 And mournfully each new-born ray
 Of lustre from the rising day
 Shines in the captive's cell;
 While heavily upon the ear,
 With knell of death, and note of fear,
 Resounds that matin bell.

Of fear? gaze in upon yon place
 Where signs of death appear,
 And see if on one storm-worn face,
 Thou canst discern a single trace
 Of hesitating fear!
 No tear-drop in the steady eye,
 No sob, no gasping breath,
 No quivering lip, no bursting sigh,
 Betrays a dread of death.

But calmly, as an old man goes,
 At three-score years and ten,
 To lay him down in long repose
 With all earth's vanished men,
 With lifted brow and manly tread,
 They go to join the silent dead.

The fated ones appear!
 The chieftain and his crew,
 As bold a band as e'er
 Sailed o'er the ocean blue —
 Their blood-red flag hath often waved
 In every varied clime;
 And every billow's spray hath laved,
 Their bark of death and crime.
 But now, upon a foreign strand,
 Ranged side by side, hand grasped in hand,
 As they have often stood
 Around the cabin of their ship,
 And gaily passed from lip to lip
 The wine-cup, stained with blood,
 Or boldly gathered to oppose
 The fell attacks of ocean's foes,
 Its warriors or its flood;
 With fearless hearts, they calmly wait,
 Like gallant men, their final fate.

Lo! how the countless crowd is stirred
 To catch the chieftain's parting word —
 "My flag hath kissed the tempest breeze
 Which wakes the sleeping water;
 My bark hath danced across the seas,
 When red with human slaughter;
 I've stood unmoved upon the deck,
 When ocean bore that bark a wreck,
 When every onward rolling wave
 Seem destined for my shroud and grave;

I've braved with joy the angry battle,
 When booming death-shots wildly rattle,
 And dying forms are scattered o'er
 The decks, all slippery with gore —
 Fear never *then* disturbed my breast,
 Or blanched this swarthy brow,
 Or on my buoyant spirits prest —
 And shall I tremble *now* ?
 No! bid death come in any form,
 The heady fight — the raging storm,
 The ignominious halter;
 Alone, upon the silent sea,
 Or mid such crouds as gaze on me,
 My heart shall never falter!
 But human passions linger yet —
 And there are those away,
 Whom I could never all forget;
 And on this dying day,
 My spirit seeks a distant isle,
 Where torrid sun-beams brightly smile,
 And where — but I must not recall
 The loved ones of my natal hall,
 At such an hour as this;
 I will not play the coward's part,
 But it would all unman my heart —
 The memory of that bliss —
 I only breathe a single sigh
 For hopes for ever flitted by,
 And waft that sigh across the sea,
 Mine own — my best beloved, to thee!"

As ocean billows, heave the crowd
 Heavily to and fro;
 And hushed a while their voices loud
 To murmurs deep and low.
 It is no joyous sight to see
 Five mortal men, whate'er they be,
 Sped into dim eternity.

One moment — and their life-blood rushed
 As free as ever torrent gushed ;
 Another — and each pulse was still,
 And the warm blood grew thick and chill —
 One struggle brief — one gasp for breath —
 Ended the troubled feast of death.

W.

PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

TO THE EDITORS OF HARVARDIANA.

SATISFIED that chaotic matter had but just burst forth into animate forms, and those forms received the endowments of sense and reason, when man imbibed the principle of curiosity ; and, during my late brief residence at the University, having felt this principle excited in no small degree by the agitation of a subject highly interesting to me ; I beg leave to suggest this as a humble apology for addressing you, and pray you to eradicate from your hearts every germ of that *baleful spirit of prejudice* in considering the following remarks and speculations.

Before entering upon the subject which has so long engrossed my mental powers, you may not deem it an act of supererogation, if I make a few remarks respecting style. It seems to me highly desirable that every one should catch the style of their native and vernacular tongue, so that every sentence may pass off smoothly and with a roll to it ; and this I can generally do very

well, when I can keep style distinctly in view ; but never having prosecuted this subject farther than Blair's Rhetoric, I frequently find it difficult when I get into an argument to do this. I am apt to go on thinking of nothing but the idea, and write in a very common-place manner, just as if I was talking, and never think of those figures and tropes which constitute the true rolling or chaste style. But being determined to perfect myself in this elegant accomplishment, I make it a practice, when I detect myself going on in an ordinary way, to stop just where I am, and make a metaphor on the spot. I merely observe this by way of preface, so that your ears may not be offended by my homely language, so incongruous with men of letters.

The subject on which I wish to address you is the question, What is matter? I have always thought matter was very important, since all our corporeal powers and terrestrial delights are in a manner situated in this substance. But I never fairly got hold of it till I heard a lecture delivered on this subject before the university. The Professor commenced by saying that there were three theories respecting matter, and then went on to enlarge. I shall, in the first place, condense the lecture, and then offer you my own views on the subject.

His primary allusion was to a theory maintained by Newton. But I was never more surprised in my life than I was to hear that a man of so much good common sense as Newton, should lay down matter to be exactly what people generally, I mean the rabble, take it for. I may say that philosophers in all ages have agreed, and I am not afraid to hazard the statement, that there is a great deal in matter that you cannot see through in a minute. I must say for Mr. Newton, however, that he had one idea which was very original, and pleased me considerably. He seemed to think, that if we only had

a machine to squeeze matter together hard enough, we might stow it all away in a nut-shell. But notwithstanding this gave me a favorable impression of the man, because it showed he had some thoughts of his own, I could not help thinking what a pity it was that he left his discovery at such loose ends, as not to specify how large a nut he should want. Now the discrepancy between a cocoa-nut and a filbert is, we may say, startling, provided we are debating into which the matter should be put; and I would merely say that, in case the experiment should be tried, there can be no reasonable doubt that a large portion of the audience, having the idea of a filbert in their minds, would go away greatly dissatisfied, and in nine cases out of ten there would be a mob. Besides, I am not for splitting hairs, but I should like to hint to this learned man, that, after he has done every thing else, your humble servant would insist on seeing the machine, which I take it is made of matter, packed in with the rest.

But I turn with chagrin from this theory to a new view of the subject, which is taken by Mr. Berkeley. According to his speculation, there is no such thing as matter; he would have us believe that matter is nothing but a notion which we have got into our heads. Now this puzzled me for some time; indeed I could not get hold of it; could not suppose a case to save my life. I thought I should like to take him on his own grounds, and ask him if matter is ideas, what in the name of common sense are ideas? and if our existence is nothing but a dream, what is that thing, which we commonly style a dream? For nobody will argue that two things can be in the same place at the same time; and if Mr. Berkeley shoves ideas and dreams out of their places, and puts matter there in room of them, he has got to just find a new place for these ideas and dreams. Like a wandering gull, I hov-

ered for a long time over this abyss of inconsistencies, seeking in vain for a place where I might rest the feet of my understanding, and fold up the pinions of my imagination, when all at once a new light burst forth. The lecturer introduced the theory of Mr. Leibnitz, and I saw at once that we were no longer like a ship without a compass, and that, instead of being shipwrecked on the rough rocks of prejudice, we should now cast anchor in the harbour of true philosophy.

Mr. Leibnitz discovered that all matter consisted of infinitely small living animals, which do not possess very strong reasoning powers, but which are governed almost entirely by their feelings. Of these animals there are an immense number of different races. Those of the same race have generally a very strong affection for each other. Thus the wonderful phenomena, which Newton was obliged to account for, by supposing a blind and unphilosophical law of attraction and repulsion, were clearly explained on the ground of the friendship and hatred of these different races. Besides, he did not stop here. He proceeded to examine some flesh with a very powerful microscope, and ocularly demonstrated that there was no mistake about it. All the animals which compose one kind of substance constitute one race, whereas one lump or piece of this substance forms a nation. It is very astonishing how these nations are governed. Those nations, for example, which are called crystals, are evidently under martial law. Where they found a state, they draw themselves up in squadrons or squares, each one knowing his particular place, and always taking care, if any rank or file is destroyed, to supply it by a new recruit. Stones and bricks are probably very peaceable republics. These different nations are never known to have internal dissensions so long as they are left to themselves, but it very frequently happens that certain individuals from a foreign

tribe will come into a state and spread sedition through the whole land ; the *baleful spirit of prejudice* and discord seems to reign in every breast, and they separate with marks of evident disgust. Sometimes these governments will be undermined slowly by a race of artful mischief-makers ; and sometimes the flames of civil war will be lighted from one end of the land to the other. A short time ago, I wanted to slake a piece of lime, as a Newtonian would term it ; but I should say I had occasion to dissolve the bonds of the political and social union of a great and happy people. I let loose upon it a horde of Goths and Vandals, vulgarly styled water, and oh, before the work was finished, I was sick at heart to witness the fermentation of excited feelings, and the boiling of angry passions which straightway followed ! I am convinced, on the whole, that if it is ever necessary to destroy a state, it is much more humane to do it by gradually corrupting the principles of government and out-rooting the affections of the people. If, for instance, any one has occasion to slake lime, it is due to humanity, that he introduce these sedition-workers in small numbers, and then the feelings of the people gradually become chilled and dead, and they separate without much regret on any side.

The race of water exhibit, in their manner of protecting themselves from the effects of cold, more ingenuity and more pure patriotism than any other instance to which I could allude. When the weather becomes so severe as to be disagreeable, those who reside on the frontiers marshal themselves in battle array, and form a close and impenetrable barrier to this enemy to the general welfare. It is a disputed point, whether they are not clad in mail armor. It is by many argued that they are, which would account for their impenetrability and glittering appearance, but at any rate their zeal, skill, and patriotism cannot be questioned.

Great men in all ages have had some glimmerings of truth shining obscurely on their minds. As for instance Pope, when he says,

“ See through this air, this ocean, and this earth
All matter quick and bursting into birth; ”

and Shakspeare, no doubt, when he said of a great genius that he found sermons in stones, tongues in the trees, &c., was speaking of a Berkleian. How does this view of nature enlarge our ideas and sympathies ! How can we any longer look with complacency upon carnivorous man, who daily devours whole nations of these innocent beings ! He even experiences pleasure from their death-struggles while in the jaws of destruction. For I contend that it is merely the various ways in which these animals exercise the right of self-defence, which constitutes what we call the various flavor of substances.

The animals which compose the oils, when they are attacked, roll themselves up in the shape of a ball, and feign themselves dead ; in that manner they slide down the throat, and in vulgar language we say that oil tastes smooth. Those animals, which compose substances commonly called bitter, are armed with two large claws projecting from the head, like those of the lobster, with which they violently nip the tongue and sides of the mouth.

But perhaps of all the different animals which give us the ideas of taste, those which constitute the acids are most remarkable. They are possessed of a strong, sharp horn projecting from the nose, just below the eyes, which in the different races of this species is greater or less in size, and gives us, of course, what we call different degrees of sourness. The chrysalis of this animal resembles in appearance the common nettle or the sea-porcupine, and when we take into the mouth an undue proportion of

these eggs, it gives us the idea of a roughness of taste. This animal is generally of its full size when hatched, but in some races this is not the case, as for instance, in the race called cider. If this race be left at liberty in an open vessel they will increase in size to an immense degree, and then we give them the name of vinegar; so that vinegar is not a natural and distinct race, but one of the smaller races which have attained an overgrown size. They feed one upon another, and thus they diminish in the number of individuals, but increase in magnitude and strength. And thus the little animals, which in new cider delight us with their harmless prickings, soon arrive at a size which renders their wounds absolutely painful. It is a useful expedient to which we resort, but of which no one ever before knew the philosophy, of fastening this race in tight bottles, and thus by keeping them in a state of absolute confinement, we effectually prevent their growth.

I have not room in this brief letter to describe all the different varieties of taste. I must content myself with stating to you the general principles of this new philosophy, satisfied that to the candid and inquiring this will be sufficient, and that to the prejudiced and incurious all efforts to convert them would be unavailing.

I shall allude to but one topic more to illustrate the manners and customs of these animals; and that is what we commonly call sounds. In the first place, let us look at some of the inconsistencies and manifest absurdities of the common opinions upon this subject. They say that sound is occasioned by the agitation of the air, which is thus caused to make an impression on the drum of the ear. Now the air is agitated in a thousand different ways; and is it not strange that sound is produced only when one body strikes another? And stranger still, if sound is produced by this undulation of the air, how shall we account for the great variety of tones? It is always pro-

duced by the same kind of movement of the same medium, and operating upon the same organ. We might suppose, on this theory, that there would be different degrees of intensity, but how could there be variety? I shall content myself with this refutation for the present, and may perhaps mention some other objections as I pass on.

I say then, in the outset, that the animals which compose the air, are destitute of all physical means of defence, but are furnished instead with organs which enable them to express their pains, and give warning to those around them. This organ is the voice. When we strike two hard bodies together suddenly, these animals of the air, not being all of them able to get out of the way in season, are violently crushed, and frequently utter the most dolorous complaints. The variety of their sounds is occasioned in the same way as those of the human species. A sharp, sudden twinge makes us utter a sharp sound; a dull, heavy ache makes us fetch a deep-toned groan. The different sounds which we hear from a quick, smart blow, and a slow, heavy one, show that the voices of these animals are governed by the same laws as ours. If hard bodies are struck together in an exhausted receiver, of course we hear no noise, because these beings are not there. The manner in which sounds are transmitted is both curious and striking. It must be understood that the whole atmosphere is one body politic. This being the case, it is highly important that citizens should be informed what calamities are befalling in their own province, and what dangers await them. To secure this desirable end, it is a law of the whole vast republic of the atmosphere, that whenever an accident occurs, and a cry of distress, indicating the nature of the calamity, is uttered, all citizens who live in that vicinity shall constitute chains of posts, branching out in every way like

the radii of a sphere, who shall pass the noise from mouth to mouth, always preserving the exact intonation of the original cry, and always taking care that the distance to which it is carried shall bear an exact proportion to the extent of the evil suffered. One farther regulation was necessary, in order that a citizen might be able to judge with accuracy how far he was from the scene of suffering. It was provided on this account that the sentinels should on all occasions pass the alarm with equal swiftness, that is, as fast as they were able, and at the same time each succeeding centinel should sound a little lower than his neighbour, until it arrived at one who could not hear what his neighbour said. Thus this equality in the travel of sound, which is such a stumbling-block in the theory of undulations, proves to be the wise provision of a great people for their self-preservation.

But I weary your patience. I have a beautiful theory of the nature of light and music, but I must defer them for a future communication. I cannot help hoping that these philosophical and humane discoveries will one day find a place among the twelve wonders of the zodiac, and redound to the honor of your humble servant,

PHILO THEORETICUS.

HARVARDIANA.

No. XII.

SUGGESTIONS.

"I love the crowded mart, the busy throng,
The toil, the dust, the strife of the great world.
There struggling merit wins its way to fame,
And souls are nurtured to their fullest growth."

OLD PLAY.

WE sometimes hear a man say in a very humble manner, "I am not of the ambitious sort. Enough for me if I can pass my days quietly in some little village, remote from the contentions, the bad passions, and the interests of the great world. I believe with Horace, '*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*,' &c. and do not covet the applause of mankind. The trouble and toil attendant upon distinction in my view more than counterbalance its enjoyments. Besides all this, the world is a poor nursery of virtue, which, alas, is too delicate a plant to withstand the rough storms amid which hardy vice thrives, and which must be cultivated, if at all, in the calm, sheltered, and sunny vales of retirement."

Of such a man it would be somewhat too harsh to say he is insincere, but at any rate, though acquitted of

deceiving others, is he not guilty of self-deception? It is a truth as broad and as extensive as civilized society, that every individual does at bottom entertain some lingering desires, not to say determinations, to make himself conspicuous. Of the actual existence of this principle, should it be disputed, let any one look about him and contemplate the thousand petty artifices of which men avail themselves for the sake of notoriety, and he will have convincing proof. Here is one whom nature framed in her dullest mood, and endowed with vast *sinking* powers; a man destined to plod through the prescribed and unavoidable forms of youthful discipline undistinguished, and then to fall like a lump of clay into the quiet waters of obscurity. But with a perversity unknown to the other, and as they are termed lower orders of creation, and inexplicable in the human species, he has resolved to thwart the beneficent intentions of nature, and in spite of her and his stars to make himself the object of attention; which in his vocabulary is synonymous with admiration. His mode of prosecuting this favorite plan is wholly on a par with the plan itself. He tasks his ingenuity to devise ways in which he may differ from other men, and values himself upon wearing an unfashionable or ragged coat, a strange looking hat, a pair of slippers in a rain storm, or a cloak in midsummer. He affects a peculiar gait, or manner of speech, he talks upon uncommon subjects, in an uncommon manner and at unseasonable times, and, indeed, completely and constantly violates the "fitness of things." Now what can be more contemptible than such a studious deviation in trifles from the established forms of society?—what can be less worthy of emulation, than to be distinguished for *oddity*?

This, I confess, is a sketch of one of the lowest, though, at the same time, one of the most harmless forms under which the desire for distinction presents itself. But if the

principle is so powerful as to manifest itself in spite of all obstacles, we need not be surprised at discovering it in those persons, who, in certain departments and to a certain extent, might fairly hope to make themselves conspicuous. These men, however, though not wholly forbidden by nature to rise, still show their perversity by deserting the one sphere, wherein they might act well, for others never designed for them. Thus you will see the man of strong sense delighting to play the fool, the moral man affecting the man of pleasure, the awkward man priding himself in exhibiting the graces of motion and gesture, the affectionate man "talking familiarly of roaring lions," and the man of fancy and feeling aiming at philosophic coolness. Look where you will, the world is full of people out of place, who might indeed do themselves credit, or at least save themselves from shame, could they but be content to husband well that *one* talent they have received, and not, by grasping at too many kinds of excellence, lose sight of that which is fairly within their reach. Now at the bottom of all this is the passion for distinction.

Convinced that this passion pervades all ranks and constitutes a considerable element in almost every character, I never hear a man flattering himself that he is exempt from it, without mistrusting at once that he is deceiving himself; and I am inclined to fear that much of the cant about living "unseen, unknown" and "dying unlamented" springs in fact from this very source—and that those who use it are in truth desirous of being *little great men*. Let us consider what it is to pass one's days in the quiet seclusion of some little village, and then, if it appear that this desire does not arise from unworthy and unmanly motives, it is, so far at least, innocent if not laudable.

No man of education, to use a technical phrase, can make his appearance in a small village, without immediately becoming an object of attention and interest. The staunch old settlers wonder if he is *worth property*; the gossiping old dames wonder about his origin, intentions, character, and creed; the bar-room argufiers wonder what side he will take in politics and town matters; the young ladies are all agog with wondering whether he is married; and, in less than eight-and-forty hours from his *debut*, all are busily occupied in profound speculation upon these important points. In a few days or weeks, many of these mighty doubts are resolved, but still his consequence is in no way diminished. He has become essential to every social assembly, his remarks are listened to with attention, and his pleasantness dwelt upon and repeated with delight. In process of time his opinion and countenance are thought essential upon every occasion of consequence, and his sayings are respected as if they were oracular. He is consulted upon an infinite variety of subjects, agricultural, political, intellectual, and religious. He is, in short, a complete "Triton among the minnows." That this is a faithful outline of the fate of most professional men in small communities, those who know best may, if they can, deny.

But suppose a young man to enter into life upon a broader stage, and to make himself one among the million instead of the idol of a few. Here he finds his pursuits, plans, character, talents attracting no notice, and seemingly of no importance to any one but himself. He has not the pleasing stimulus of other men's watchfulness and admiration and praise to spur him on; but unassisted and alone must toil on his way to honorable distinction through long years of obscurity, perhaps of neglect. This is the fate he must expect, and with which he must lay his account.

And now that the contrast is drawn, I do not say that he who adopts the former course is culpable, provided he do it with the consciousness that upon a contracted arena he can employ his labors to greater advantage, but merely wish to set in its true light that morbid appetite for immediate personal distinction, which is too often disguised under the garb of mock humility. This is the misdirection of a principle, which may be in itself a very laudable and useful motive to action. Many men, with abilities which by the sedulous cultivation of years might greatly advantage mankind, sacrifice all they might be and do for the mere sake of wearing upon their brows the laurels which should adorn their busts, and spend that energy in compassing little ends by little means, which would more than suffice for purposes really magnificent. And they do this too with many a pretty saying in their mouths about contentment and seclusion, as if this were not what of all things they most deprecate, and as if, were real elevation to be bought at any other price than that of unremitting toil and energetic struggle, they would not gladly step forth and grasp it as a desirable and worthy prize. But real elevation they care little about, so long as praise and respect and comparative importance may be obtained without it.

Now, I believe, there is no circumstance which can more jeopardize a man's mind, than to cease to be an undistinguished item amid the crowd, that he may become the factotum of some little village. Envied, courted, flattered, the "observed of all observers," seeing no one before him to excite his emulation, and having no one equal with him to draw out his powers, it is not strange that he should think himself "to have already attained," and should forthwith settle down into sluggish, unambitious self-satisfaction. To associate constantly with inferiors is to quench the fires of lofty ambition; it is to

do violence to the progressive impulses of the mind ; it is to hide one's talent in a napkin. It is to destroy, inevitably, all energy of thought, all nobleness of purpose ; it is to confine within the swaddling bands of infancy a form, which, suffered freely to expand itself, would assume gigantic proportions. And what is the mighty result of a self-sacrifice so utter ? — It is the pitiful praise, the blind reverence of those, who have no conception of the nature of true greatness, and no appreciations of its worth ; it is, in short, the satisfaction of being a *little great man*.

I have tacitly assumed, all along, that it is a man's duty to act upon as commanding a theatre as his abilities will warrant, and that he who can do good upon a large scale is inexcusable for neglecting to do so, even though it be under the pretext of modesty and fear. This position in no way interferes with the noble principle that regards every distinction and every honor as a circumstance, not as an end of being. The man, therefore, who contents himself with a mere relative greatness, while that which is real, absolute, and independent, is in his power, is guilty of a gross defection from his duties, not merely to himself, but to mankind — and so far as I see, there is no help nor apology for him.

It is greatly within a man's power to surround himself with influences which shall constantly urge him onward, and perhaps there is no single step by which he can effect so much in this way, as simply by locating himself in a large city. It is a remark of Johnson, that "a man stores his mind better there than any where else ; in remote situations a man's body may be feasted but his mind is starved and his faculties are apt to degenerate for want of exercise. No place so well cures a man's vanity or arrogance ; for as no man is either great or good *per se*, but as compared with others not so good or great, he is

sure to find in a metropolis many his equals, and some his superiors." And the truth of the remark commends itself to every one. A metropolis is not merely the *mother city* of wealth and business, but of intelligence, of liberality, of all great designs and magnificent movements. It is a microcosm in which every variety of human pursuit and human character may be viewed at a glance; it is a concentration, though, no doubt, with some considerable intermixture of evil, of whatever is stimulating, ennobling and exalting to human beings. It is a vast whirlpool, absorbing within its vortex all forms of greatness, all degree of excellence—it is a loadstone attracting to itself from the mingled mass of the community every scattered particle of merit.

Such being the character of a large metropolis, what rational want can a man feel which it cannot supply? Here is every possible motive to exertion presented, and every desirable reward of excellence held out. Solitude and society, business and recreation may here be combined in every proportion. Here is the constant conflict of great minds, effective to call into intensest action every power; here is the trial of solitary study alleviated by the intercourse of those pursuing a common end, and here is every able performance and worthy action sure to exert its proper influence and to receive its due attention.

All is active, awake, stirring, improving. New demands are constantly being made upon a man's resources, new opportunities offered for the display of ability or disposition to be useful. Absolutely important, but relatively insignificant, he is at the same time cheered by the consciousness of the one, and preserved from arrogance by a constant sense of the other. And in this centre of antagonist influences, the fullest development of every latent talent may be ensured, and the utmost possible moral and intellectual stature attained. Here then is the

proper school for human character to put forth all its strength ; here the arena on which every combatant may find free scope to struggle forward and win the prize he seeks ; here it is one's own fault if he fails to "do well, act nobly."

THE LOST COMET.

"ALONE and weary my path I trace
Through the endless regions of boundless space,
No glorious meteor — no shooting star
Beguiles the toil of my journey far.

"From star to planet, from sun to sun,
Through countless ages my course I run,
Yet what care I, that I brightly shine,
And dance o'er earth as a thing divine ?

"The happy planets together roll,
Together hasten from pole to pole,
Together flit above land and sea —
No other star is alone but me.

"Though heaven shine brightly, yet I must own,
I'm weary of wandering there alone,
And pray that spirit, who gave me light,
To banish me back to the shades of night."

That spirit was moved by the sad complaint —
The lonely comet grew dim and faint,
And since that moment vanished away
From the radiant realms of upper day.

When I am left in the world alone,
 When brother spirits all hence have flown,
 When the loved and cherished are cold in death,
 Kind Father recall this fleeting breath.

I must be loved by some spirit dear,
 I must love on while I linger here,
 And when the season has flitted by
 Of love's soft summer, 't is time to die.

W.

FALSE WIT.

"Scourge lawless wit, and leaden dulness brand,
 Lash pert pretence."

Among the many things to which men aspire as a mark of real talents, and for success in which they expect applause, there is none, perhaps, more ill defined than wit. This is owing in a measure to the great latitude of meaning which is given it by some of its professors, and the circumscribed limits in which it is confined by others; while the varied definitions of each are signal tokens of the different abilities of those who practise it. The expert and skilful gladiator would ask but a narrow space in which to exhibit his art; the clumsy performer would only be satisfied with room enough to shun all blows he could not parry; and he who has the power, which nature alone confers, of touching the delicate chords of wit, singles out the best instrument he can find for his purpose; while the awk-

ward practitioner seems to think all equally worthy of his attention, extends his pretensions to all, and meets with the success we might expect from such a course.

Without attempting to describe the intrinsic qualities of what Pope has explained in the same strain in which he wrote, as "that which has been often thought, but never before so well expressed," which Johnson has defined in another manner and called a kind of "*discordia concors*," and which has found a multitude of other definers, who have generally consulted their own powers before they have hazarded an explanation, we cannot but notice a spurious coin which is circulated very extensively in our little community, and which, bearing the impress of *Wit* on one of its faces, belies itself by admitting *Pun* upon the other.

If there is a man who deserves to be barred from all good society, to whom every man of sense and education should keep closed portals, and who should be interdicted from all literary company, like the guardian genius of epidemical disease, he is your inveterate, incorrigible punster. A sworn enemy to all rational and instructive conversation, a foe to sound remark and learned criticism, he listens with obvious impatience to a sensible observation, especially if prolonged in the slightest degree, presses forward with eagerness to catch the last sentence, and converts all good impressions into suppressed or *uproarious* laughter, by discovering some borrowed resemblance between one or two of the last words which are still ringing upon the hearers' ears, and another which reduces the whole to the most consummate nonsense. Bashful merit, though it stand on the solid ground of sterling common sense, is no proof against the snares of that petty ridicule which the punster excites, and conversation degenerates at once into trifling common-place, or silly scandal, when it meets with one of his blighting

assaults. The dread, which is natural to one of a sensitive mind, of incurring the derision consequent upon an attack for which he has provided no defence, since he expected a foe who would fight with nobler weapons, shuts the lips of the man of sense, and leaves the company to listen to the vamping and empty babble of the punster, and those who may choose to follow in his train.

In fact, the punster is emphatically and almost invariably one of that class of beings in whose head

“There is an unutterable want and void,”

who finding themselves shorn by nature of the strength of common sense, and reduced to mere ciphers, when thrown into the midst of intelligent company, endeavour to make up for their weakness and deficiency by disgusting and silencing men of sense with their quibbling garburity, and perhaps gaining the applause of a few dolts, as brainless as themselves. They are fit companions in a convivial club, and can grace a merry-meeting, but they are always out of place when they make their appearance elsewhere.

The pun is undoubtedly the lowest species of wit (if species it can justly be called, which has *stolen* its claims to the *genus*) that is attempted. The slightest application is all that is requisite, in a man of moderate abilities, to reach the highest point of perfection in this art; and the dullest blockhead by dint of perseverance — by hunting for words with a similarity of sound — by constantly dwelling upon ludicrous associations of speech — by following *facetious* Mr. Copperas’ example, and “swallowing in the roll, and rolling in the swallow” to every new-comer, may be able to acquire the reputation of a very tolerable punster. Shakspeare has introduced puns to some extent into his noble monuments of human genius; but he lived during the reign of James the First, who was a

punster himself, and it was rare that a bishop or privy counsellor was created, that had not insinuated himself into the good graces of this monarch by a conundrum or pun. The demand for them was so great at that period, that even the pulpit was not held sacred from their intrusion ; and writing, as Shakspeare did, to gratify the popular taste, he could not refrain from employing them to some degree ; though he would undoubtedly have used them much more freely, had he believed them a worthy offspring of his pen ; for his ready and extensive powers of conception could easily have supplied him with an infinite multitude of these trifling quibbles.

The dunces and drones, however, of our community are not the only ones that annoy people by thrusting these soap-bubbles in their faces ; nor, had they been, should we have taken the pains to have noticed them. We wish that some individuals, who have acquired no small reputation for talents, would observe this punning propensity in a few others, and mark the contempt and disgust excited by their mighty efforts to perpetrate a decent pun, and we honestly believe they would soon aim at a higher and nobler fame, than the punster can ever acquire ; and instead of sipping the empty bubbles which float upon its surface, would "drink deeper of ambition's cup."

Q.

PROBLEM.

GIVEN, the number of members in the Class of '35 = 55, the number of recitations and prayers they have attended = $x + y \times 55$, the rank they have sustained = $d i g + d e a d$, the parts they have had = $0 - 1$. Required, where and in what condition they will be at the end of ten years.

*Rev. Mr. Burton's Lecture before the American Institute,
on the best Mode of fixing the Attention of the Young.*

WE sit down to recommend to general notice Mr. Burton's views on the subject of education. We regret that in the brief space before us we have but little more than time to present an abstract of those opinions and arguments, which do so much honor to the understanding and heart of the writer. Mr. Burton has for some time been known to the public as the author of several popular and ingenious productions; but it is in his sermons, in his lectures before Lyceums and other assemblies, that we have seen the highest exercise of those correct principles, that pure philanthropy and that sound judgment, which so eminently fit him to be an apostle of reform. However deeply error may be rooted in popular opinions and prejudices, to but see it is with him a sufficient apology for exerting his utmost strength in its correction.

Such an error he thinks is now to be found in the means which are generally employed to fix the attention of children and youth, and incite them to intellectual improvement. This means is the principle of emulation, or, to use the words of the writer, "the desire to out-do others who belong to the same class and are engaged in the same studies. It amounts to close and personal rivalry, and implies that, if one gains and rejoices, another must lose and regret." Those who have the guidance of the young mind are always taking care to affix to each individual certain external marks of distinction, which shall indicate the particular degree of his success or failure. Mr. Burton objects to this system, in the first place, on the ground of the injustice to which it gives rise. Distinctions, if made at all, should indicate comparative exertion rather than comparative attainments. "Some indi-

viduals are inferior to others in certain particular faculties, and some in the whole intellect." Some master with trifling effort the difficulties of an academical course, while others find insuperable obstacles to contend with ; and if that scholar who exerts himself to the best of his abilities, fully discharges his duty, on what principle of justice, does honor or disgrace depend solely upon positive attainment ? "The youth who possesses superior powers," adds the writer, "has justice done him, he enjoys the fruits of his powers, he takes the proper standing, whether the head of a spelling class at school, or the English oration at college be given him or not. His abilities if exercised will be known ; his companions will accord him the distinction of possessing them, and he will be conscious of them himself. Now this accorded distinction, and this conscious possession, are those fruits which he has a right to enjoy. And to say that talent cannot have its proper standing and due honor, without medals, parts, and other prizes, is about the same as saying that the great stars of heaven show not forth their superior magnitude and surpassing glory, unless observed through a gilded telescope."

He proceeds to mention, as evils incident to this system, its effects upon the bodily health and the moral nature. The rich, whose proud ambition will endure no superior, and the indigent student who feels that his only hope of future success depends upon the standing he may take at the University, are alike forced into a close and anxious competition, which admits of no remission, and which, whether it gain or fail of its object, too frequently incapacitates its victim for all future exertion.

Nor are the effects upon the spiritual nature less to be feared. "What anxieties does it occasion to the alternately hoping and fearing aspirant ? What discouragement, despondency, disappointment, and despair, does it

introduce into what should be the self-possessed, and steadily advancing mind! Then there is that bane of the sweet social relations—envy; and with it detraction, and next, bitter malignity.” Not that this is the unfailing consequence, but that it is the natural tendency of the principle of emulation when called powerfully into action. We have among us the bright example of those, who, with a steady eye upon the only object worthy of their labors, the cultivation and elevation of their minds, have pursued their upward course uninfluenced by meaner motives; who can excel without a triumph, or sustain defeat without repining, and who can at all times extend to those around them that generous cordiality, which is the surest test of true magnanimity and serenity of soul. These are those brighter and purer ones, which now and then are found among us, to reveal to us in part what man with proper culture may become! This is gold which the refiner’s fire cannot harm, for it is without alloy. Rust may not corrupt it. Such, however, are but grand exceptions. We see others who fully answer to the revolting picture which Mr. Burton has drawn; and farther, who appear wholly to have lost sight of the only proper objects of study; whose whole aim is to acquire the *art of recitation*; and who, without one thought or act in reference to their future usefulness, are wholly occupied with their hopes and fears about recitation and rank.

Our author suggests one other objection to the system of emulation; that it fails to produce the effect which its friends intend. “Nearly, if not quite, one half of every class at college are entirely unreached by this principle, unless it be to stop and stupify the intellect, instead of stimulating it. They reason in this way;—if we cannot stand *high*, let us have no standing at all. Let us be known as devoting our time to any thing rather than

our prescribed books, then our low rank will be imputed not to the lack of talents but of industry." The observation of every one will furnish too many proofs of the truth of this remark to render comment necessary.

Such then are the general effects of the system of emulation as applied to education. We are happy, however, in knowing that its evils in their full extent are very far from being realized in our community. Its bad effects upon the disposition and conduct of many cannot be doubted. But, at the same time, real merit, industry, virtue, and talent never fail to be appreciated, if perchance they fail of an ostentatious reward. The universal voice condemns that selfish ambition which is the more pleased with its honors, in that it has obtained them at the expense of another's mortification. The opinion is general that emulation, so far as it is here brought into exercise, is productive of many ill effects, but at the same time no better system is proposed; and it seems impossible to dispense with that at present in operation. Let us then examine the remedy which Mr. Burton would recommend.

He proposes to introduce an incentive to study and improvement, as a substitute for the objectionable principle to which he gives the name of *self-emulation*, or self-comparison. He shows that this principle strongly and generally enters into our nature. It is plainly visible in the first years of childhood. "The child delights to excel himself—to do more than he has ever done before. What beaming pleasure on the countenance, when he can take a few more steps without falling, or can lift and hold with his little hands a larger and heavier article, or when he has mastered in articulation and memory another word." Let then this love of comparing one's self with one's self be early seized upon, and kept in action throughout the whole work of education. This is an emulation and a rivalry which can do no harm.

To apply this to schools. When the student enters a school or college, let the teachers ascertain, as correctly as possible, the mental capacities and moral character of the pupil. Let these be registered in a book, and let him be taught, at every step of his progress, to compare his present with his former attainments. And there is hardly any one who would not take pride in making the distance between these points as wide as possible.

At examinations let these books of record be open to the inspection of all interested ; and then the character and scholarship of no youth can be mistaken. At present, neither one nor the other, as given forth by the college, is relied upon by parents. "As to their intellectual standing, the parts, as they are called, indicate something, but nothing very accurately. If a young man receives a low part, or none at all, his confiding friends are easily made to believe that the college dispensers of honor have been unjust. But of the moral character of a son the parents know absolutely nothing. They can judge only from the exhibitions of himself he makes at home. If the youth happens to receive the distinction of rustication or dismission, it must of course be supposed that all is not right. But even these notorious marks of disapprobation do by no means accurately indicate the character. Sometimes the simple-hearted and quite innocent, having been allured into some sportive enterprise, are detected and punished, although their moral character in general may be incomparably superior to many who hold the noiseless but dark and devious tenor of their way." This registry of character would prevent all this injustice. From that there would be no escape. The true character and the actual progress of the student would always be open to the observation of others, and this would operate as the strongest of all mo-

tives, even upon the ill disposed, to maintain a course which would not be discreditable to themselves.

This system would also place in the hands of instructors the ability to educate the moral, as well as the intellectual powers of their pupils; an all-important part of education which now, in colleges especially, is wholly neglected. No one who feels like a man will hold the opinion fanatical, that youth should early be made acquainted with the objects of their existence, the ends of their being, and their high destiny; or that, with minds duly impressed with these ennobling thoughts, they would not act with reference to them.

In the present system this moral culture forms no part; nor, indeed, is it possible that it should, except by means wholly unconnected, if not directly interfering, with the intellectual discipline of the student. But intellectual and moral culture should never be separated from each other. The youth should be taught "that every step forward in true knowledge is an advance on an endless way. He may hear such things on the Sabbath; but this weekly exercise can never alone produce much effect. It is formal, periodical, and too far away from common thoughts, associations, and pursuits. It is the duty of his daily instructors. The idea must be impressed in connexion with the exercises, by which the youth feels that he is growing stronger and greater. It should be presented incidentally and unexpectedly, and not formally and merely on anticipated occasions. Let not the instructor sit up like an automaton, and in heartless dignity put question after question in respect to the ideas, or, what is too often the case, the mere words of the text book, with about as much animation and seeming interest as the time-piece on the desk before him, which ticks the moments, and tells the end of the uncomfortable and spiritless hour. Oh no! but let him show that he really

possesses a *living soul*, and one that feels a tender sympathy for the living souls around. Let him act the father or the brother, and mingle affectionate conversation with his questions and instructions."

Here lies the true secret of a teacher's influence and usefulness. The student must know that his instructor feels for him and sympathizes with him, and then he will be imbued with that respect and reverence, which he never can feel towards a formal dignitary. Then, too, the teacher may mould the young mind into any form, and fill it with all good sentiments.

Were this system of self-comparison and friendly instruction carried fully into practice, studies would be accomplished with far different feelings and motives from those which now possess the student. With regard to himself, high self-respect, a sense of duty, and a pleasure in discharging it, would take the place of unworthy ambition for an unworthy end. With regard to his fellow students, envy, disguised it may be by affected cordiality and politeness, would be succeeded by true sympathy and affection. In his sentiments towards his instructors, warm regard and confidence would take the place of cold respect. And when at last the time comes that he must go forth into the world, observe with what different feelings he is occupied, and what different prospects are before him, from those which necessarily belong to the student who has thoroughly imbibed the spirit of the present system. He has hitherto studied to outstrip his rivals, or to gain a college honor, and he now finds himself removed from the influence of these motives and ends, quite incapacitated or disinclined to act from any other. He has hitherto studied with reference merely to the actual recitation, and he now finds that he must unlearn his settled habits of thought, (if thought it can be called,) and acquire new ones. He has now to begin to acquire knowledge. He

has hitherto learned to act only in reference to self; he has found that another's loss was his gain; and he must now do what is the hardest of all, change his whole heart, or go on and perfect this character, and secure his own misery.

But let a youth be educated as Mr. Burton has recommended, and for him, to go forth into the world is merely to pass into a more extended sphere of action and usefulness; a wider field for the acquisition of new truths; to enjoy greater means for the cultivation and exercise of benevolence, and more enlarged sympathy with his fellow men.

We regret that, in this meagre outline, we have been able to do but feeble justice to the beautiful and high-toned sentiment which characterizes Mr. Burton's lecture. We are aware that we have but very imperfectly stated his views, but we rest satisfied with the hope that we may induce some to examine for themselves. It is true, that to put into operation the system proposed would be essentially to alter the whole fabric of school and college discipline. But if there are those evils incident to the present system which have been represented, why not abandon it and adopt another from which so much probable good will result? There may arise a doubt as to the feasibility of this plan. Some may doubt whether the affections and moral feelings are susceptible of education to the degree proposed. They are as ductile as the most skeptical could wish; they are always the result of training. With the Spartan, the Hindoo, and the Indian before us, shall we say that the human heart is capable of being guided in every way, except in the ways of virtue? This change proposed is indeed an open attack upon opinion and custom, rendered venerable by antiquity; it cannot expect to be coöperated in by the cautious and time-serving; it looks for its support to the philanthropist, and the Christian.

X.

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF NIAGARA.

'T WAS morning, when the forest deer,
 Before the hunter's eye,
 Sped onward in his bold career,
 So light and joyously.
 The Indian, with convulsive start,
 Sprang from the ground, and sped his dart,
 To wound the bounding creature's heart;
 But vainly spent the bow-string's force,
 The arrow flitted by,
 And onward, onward, in his course,
 Not destined yet to die,
 The deer skimmed over hill and plain,
 O'er vale and flowing river,
 And every arrow's flight was vain
 Sent from the red man's quiver.
 No wound of death they swiftly bore —
 The eye, that never failed before,
 Was strangely doomed to err that day —
 Onward the deer still held his way.

'T WAS evening ere that race was run,
 And yet the victim was not won;
 All day unweariedly he flew,
 Until the grass was moist with dew;
 Until the forest birds were still,
 Save hooting owl or whippoorwill;
 Until the gathering shades of night
 Had hid him from the hunter's sight;
 And then he sought his secret lair,
 The which no mortal knoweth where.

The Indian hunter — how was he?
 Oh! wearied as a man might be,

With wasted strength, and vigor gone,
 Who had not tasted food since morn,
 Or drink, save stooping now and then,
 To quaff the spring in lonely glen,
 But onward, onward, all the day,
 Had still pursued his weary way —
 His senses failed — his sight grew dim,
 A transient death stole over him,
 And faint of heart, and weak of limb,
 Upon the grass with night-dew dank,
 To rest, much coveted, he sank.

And was he fast in slumber bound,
 To dream no dream, and hear no sound?
 He dreamed an angry torrent rushing,
 Came downward from its source,
 Forest and mount and mortal crushing
 In overwhelming force.

Was it the thunder's angry roar
 The breezes to the sleeper bore?
 Was it an army sweeping by
 With notes of savage minstrelsy?
 Was it the ocean making moan,
 For countless victims to atone?
 He wakes, and almost starts with fear,
 So wild a sound strikes on his ear.

"I've heard in by-gone years," saith he,
 "The hollow murmur of the sea;
 I've listened to the autumn breeze,
 When sighing through the leafless trees;
 I've heard the angry thunder far,
 Pealing about from star to star;
 I've heard the warrior's muffled tread,
 When creeping on to deeds so dread;
 But never heard I such a sound,
 The wide horizon murmuring round."

Lo! dawn has brightened into day,
 And onward still he holds his way,
 And louder, louder, grows that roar,
 More wild and fearful than before —
 But suddenly upon his sight,
 There flashed a ray of glorious light,
 And wreaths of mist just tinged with blue,
 The forest vistas glimmered through;
 Niagara on his vision burst —
 And there he stood of men the first,
 Who awe-struck, fearful, and amazed,
 Upon God's mightiest creature gazed.
 One cry of wonder from him broke —
 He gazed and gazed — yet nought he spoke.
 One moment — and his heart all chill,
 In lonely fearfulness kept still;
 The next — it bounded wild and high,
 In very boyish ecstasy —
 Such awful joy — such joyous fear,
 Expressed by shout and silent tear;
 And feelings, he could not control,
 Crushed — overwhelmed his manly soul.

'T is vain — t' is vain — I feel it vain,
 And hush the breathings of my strain —
 But let some bard, if bard there be,
 Meet for such glorious minstrelsy,
 Picture with half seraphic pen
 The feelings of the first of men,
 Who through those forests trod,
 And stood in solitude beside
 The waters of Niagara's tide,
 Communing with his God.

W.

LATTER-DAY THOUGHTS.

IN spite of all that may be said of the iron power of circumstances, it is still in a very important respect true that every man is the artificer of his own fortunes. The remark of Dr. Johnson, upon a similar occasion, may with some restrictions be applied here, that "all the argument is on one side and all the truth upon the other." It may weigh something against the belief in necessity, that it is a very dangerous one ; for were it true and sound, would it not also be salutary ? Without presuming to say that all truth *is* safe, we may justly be cautious how we adopt as true any doctrine whose obvious consequences are pernicious ; and such a doctrine is the one before us.

Men, who have failed in the world of what they hoped to attain, are ready enough to ascribe the blame to any cause rather than to themselves, and so they shift it upon circumstances. They reason somewhat in this style :—
 "Let a man at any period of his existence fairly examine himself and candidly inquire how he became what he is, and he will discover that not only his condition but his character has resulted from events entirely beyond his own control. Is he distinguished in literature or in station ? he can trace it to his accidental acquaintance with this or that book, or his lucky presence at a particular time and in a particular company. Is he ruined in fortune and character ? it has been caused by the unavoidable influence of bad example, or by some misfortune which he could not have averted. Whatever he is, he is by the power of circumstances, to which his own strength could have presented as little resistance, as a barrier of straw would oppose to the sweep of an avalanche."

Now that there is an inkling of truth in all this, it were vain to deny ; but still it may with sufficient plausibility be maintained that all these consequences, whether good or bad, it lay in the power of the individual himself to have prevented. In order to give the matter a more tangible form, let us suppose a case which might easily occur. Here is a man of high literary attainments. We admire the rich stores of his knowledge, and the bright harvest of fame which he has reaped, and inquire of him to what beginning he can trace his present happy and dignified condition. He will say, perhaps, that his zeal for learning received its first stimulus from the perusal of Cicero's beautiful panegyric on poetry, in the oration for Archias, or from hearing a stirring lecture in the University, or that his genius was first kindled by some circumstance as slight as either of these we have supposed. Here then the question occurs, whether, after all, credit is due to the circumstance or to the man.

We may solve whatever doubt may exist upon this point, and show that almost all depended upon the man, by considering that thousands have read unmoved the same eloquent appeal, and hundreds have coldly listened to the same exciting lecture. Whence comes it, then, that in this single instance consequences so unusual have resulted? It is because the truth, which fell like an unmeaning sound upon the ear of the many, leaving no trace in the mind, was by the one drunk in eagerly, appreciated fully, thought upon deeply, matured into resolve, carried out into action. Perhaps there were a few who caught it with enthusiasm at the moment, a few others who had some appreciating sense of it, a smaller few whose thoughts dwelt upon it till it became *almost* a resolve, but one, only one, who under circumstances precisely like those of his fellows, happened, as we loosely say, to be actually influenced by it in action.

Here then we see how the same circumstance may produce opposite results, according as men bring their minds to act upon it with more or less promptness, patience, and energy ; so that it is not to a paltry casualty that we are to trace the greatness of a great man, but to the fidelity with which he turned it to advantage.

We do not deny that circumstances may and will occur in every one's course, which neither human foresight could discern nor human prudence escape ; yet it is for each man to say what, in his own case, shall be the operation of those circumstances upon himself. If they are discouraging, it is at his option to sink powerless and self-abandoned before them, or to rise with irrepressible energy and free himself from their crushing power. If, on the contrary, they are animating, it is for him to imbibe their inspiration, or, actuated by perversity or sloth, suffer them to address themselves to him in vain. History is not wanting in examples of men, whose inflexible will and omnipotent energies have lifted them high above every repressing influence, and through difficulties and dangers achieved for them a path to the honors they coveted. Cæsar and Richard and Bonaparte suggest themselves to every one's memory ; and while they show what determination will compass, even when misdirected, speak in a no less powerful voice its might, when dedicated to good.

But without using more words upon an endless argument, the last resort to which we appeal against all that may be urged for the power of circumstances, is every man's consciousness. No worthy action can be performed without a victory over some powerful dissuasives ; and we put it to every man's consciousness, whether, in such a case, he does not feel that it has been by putting forth his own, free power, that he has triumphed ? And if he take to his own exertions the credit of being successful,

by what blindness or perversity is it, that, when disappointed and baffled, he throws the blame upon chance? Is it not just that the disgrace of defeat, and the honor of victory, should alike be traced to the same source?

But lest our *latter-day thoughts* should become insufferably tedious, we reiterate our first remark, that a man is in a great degree the artificer of his own fortunes, advising every one, whether he consider it demonstrated or not, at least to place implicit faith in it. We want to see that lackadaisical sentiment which expresses itself in "I can't," whether the matter comes under the head of *to be* or *to do*, put to flight. In looking forward into the life of action which is so soon to succeed the life of study, it is poor policy to take a desponding view of things. Let no man fail of any thing honorable or praise-worthy for want of endeavour; let no man think to exculpate himself from negligence by berating his hard fate:

"The fault, remember, is not in our *stars*,
But in *ourselves*, if we are underlings."

Nor let any one, in the excess of his modesty, conclude that to "act well his part" belongs to this man and to that, or to any body rather than himself. Such modesty is mere pretence. It is no arrogance to purpose well and persevere, though it may be to proclaim such a purpose. But this is not what we counsel. On the contrary, no matter how private a man may be in his intentions, no matter how unpretending he may be outwardly, so that he but *think* cheerfully and manfully; so that he but make up his mind, since difficulties are unavoidable, to meet and bear them without complaining. There is, we think, profound practical wisdom in the string of "sage saws" with which Jacob Faithful used to comfort himself in adversity: — "take all coolly; it's no use crying; what's done can't be helped; better luck next time." Now the man who will take these with him into the every-day

perplexities of life, will, we are confident, be a better, happier, and more successful man.

It is well, perhaps, to allow that there do really exist discouraging circumstances at the present day, particularly in the metropolis. We see the ranks of every profession full, and hear of unsuccessful struggles and repressed merit. But the shortest and plainest way of accounting for ill success in general is, to trace it to lack either of talent or effort. A distinguished statesman of our own day is said to have remarked to a young man, complaining that all the professions were crowded, "there's room enough *above*." This is a thought well worth consideration. It is not a mere "bon mot," but a real, solid, practical truth. The grand secret of nine tenths of the disappointments and complainings of men, let us hope, is their want of energy. It is a great deal easier to some to sit down in dull slothfulness, and find fault with hard fate and talk of slighted talent and cold neglect and such self-flattering topics, than it is to put forth one's utmost strength, and that too unremittingly. The sarcasm of Swift upon women, that "they waste more time and labor to be fools, than would suffice to make them learned and wise," is not applicable to them alone — the other sex furnish abundant illustrations of its truth.

When we see about us inspiring examples of successful struggle, when history affords us the most instructive pictures of the weightiest obstacles boldly met and overcome, it is sheer sluggishness alone, which can permit us to dwell upon the dark side of the picture. But still, whatever aspirations we may, in the secrecy of our own thoughts, see fit to cherish, the only safe ground upon which hope may rest is effort. The world is full of activity, and its high places will be filled, and its honors enjoyed alike, whether we do, or whether we forbear.

But is it not true that society, at the present day, has strong and peculiar claims upon every one of its members? Are there not great works of improvement going on, in which it is every man's duty to take part? This is the era of thought. The people, the multitude, whose blood has in past times been poured out like water, for purposes in which they had no interest, whose rights have been disregarded, whose intellect darkened, whose morals debased, have, in the slow progress of time, at length awaked to a consciousness of their importance. Old prejudices and institutions are passing away, and all things are looking towards renovation. Inquiry is abroad, and knowledge and truth are sought with a quenchless thirst. The voice of the people proclaims in the glowing language of poetry,

"By God, our sire!
Our souls have holy light within,
And every form of grief and sin
Shall see and feel its fire.
By earth and hell and heaven,
The shroud of souls is riven!
Mind, mind alone
Is light, and hope, and life, and power!
Earth's deepest night, from this blessed hour,
The night of mind is gone."

In such a reforming, radical period, there is danger that, with much that is worthless, much also that is true and valuable will be swept away. The newly awakened mind, while still indignant at its ancient wrongs, and in the full flush of its recovered rights, cannot be expected to discriminate nicely. The people will embrace many crude notions both in government and religion, which must be exploded before they can come at truth, and learn to think soberly. Ignorant and designing men are not wanting to avail themselves of any dominant heresy to subserve their own purposes. There

rests, therefore, upon enlightened men a serious but ennobling responsibility. It is for them to exercise a conservative influence. It is for them to guide those, who must ever follow, into the true path. It is for them to hold in check the mad progress of subversive and *ultra* opinions. It is for them to go forth into the fermenting mass of the community with a purifying power, which will eventually "leaven the whole lump." There is, then, in waiting, work enough and important enough to employ the most vigorous and aspiring powers; and however thronged the lower and middle walks of life may be, there is still "room enough above."

EPIGRAM.

Written by an undergraduate, A. D. 1792.

As two divines, their ambling steeds bestriding,
 In merry mood o'er Boston neck were riding,
 At length a simple structure met their sight,
 From which the felon takes his hempen flight,
 When, sailor-like, he bids adieu to hope,
 His all depending on a single rope.
 "Where now," says one, "where, brother, now were you,
 Had yonder gallows been allowed its due?"
 "Where," cries the other, in sarcastic tone,
 "Why where, but riding into town alone."

"NOTHING SO DIFFICULT AS THE BEGINNING
 * * * * * EXCEPT, PERHAPS, THE END."

Don Juan.

DON JUAN was our Alpha, and when now
 'The hour has come to pen our farewell speech,
 And make respectfully our parting bow,
 With some few words designed the heart to reach,
 'T is our Omega ; though we know not how
 "T will do to quote a book which all impeach —
 But should the motto any man offend,
 Let him omit these verses at the end.

When we commenced our task, it was in fear —
 Of all things, most we dreaded wearing out —
 But month by month, as fled the rapid year,
 Experience put to flight each trembling doubt,
 Till now, as its last moments draw more near,
 We come, with satisfaction most devout,
 To speak the thoughts which in our bosom swell,
 And utter that delightful word, Farewell.

Reader, farewell! and if our humble pen
 Has, by its labor, sped one weary hour —
 If, haply, it has instrumental been
 To steal from grief an atom of its power,
 All we can say is, "cut and come again,"
 Upon our path your *silvery* influence shower —
 For, thanks to our successors, one more year
 Harvardiana will be published here.

Contributors, farewell! and in our hearts
 Long shall the memory of your kindness live,
 And in our pages, full as long, your *parts*
 Shall still new pleasure to new readers give.
 And when the title "Bachelor of Arts"
 Shall crown at last your toil preparative,

View it as nothing to the laurels many
You've gained by writing for Harvardiana.

Printers, farewell! the blundering proof no more
Shall raise our laughter, or our temper try;
No longer from our after-dinner snore
Shall we be wakened by the *devil's* cry,
As thrusting in his visage at the door,
He calls for *copy* with malignant eye—
Grinning "like patience on a monument"
At the fierce plagues by which our heart is rent.

Farewell, Harvardiana! with a sigh,
Thou froward bantling of our youth, we come
To bid thee now, alas, a sad good-bye,
And cast thee, friendless, out of house and home;
The world may view thee with averted eye;
But wheresoe'er thy parents' footsteps roam,
Still on thy troubles will they pitying look,
And, like the Psalmist, write them in a book.

Classmates, farewell! and when amid the crowd
Ye tread the weary world's bewildering ways,
When in your praise its plaudits echo loud,
And pleasures tempt, and various cares amaze,
May you forget at times life's splendors proud,
And dwell with pleasure o'er these happy days;
And while lands spread and seas between us roar,
Still be this book one bond of union more.

END OF VOL. I.



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